# The Master's Praise.

LORENZ & BALTZELL.

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Harrisburg, Pa.

# THE MASTER'S PRAISE.

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

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*By REV. E. S. LORENZ AND REV. ISAIAH BALTZELL.*

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# EDITOR'S NOTE.

Another new song-book? Will their steady issue never cease? Yes, when trees stop putting forth fresh leaves, and the meadows are satisfied with last year's daisies and clover-bloom; when poets satisfy their hearts by copying the lines of the singers of the past, and orators express their swelling passion by rehearsing Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, or Webster; when a study of the lines of heroes and saints satisfies the holy ambition of devout souls; then, and not until then, will the tide of song find its ebb. When the church stops singing new songs it will be a dead not a living church. Our simple songs are not immortal, and we do not wish them to be. When they have done their work they will pass away and be forgotten like their authors. It is not always the immortal that is most useful.

We have tried in this collection of songs to serve the Sunday-schools of the living present, and if this modest ambition is realized, we shall be satisfied.

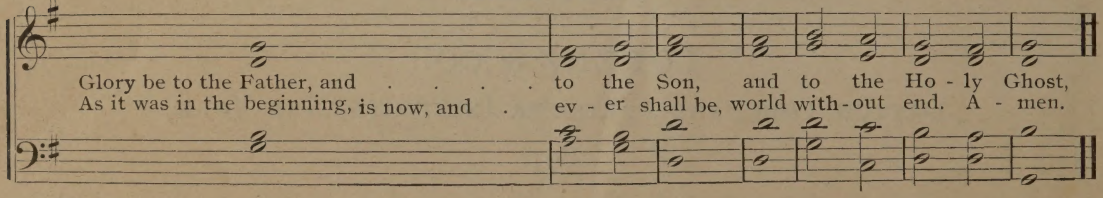
## The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. *Amen.*

## Gloria Patri.

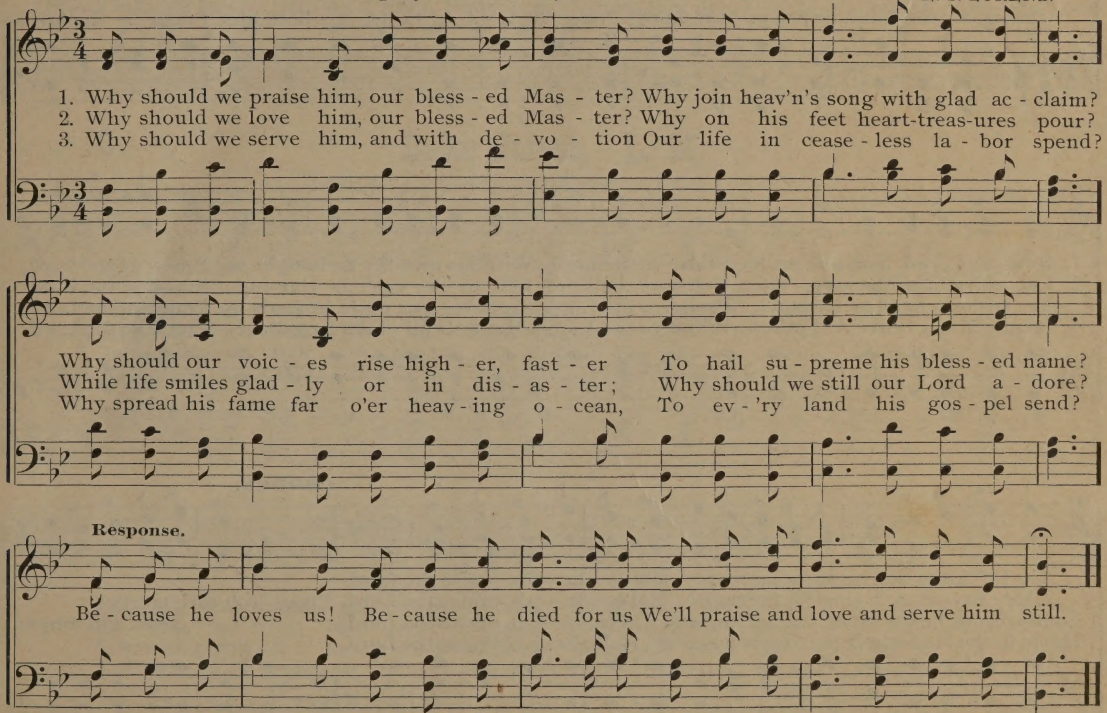
GREGORIAN.


Glory be to the Father, and . . . . to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and . ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

# THE MASTER'S PRAISE.

## 1. The Master's Praise.

E. D. MUND. "*To him be glory and dominion forever and ever.*"—Rev. 1: 6. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Why should we praise him, our bless - ed Mas - ter? Why join heav'n's song with glad ac - claim?
2. Why should we love him, our bless - ed Mas - ter? Why on his feet heart-treas-ures pour?
3. Why should we serve him, and with de - vo - tion Our life in cease - less la - bor spend?
Why should our voic - es rise high - er, fast - er To hail su - preme his bless - ed name?
While life smiles glad - ly or in dis - as - ter; Why should we still our Lord a - dore?
Why spread his fame far o'er heav - ing o - cean, To ev - 'ry land his gos - pel send?
Response.
Be - cause he loves us! Be - cause he died for us We'll praise and love and serve him still.

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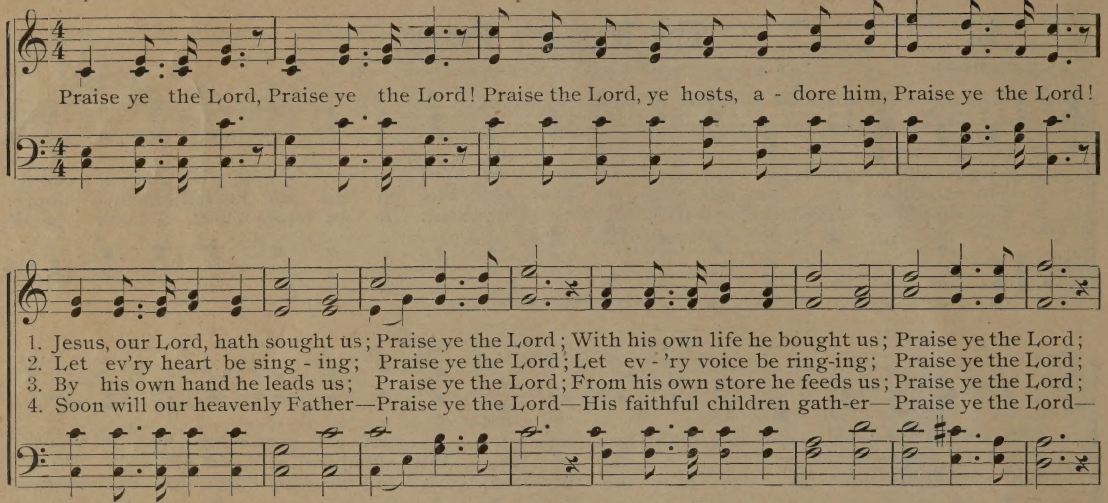
2.

# Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

*"Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God."*—Ps. 147: 1.

Adapted. I. B.


Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord! Praise the Lord, ye hosts, a - dore him, Praise ye the Lord!
1. Jesus, our Lord, hath sought us; Praise ye the Lord; With his own life he bought us; Praise ye the Lord;
2. Let ev'ry heart be sing - ing; Praise ye the Lord; Let ev - 'ry voice be ring-ing; Praise ye the Lord;
3. By his own hand he leads us; Praise ye the Lord; From his own store he feeds us; Praise ye the Lord;
4. Soon will our heavenly Father—Praise ye the Lord—His faithful children gath-er— Praise ye the Lord—
CHORUS.
Joy-ful hosan-nas be our song to-day; Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
Glory to God we'll sing for evermore; Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the Lord. Praise him with merry
Comforts our hearts along the narrow way; Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord. heart and tongue;
Home to the land where parting is no more; Halle-lu - jah, praise the Lord.

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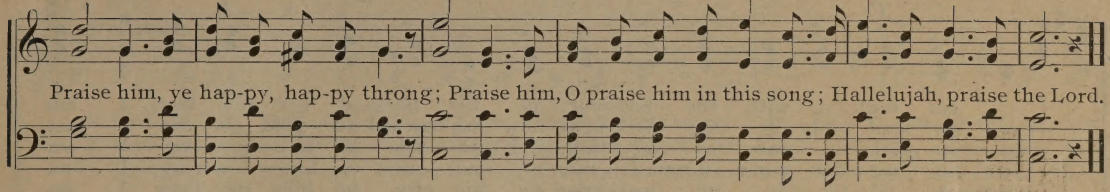
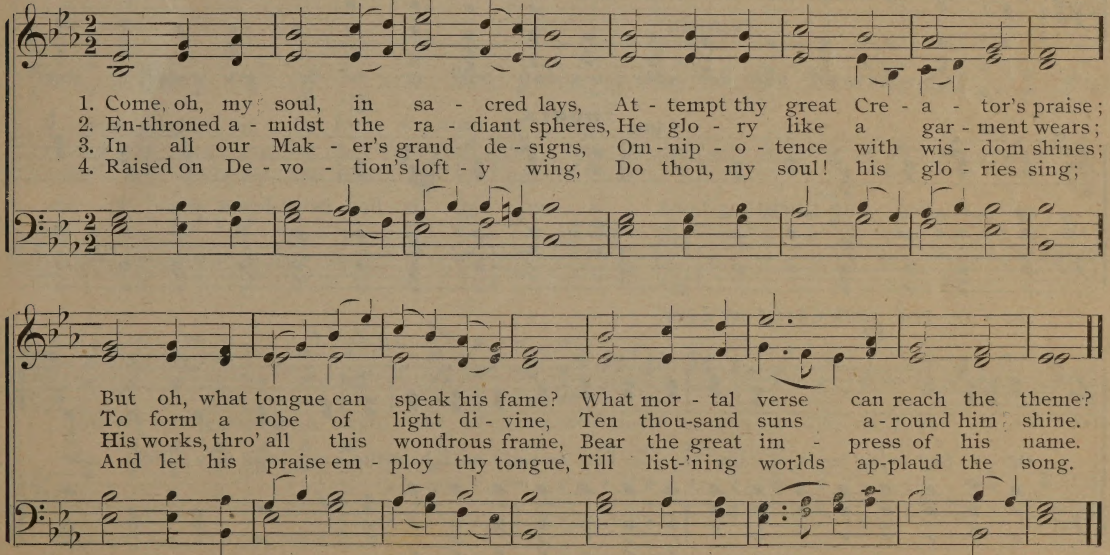
## Hallelujah! Praise the Lord. Concluded.




## 3. Duke Street. L. M.

*"In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."*—Is. 26: 4.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, 1754. J. HATTON, 1790.

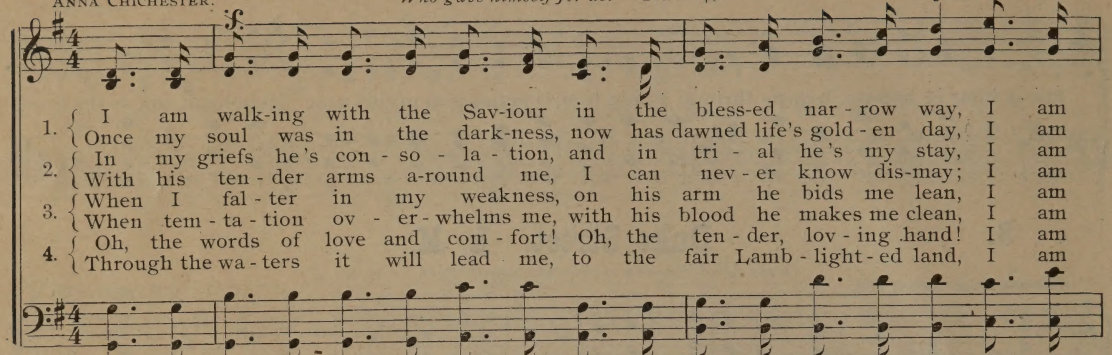

1. Come, oh, my soul, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise;
2. En-throned a - midst the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar - ment wears;
3. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Om - nip - o - tence with wis - dom shines;
4. Raised on De - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul! his glo - ries sing;
But oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What mor - tal verse can reach the theme?
To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou-sand suns a - round him shine.
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, Bear the great im - press of his name.
And let his praise em - ploy thy tongue, Till list-'ning worlds ap-plaud the song.

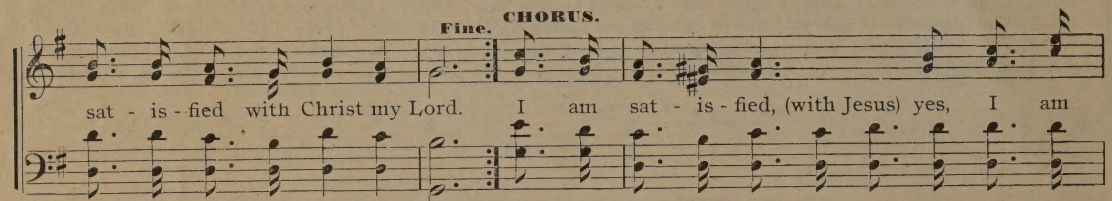
4.

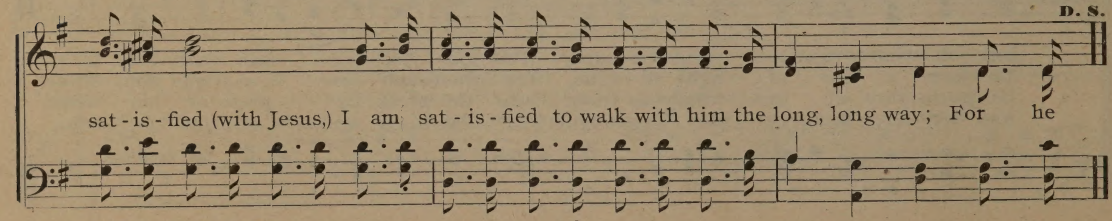
# Satisfied With Jesus.

"*Who gave himself for us.*"—Tit. 2: 44.

ANNA CHICHESTER. JOHN TIBBALLS.


f.
1. I am walk-ing with the Sav-iour in the bless-ed nar - row way, I am
Once my soul was in the dark-ness, now has dawned life's gold - en day, I am
2. In my griefs he's con - so - la - tion, and in tri - al he's my stay, I am
With his ten - der arms a-round me, I can nev - er know dis-may; I am
3. When I fal - ter in my weakness, on his arm he bids me lean, I am
When tem - ta - tion ov - er - whelms me, with his blood he makes me clean, I am
4. Oh, the words of love and com - fort! Oh, the ten - der, lov - ing hand! I am
Through the wa - ters it will lead me, to the fair Lamb - light - ed land, I am
D. S.—nev - er will for - sake me, but will ev - er be my guide, I am

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5.

# The Lord, Our God.

H. F. JAMES. *"The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God."*—PS. 62: 7. REV. A. A. ARMEN.

Moderato.
1. God is a rock of sure defense, Where we may safely hide; While storms are roaring, Our
2. God is a tow'r where sons of men In peace may ev-er hide; The foe ap-pear-ing, No
3. God is a ref-uge fair and sweet, When other helpers fail; Who trust him ev-er, Shall
CHORUS.
hearts im-plor-ing, In him se-cure-ly hide.
long-er fear-ing, In God we still con-fide. Our sure defense, the rock of a-ges, Our
fal-ter nev-er, He shall o'er all pre-vail.
Rit.
tow-er safe when battle rages, Our refuge sweet when ill en-gag-es, The Lord, our God.

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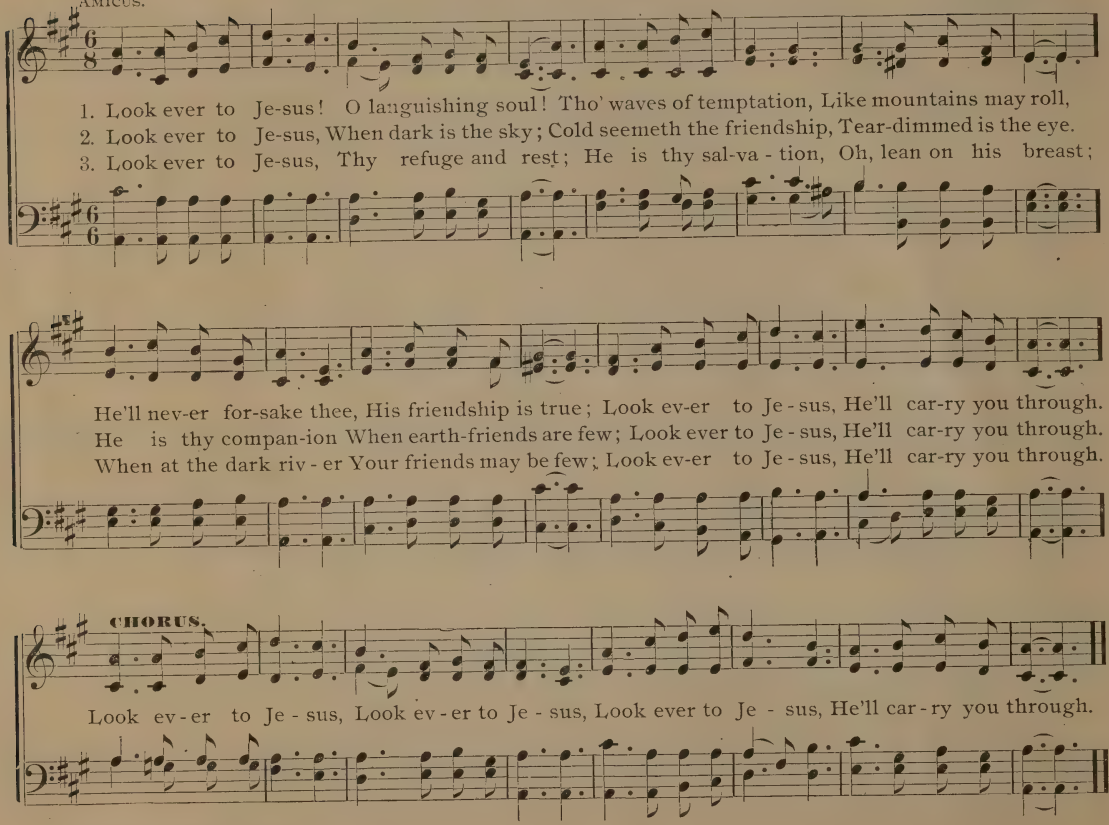
# 6. Look Ever to Jesus.

*"Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."*—Heb. 12: 2.

AMICUS. I. BALTZELL.


1. Look ever to Je-sus! O languishing soul! Tho' waves of temptation, Like mountains may roll,
2. Look ever to Je-sus, When dark is the sky; Cold seemeth the friendship, Tear-dimmed is the eye.
3. Look ever to Je-sus, Thy refuge and rest; He is thy sal-va-tion, Oh, lean on his breast;
He'll nev-er for-sake thee, His friendship is true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
He is thy compan-ion When earth-friends are few; Look ever to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
When at the dark riv-er Your friends may be few; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Look ev-er to Je-sus, Look ev-er to Je-sus, Look ever to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

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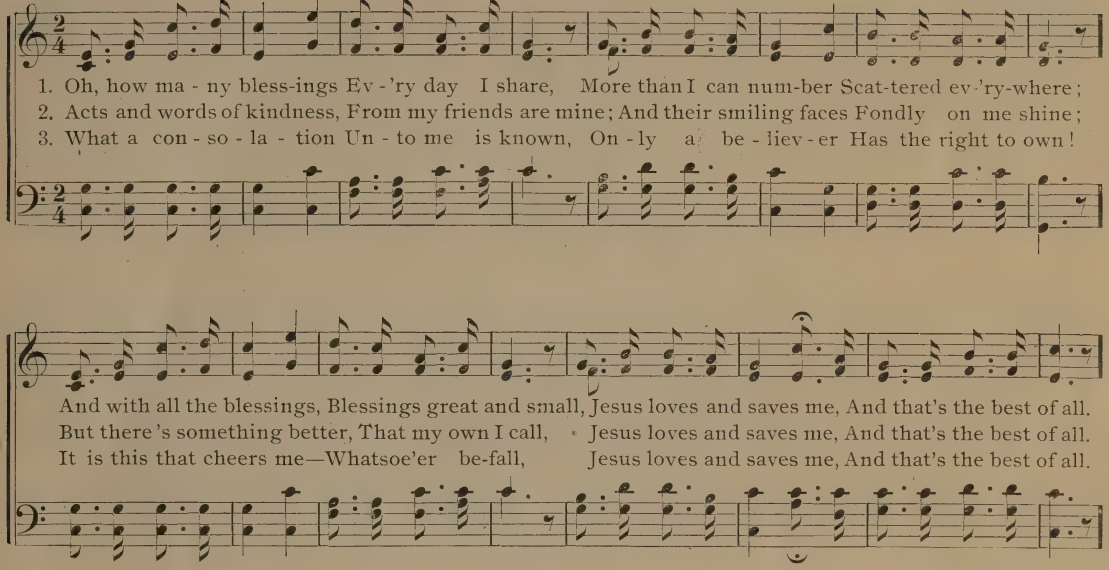
7.

# The Best of All.

*"By grace ye are saved."*—Eph. 2: 5.

E. R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Oh, how ma - ny bless-ings Ev - 'ry day I share, More than I can num-ber Scat-tered ev - 'ry-where;
2. Acts and words of kindness, From my friends are mine; And their smiling faces Fondly on me shine;
3. What a con - so - la - tion Un - to me is known, On - ly a be - liev - er Has the right to own!
And with all the blessings, Blessings great and small, Jesus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.
But there 's something better, That my own I call, Jesus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.
It is this that cheers me—Whatsoe'er be-fall, Jesus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.
CHORUS.
That's the best of all! Yes, that's the best of all! Je - sus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.

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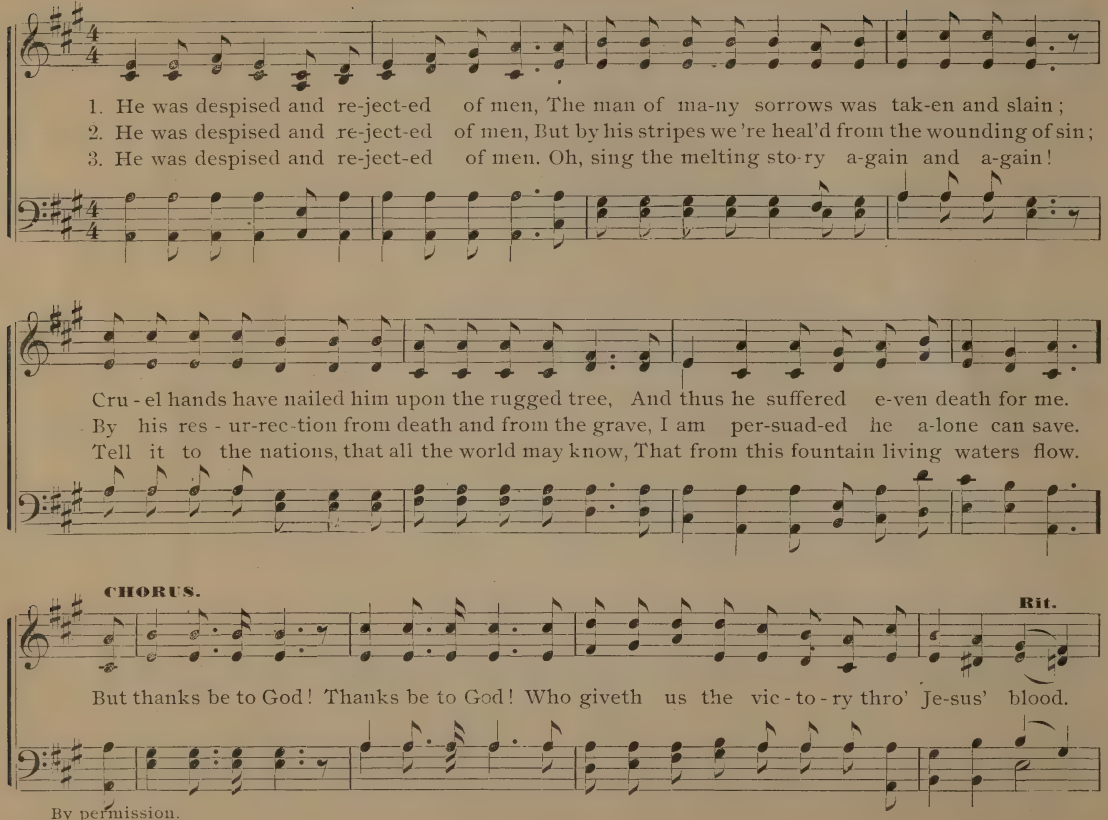
8.

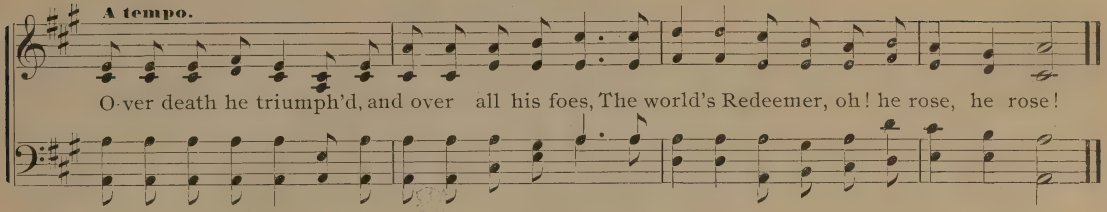
# He Was Despised.

W. A. O. *"He is despised and rejected of men."*—Is. 53: 3. W. A. Ogden.


1. He was despised and re-ject-ed of men, The man of ma-ny sorrows was tak-en and slain;
2. He was despised and re-ject-ed of men, But by his stripes we're heal'd from the wounding of sin;
3. He was despised and re-ject-ed of men. Oh, sing the melting sto-ry a-gain and a-gain!
Cru-el hands have nailed him upon the rugged tree, And thus he suffered e-ven death for me.
By his res-ur-rec-tion from death and from the grave, I am per-suad-ed he a-lone can save.
Tell it to the nations, that all the world may know, That from this fountain living waters flow.
CHORUS.
Rit.
But thanks be to God! Thanks be to God! Who giveth us the vic-to-ry thro' Je-sus' blood.

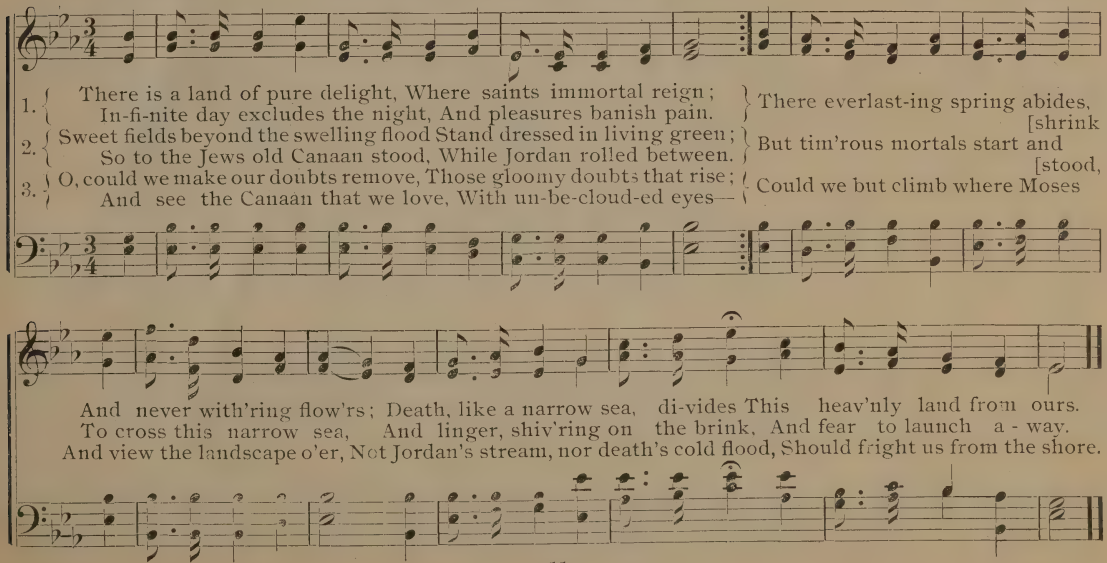
By permission.

## He Was Despised. Concluded.




## 9. Varina. C. M. D.

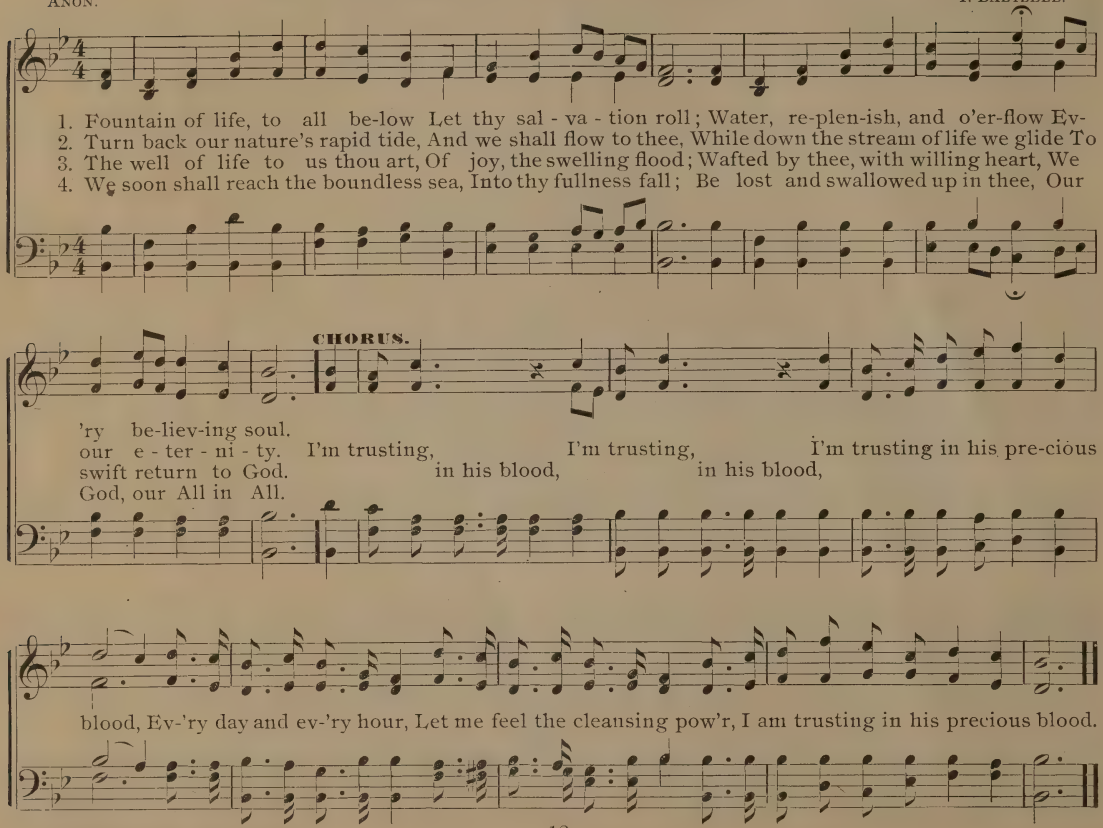
ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *"And the Lord shewed him all the land."*—Deut. 34: 1. Arr. by G. F. ROOT.


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. There everlast-ing spring abides,
2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. But tim'rous mortals start and [shrink
3. O, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise; And see the Canaan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes— Could we but climb where Moses [stood,
And never with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a narrow sea, di-vides This heav'nly land from ours.
To cross this narrow sea, And linger, shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

# 10. I'm Trusting in His Blood.

*"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."*—I. John 1: 7.

ANON. I. BALTZELL.


1. Fountain of life, to all be-low Let thy sal - va - tion roll; Water, re-plen-ish, and o'er-flow Ev-
2. Turn back our nature's rapid tide, And we shall flow to thee, While down the stream of life we glide To
3. The well of life to us thou art, Of joy, the swelling flood; Wafted by thee, with willing heart, We
4. We soon shall reach the boundless sea, Into thy fullness fall; Be lost and swallowed up in thee, Our
CHORUS.
'ry be-liev-ing soul.
our e - ter - ni - ty. I'm trusting, I'm trusting, I'm trusting in his pre-cious
swift return to God. in his blood, in his blood,
God, our All in All.
blood, Ev-'ry day and ev-'ry hour, Let me feel the cleansing pow'r, I am trusting in his precious blood.

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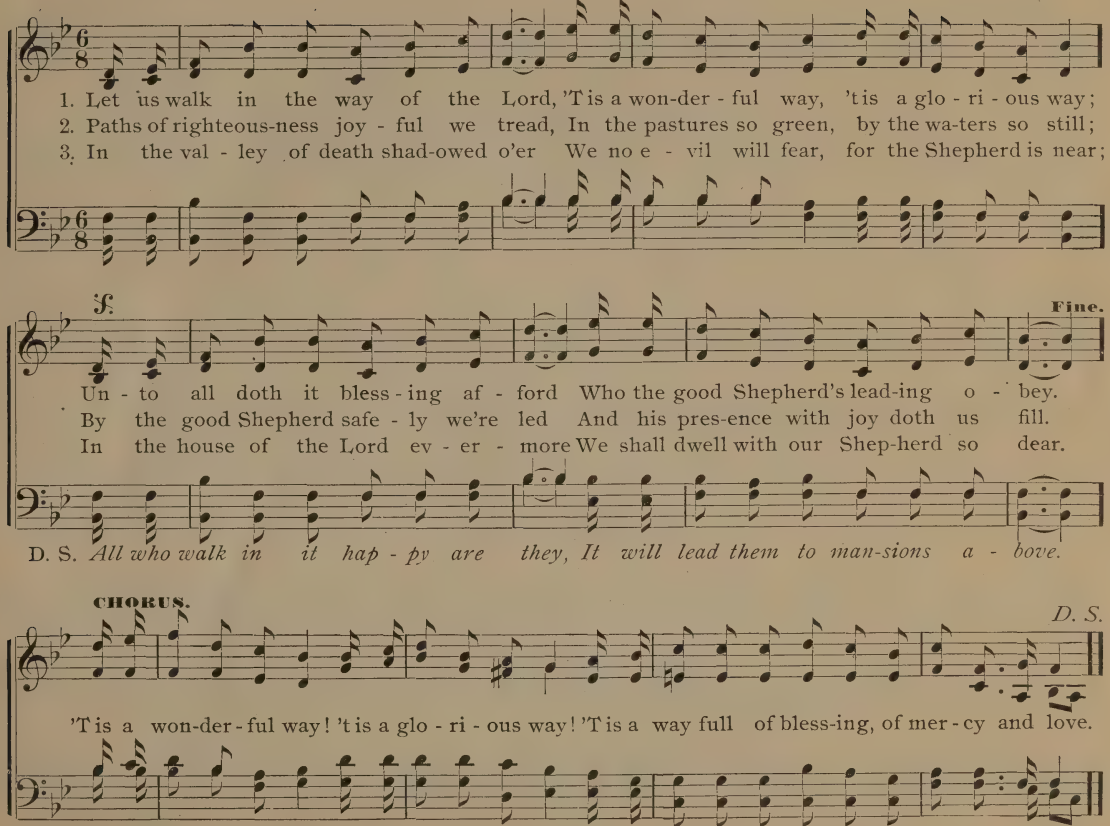
# 11. The Way of the Lord.

E. D. MUND. *"They shall sing in the ways of the Lord."*—PS. 138: 5. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Let us walk in the way of the Lord, 'T is a won-der - ful way, 'tis a glo - ri - ous way;
2. Paths of righteous-ness joy - ful we tread, In the pastures so green, by the wa-ters so still;
3. In the val - ley of death shad-owed o'er We no e - vil will fear, for the Shepherd is near;
f.
Fine.
Un - to all doth it bless - ing af - ford Who the good Shepherd's lead-ing o - bey.
By the good Shepherd safe - ly we're led And his pres-ence with joy doth us fill.
In the house of the Lord ev - er - more We shall dwell with our Shep-herd so dear.
D. S. All who walk in it hap - py are they, It will lead them to man-sions a - bove.
CHORUS.
D. S.
'T is a won-der - ful way! 'tis a glo - ri - ous way! 'T is a way full of bless-ing, of mer - cy and love.

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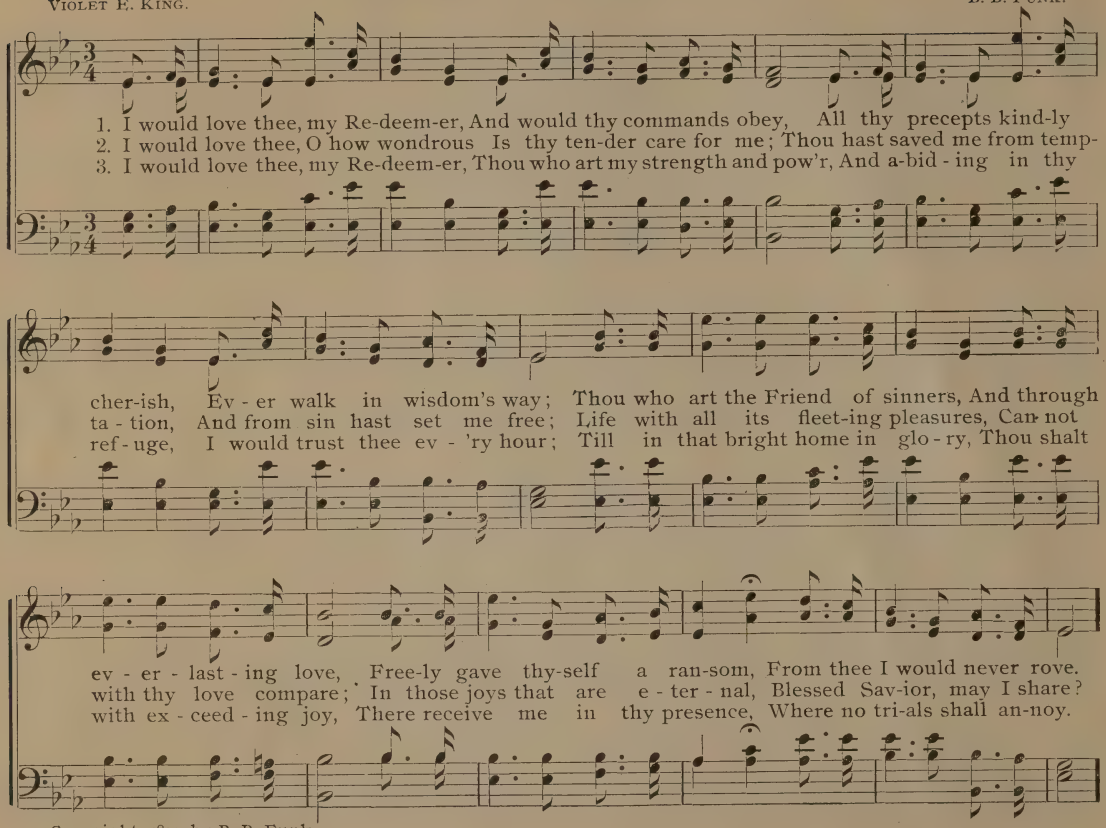
# 12. I Would Love Thee, My Redeemer.

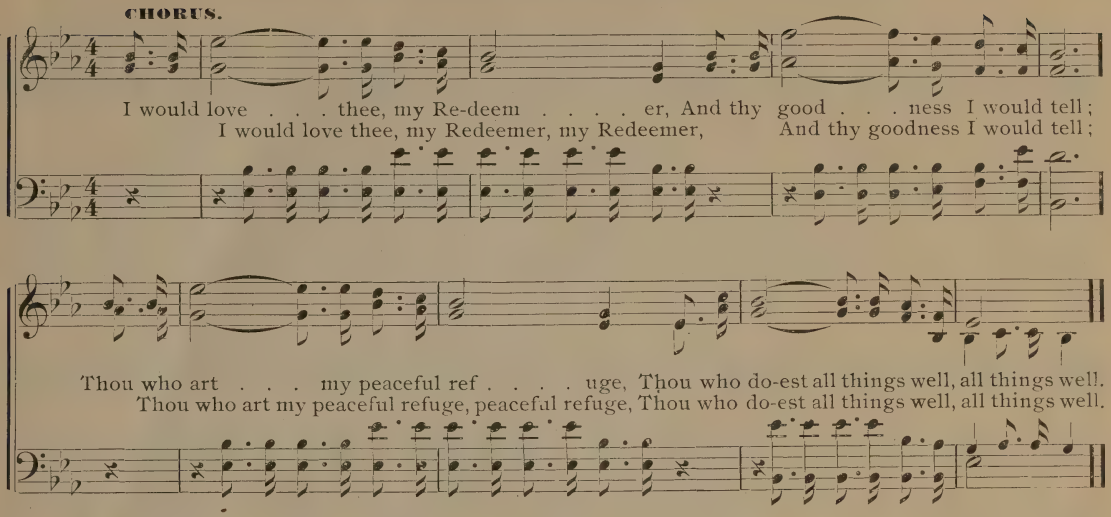
*"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength."*—Ps. 18: 1.

VIOLET E. KING. B. B. FUNK.


1. I would love thee, my Re-deem-er, And would thy commands obey, All thy precepts kind-ly
2. I would love thee, O how wondrous Is thy ten-der care for me; Thou hast saved me from temp-
3. I would love thee, my Re-deem-er, Thou who art my strength and pow'r, And a-bid-ing in thy
cher-ish, Ev-er walk in wisdom's way; Thou who art the Friend of sinners, And through
ta-tion, And from sin hast set me free; Life with all its fleet-ing pleasures, Can not
ref-uge, I would trust thee ev-'ry hour; Till in that bright home in glo-ry, Thou shalt
ev-er-last-ing love, Free-ly gave thy-self a ran-som, From thee I would never rove.
with thy love compare; In those joys that are e-ter-nal, Blessed Sav-ior, may I share?
with ex-ceed-ing joy, There receive me in thy presence, Where no tri-als shall an-noy.

Copyright, 1890, by B. B. Funk.

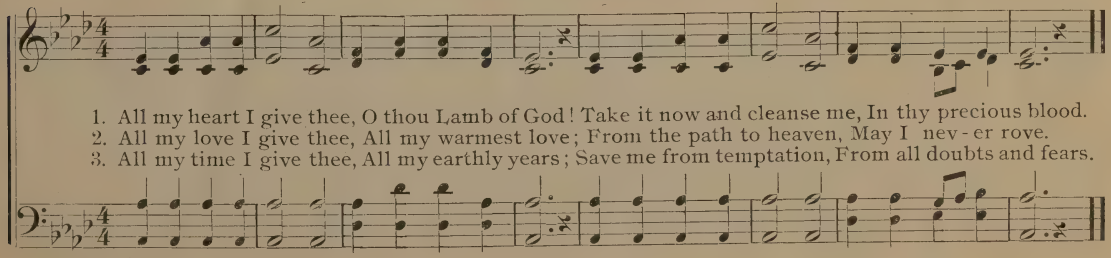
# I Would Love Thee, My Redeemer. Concluded.


CHORUS.
I would love . . . thee, my Re-deem . . . . er, And thy good . . . ness I would tell;
I would love thee, my Redeemer, my Redeemer, And thy goodness I would tell;
Thou who art . . . my peaceful ref . . . . uge, Thou who do-est all things well, all things well.
Thou who art my peaceful refuge, peaceful refuge, Thou who do-est all things well, all things well.

## 13. I Give Thee All.

A. T. N.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.


1. All my heart I give thee, O thou Lamb of God! Take it now and cleanse me, In thy precious blood.
2. All my love I give thee, All my warmest love; From the path to heaven, May I nev-er rove.
3. All my time I give thee, All my earthly years; Save me from temptation, From all doubts and fears.

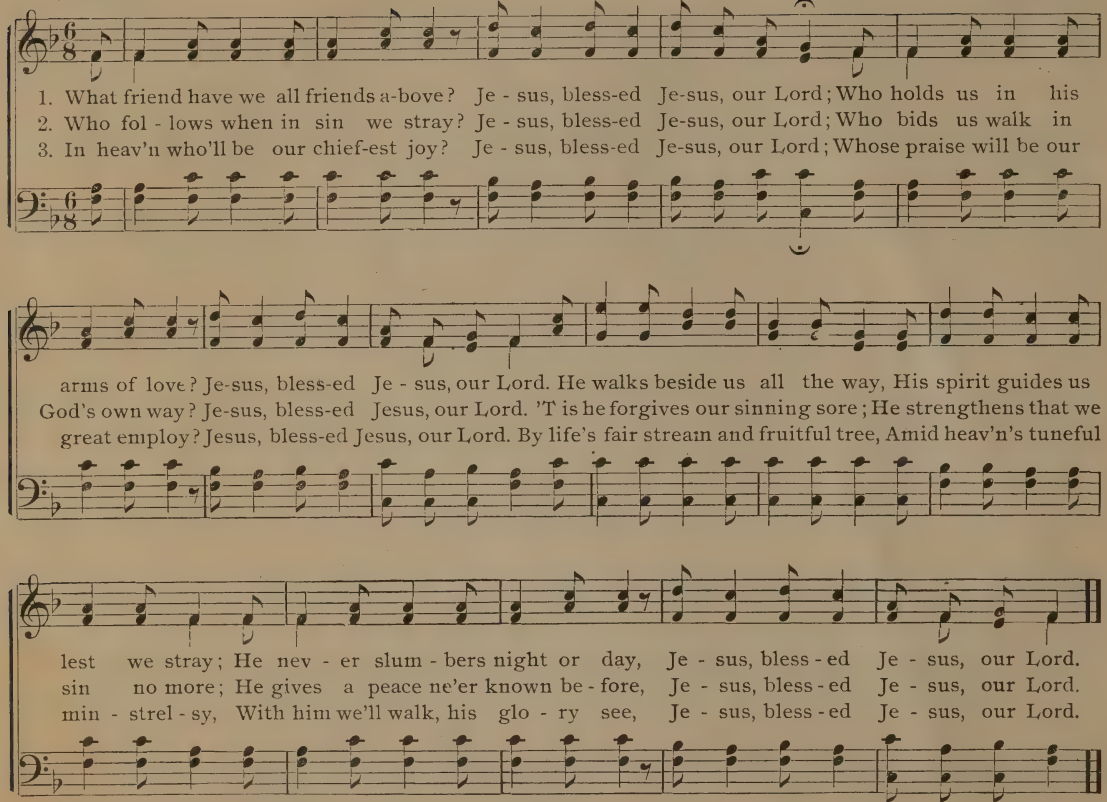
By permission.

14.

# Jesus, Our Lord.

*"This is my friend."*—S. of Sol. 5: 16.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.


1. What friend have we all friends a-bove? Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, our Lord; Who holds us in his
2. Who fol - lows when in sin we stray? Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, our Lord; Who bids us walk in
3. In heav'n who'll be our chief-est joy? Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, our Lord; Whose praise will be our
arms of love? Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus, our Lord. He walks beside us all the way, His spirit guides us
God's own way? Je-sus, bless-ed Jesus, our Lord. 'T is he forgives our sinning sore; He strengthens that we
great employ? Jesus, bless-ed Jesus, our Lord. By life's fair stream and fruitful tree, Amid heav'n's tuneful
lest we stray; He nev - er slum - bers night or day, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, our Lord.
sin no more; He gives a peace ne'er known be - fore, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, our Lord.
min - strel - sy, With him we'll walk, his glo - ry see, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, our Lord.

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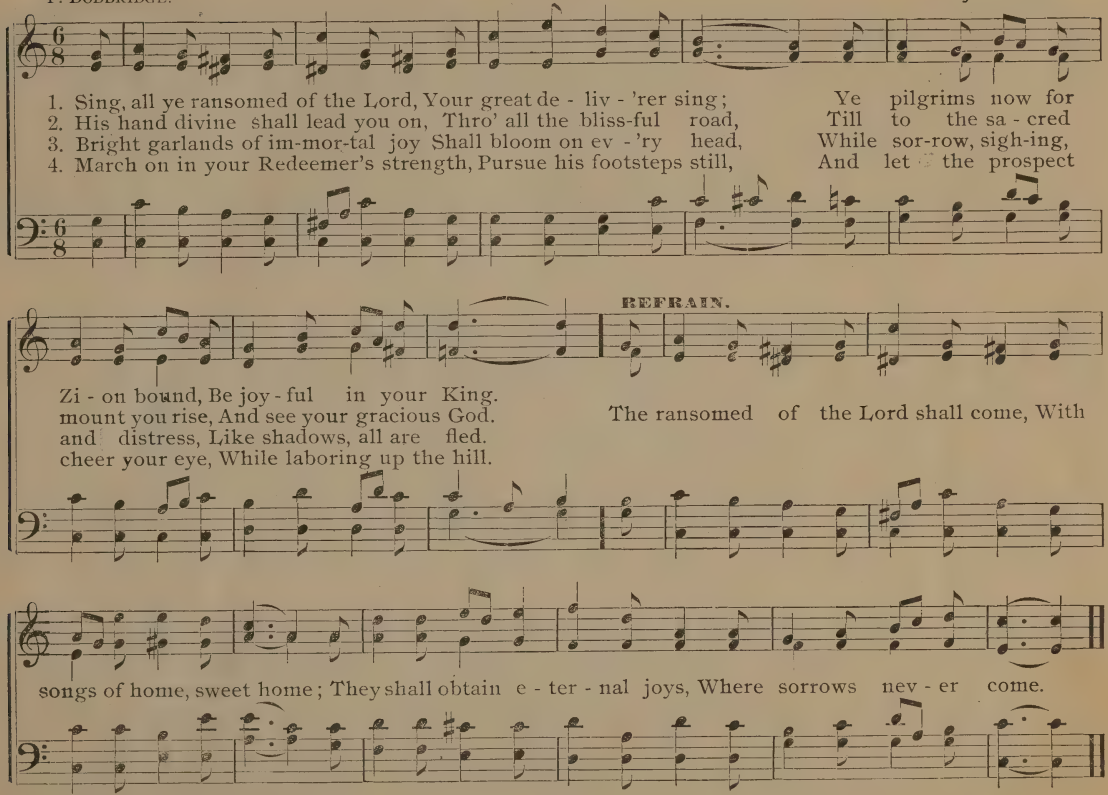
15.

# Sing, All Ye Ransomed.

*"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs."*—Is. 35: 10.

P. DODDRIDGE. W. J. BALTZELL.


1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great de - liv - 'rer sing;
2. His hand divine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss-ful road,
3. Bright garlands of im-mor-tal joy Shall bloom on ev - 'ry head,
4. March on in your Redeemer's strength, Pursue his footsteps still,
Ye pilgrims now for
Till to the sa - cred
While sor-row, sigh-ing,
And let the prospect
REFRAIN.
Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King.
mount you rise, And see your gracious God.
and distress, Like shadows, all are fled.
cheer your eye, While laboring up the hill.
The ransomed of the Lord shall come, With
songs of home, sweet home; They shall obtain e - ter - nal joys, Where sorrows nev - er come.

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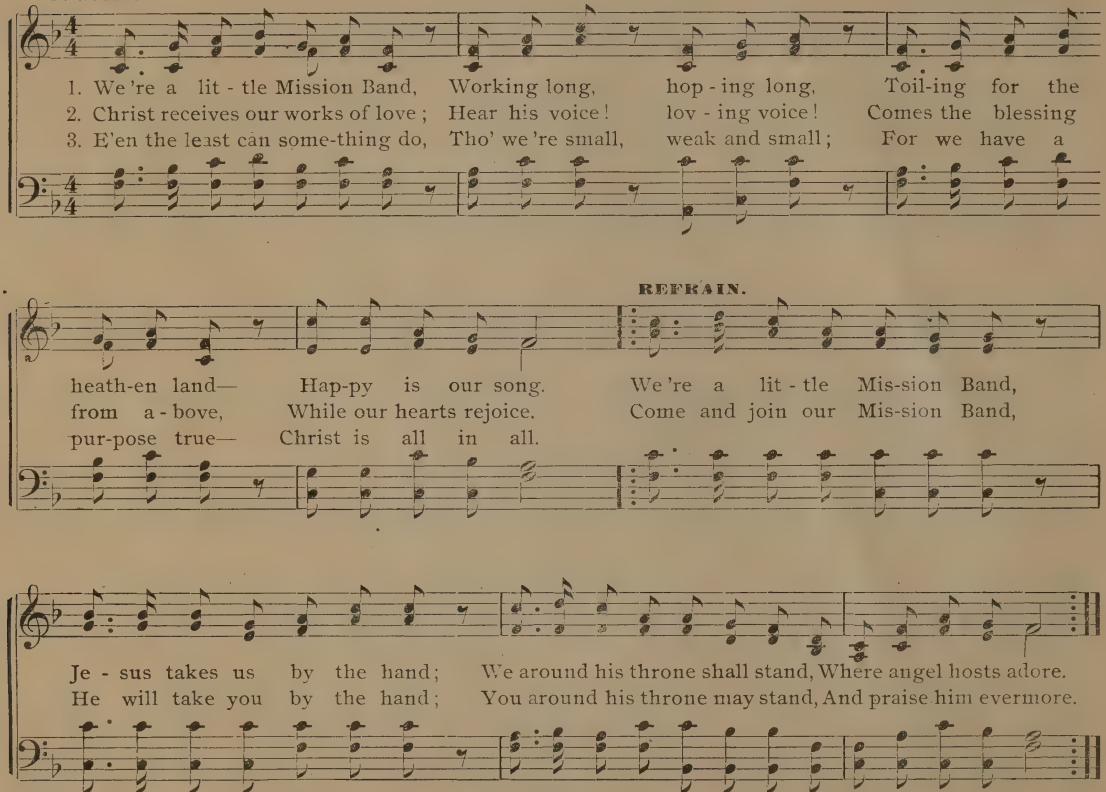
# 16. Little Mission Band.

*"A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation."*—Isa. 60: 22.

F. W. MACK. W. F. McCAULEY.


1. We're a lit - tle Mission Band, Working long, hop - ing long, Toil-ing for the
2. Christ receives our works of love; Hear his voice! lov - ing voice! Comes the blessing
3. E'en the least can some-thing do, Tho' we're small, weak and small; For we have a
heath-en land— Hap-py is our song.
from a - bove, While our hearts rejoice.
pur-pose true— Christ is all in all.
REFRAIN.
We're a lit - tle Mis-sion Band,
Come and join our Mis-sion Band,
Je - sus takes us by the hand; We around his throne shall stand, Where angel hosts adore.
He will take you by the hand; You around his throne may stand, And praise him evermore.

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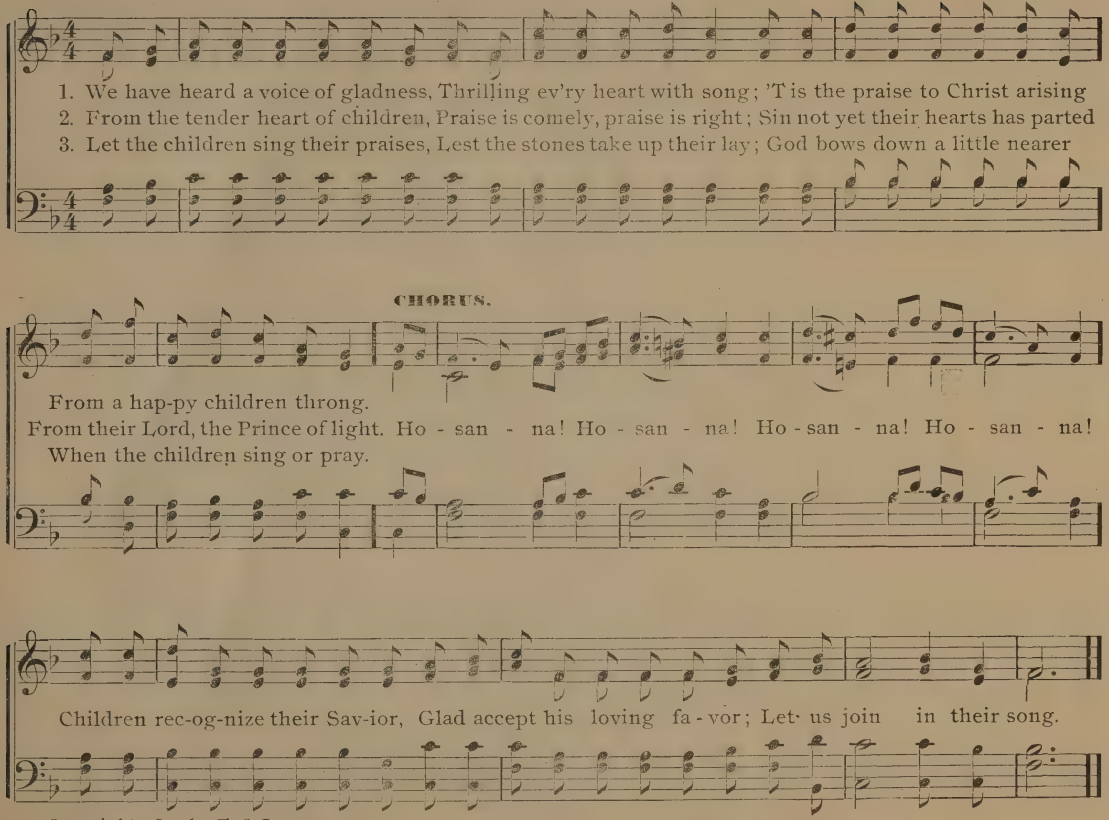
17.

# The Children's Song.

*"Hosanna to the son of David."*—Matt. 21 : 15.

ANNA CHICHESTER. E. S. LORENZ.

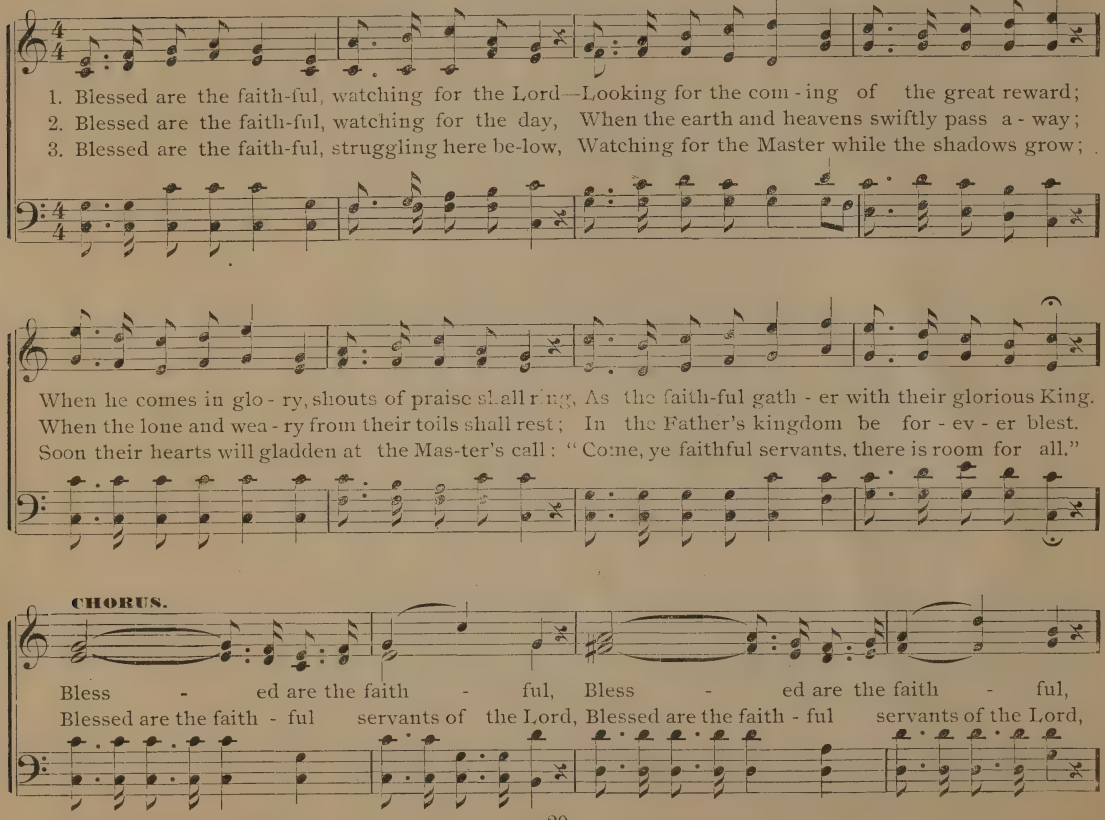

1. We have heard a voice of gladness, Thrilling ev'ry heart with song; 'T is the praise to Christ arising
2. From the tender heart of children, Praise is comely, praise is right; Sin not yet their hearts has parted
3. Let the children sing their praises, Lest the stones take up their lay; God bows down a little nearer
CHORUS.
From a hap-py children throng.
From their Lord, the Prince of light. Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na!
When the children sing or pray.
Children rec-og-nize their Sav-ior, Glad accept his loving fa - vor; Let us join in their song.

Copyright, 1891, by E. S. Lorenz.

# 18. Blessed are the Faithful.

*"Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing."*—Matt. 24: 46.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.


1. Blessed are the faith-ful, watching for the Lord—Looking for the com - ing of the great reward;
2. Blessed are the faith-ful, watching for the day, When the earth and heavens swiftly pass a - way;
3. Blessed are the faith-ful, struggling here be-low, Watching for the Master while the shadows grow;
When he comes in glo - ry, shouts of praise shall ring, As the faith-ful gath - er with their glorious King.
When the lone and wea - ry from their toils shall rest; In the Father's kingdom be for - ev - er blest.
Soon their hearts will gladden at the Mas-ter's call: "Come, ye faithful servants, there is room for all."
CHORUS.
Bless - ed are the faith - ful, Bless - ed are the faith - ful,
Blessed are the faith - ful servants of the Lord, Blessed are the faith - ful servants of the Lord,

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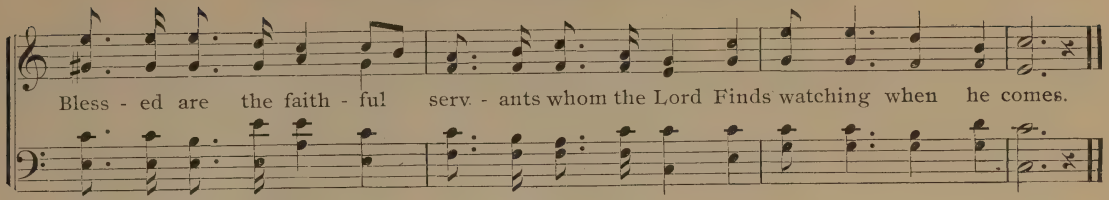
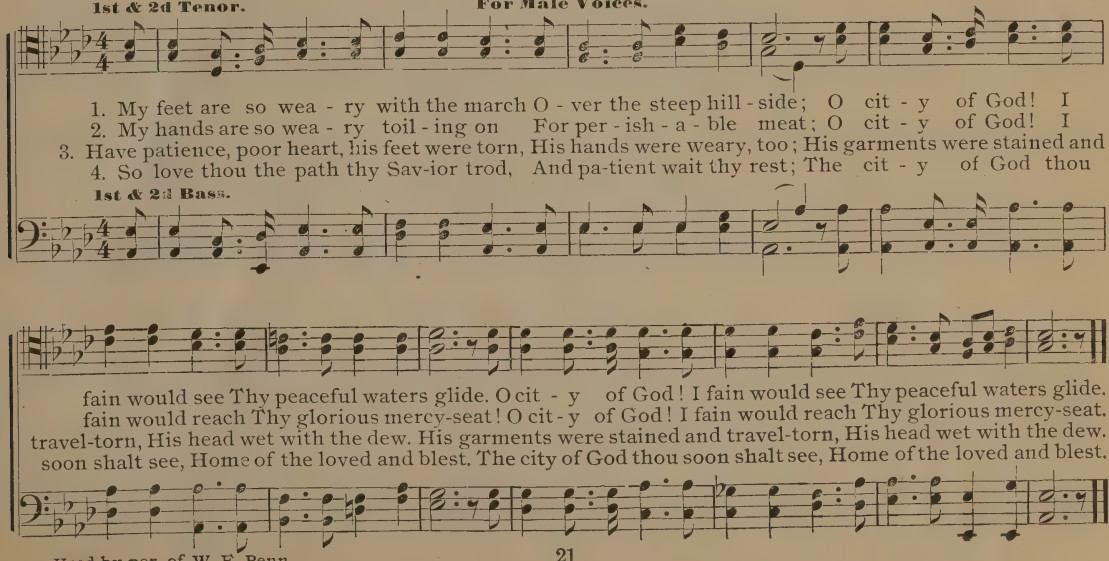
## Blessed are the Faithful. Concluded.




## 19. Patience.

ANON. Arr. by F. A. B. *"Let patience have her perfect work."*—James 1: 4. F. A. BLACKMER.

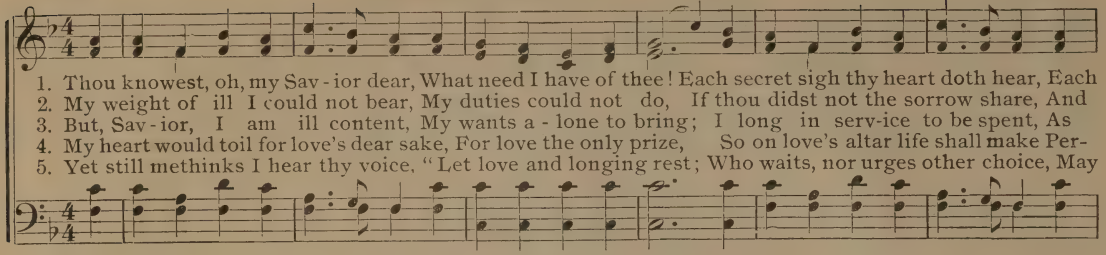
**1st & 2d Tenor.** **For Male Voices.**

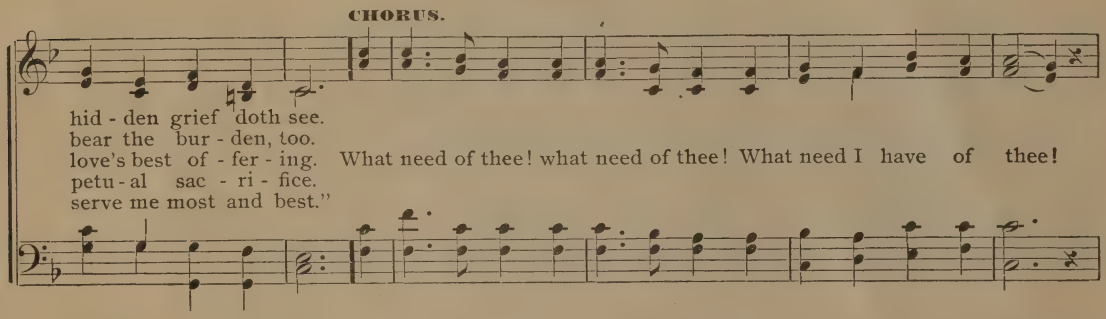

1. My feet are so wea - ry with the march O - ver the steep hill - side; O cit - y of God! I
2. My hands are so wea - ry toil - ing on For per - ish - a - ble meat; O cit - y of God! I
3. Have patience, poor heart, his feet were torn, His hands were weary, too; His garments were stained and
4. So love thou the path thy Sav-ior trod, And pa-tient wait thy rest; The cit - y of God thou
1st & 2d Bass.
fain would see Thy peaceful waters glide. O cit - y of God! I fain would see Thy peaceful waters glide.
fain would reach Thy glorious mercy-seat! O cit - y of God! I fain would reach Thy glorious mercy-seat.
travel-torn, His head wet with the dew. His garments were stained and travel-torn, His head wet with the dew.
soon shalt see, Home of the loved and blest. The city of God thou soon shalt see, Home of the loved and blest.

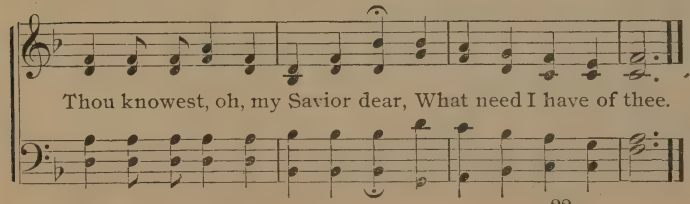
Used by per. of W. F. Penn.

# 20. What Need of Thee!

ANON. *"He that hath the Son hath life."*—I. JNO. 5: 12. J. R. MURRAY.


1. Thou knowest, oh, my Sav - ior dear, What need I have of thee! Each secret sigh thy heart doth hear, Each
2. My weight of ill I could not bear, My duties could not do, If thou didst not the sorrow share, And
3. But, Sav - ior, I am ill content, My wants a - lone to bring; I long in serv-ice to be spent, As
4. My heart would toil for love's dear sake, For love the only prize, So on love's altar life shall make Per-
5. Yet still methinks I hear thy voice, "Let love and longing rest; Who waits, nor urges other choice, May


CHORUS.
hid - den grief doth see.
bear the bur - den, too.
love's best of - fer - ing.
petu - al sac - ri - fice.
serve me most and best."
What need of thee! what need of thee! What need I have of thee!




6 But since thou dost command me so,
Like duty's full employ,
I'll wait, nor ask to come or go,
But make my cross my joy.

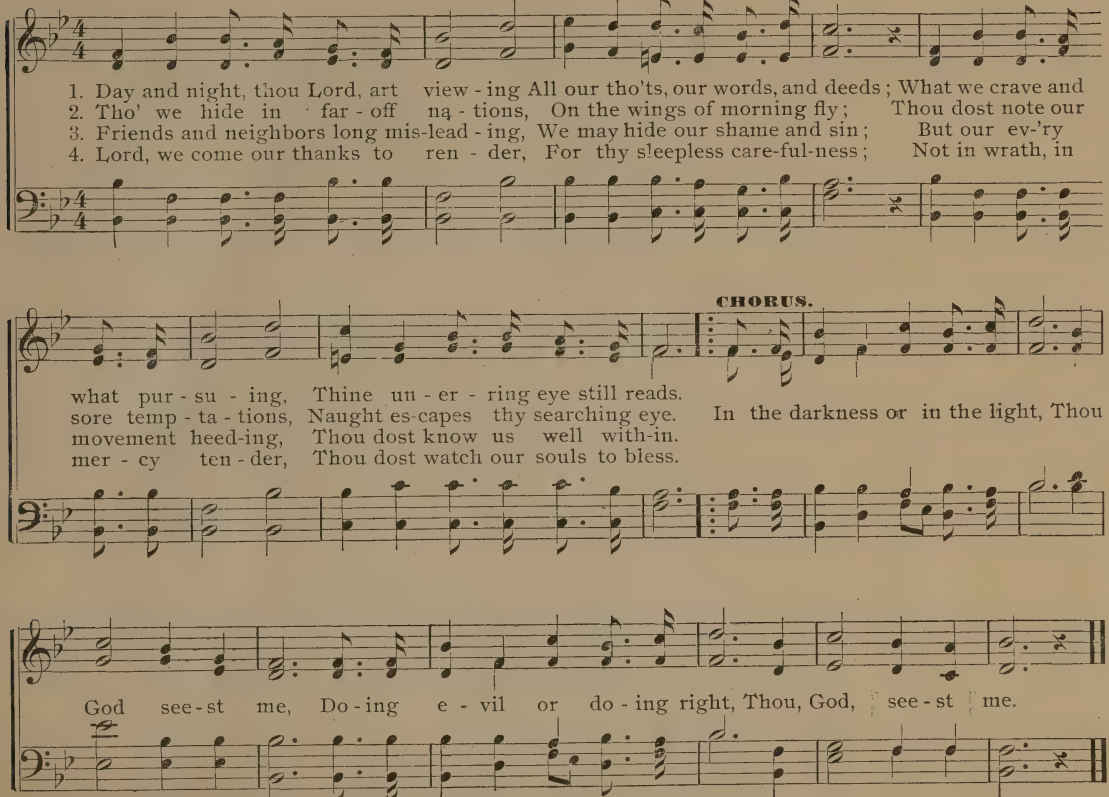
7 Waiting for God, my heart shall sing,
And in its silence praise;
Praise, the sole offering I may bring,
Through all the earthly days.

Copyright, 1875, by W. J. Shuey.

# 21. Thou, God, Seest Me.

*"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."*—Prov. 15: 3.

ANNA CHICHESTER. W. S. MARSHALL.


1. Day and night, thou Lord, art view - ing All our tho'ts, our words, and deeds; What we crave and
2. Tho' we hide in far - off na - tions, On the wings of morning fly; Thou dost note our
3. Friends and neighbors long mis-lead - ing, We may hide our shame and sin; But our ev-'ry
4. Lord, we come our thanks to ren - der, For thy sleepless care-ful-ness; Not in wrath, in
CHORUS.
what pur - su - ing, Thine un - er - ring eye still reads.
sore temp - ta - tions, Naught es-capes thy searching eye.
movement heed-ing, Thou dost know us well with-in.
mer - cy ten - der, Thou dost watch our souls to bless.
In the darkness or in the light, Thou
God see-st me, Do-ing e - vil or do - ing right, Thou, God, see - st me.

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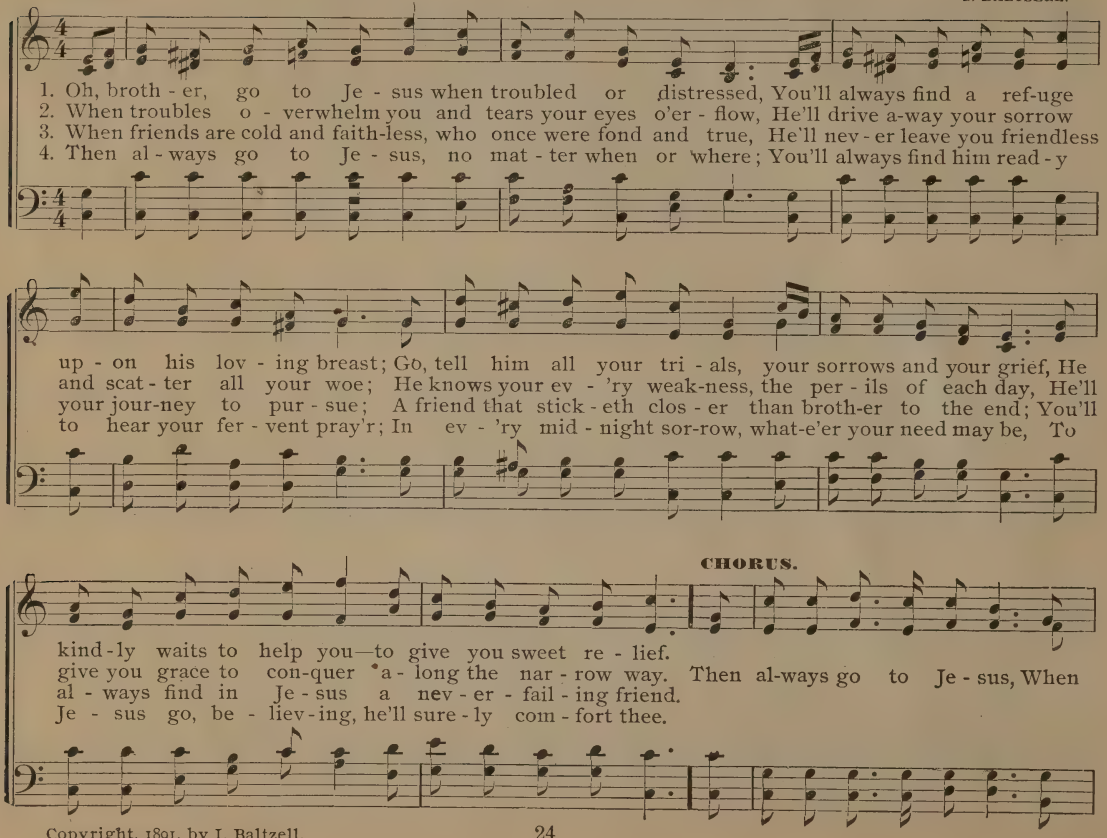
22.

# Always Go to Jesus.

"*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*"—Ps. 46: 1.

AMICUS. I. BALTZELL.


1. Oh, broth - er, go to Je - sus when troubled or distressed, You'll always find a ref-uge
2. When troubles o - verwhelm you and tears your eyes o'er - flow, He'll drive a-way your sorrow
3. When friends are cold and faith-less, who once were fond and true, He'll nev - er leave you friendless
4. Then al - ways go to Je - sus, no mat - ter when or where; You'll always find him read - y
up - on his lov - ing breast; Go, tell him all your tri - als, your sorrows and your grief, He
and scat - ter all your woe; He knows your ev - 'ry weak-ness, the per - ils of each day, He'll
your jour-ney to pur - sue; A friend that stick - eth clos - er than broth-er to the end; You'll
to hear your fer - vent pray'r; In ev - 'ry mid - night sor-row, what-e'er your need may be, To
CHORUS.
kind - ly waits to help you—to give you sweet re - lief.
give you grace to con-quer a - long the nar - row way. Then al-ways go to Je - sus, When
al - ways find in Je - sus a nev - er - fail - ing friend.
Je - sus go, be - liev - ing, he'll sure - ly com - fort thee.

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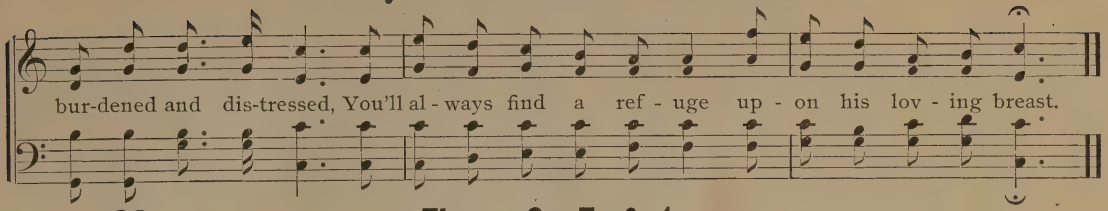
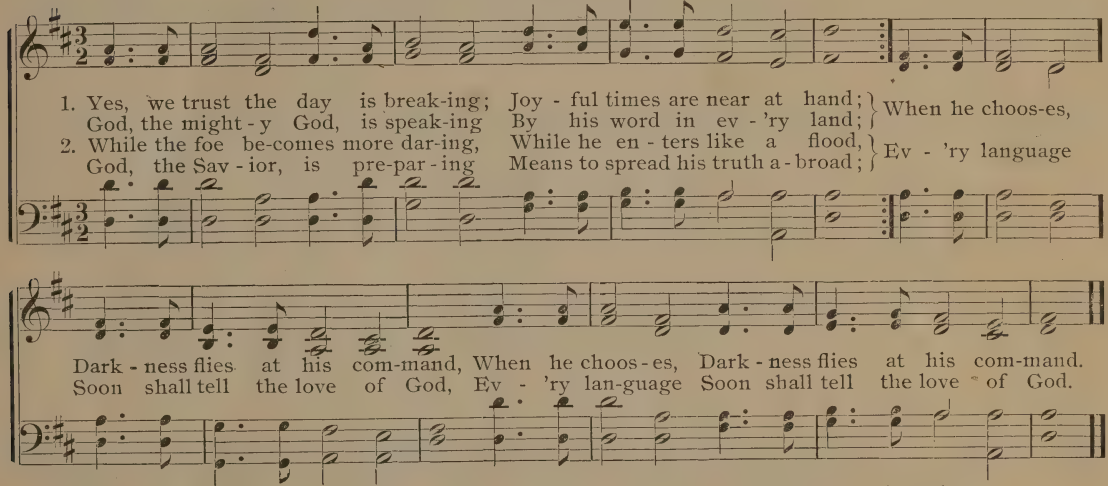
# Always Go to Jesus. Concluded.




## 23. Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809. *"So shall he sprinkle many nations."*—Isa. 52: 15. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.


1. Yes, we trust the day is break-ing; Joy - ful times are near at hand;
God, the might - y God, is speak-ing By his word in ev - 'ry land;
When he choos-es,
2. While the foe be-comes more dar-ing, While he en - ters like a flood,
God, the Sav - ior, is pre-par - ing Means to spread his truth a - broad;
Ev - 'ry language
Dark - ness flies at his com-mand, When he choos - es, Dark - ness flies at his com-mand.
Soon shall tell the love of God, Ev - 'ry lan-guage Soon shall tell the love of God.

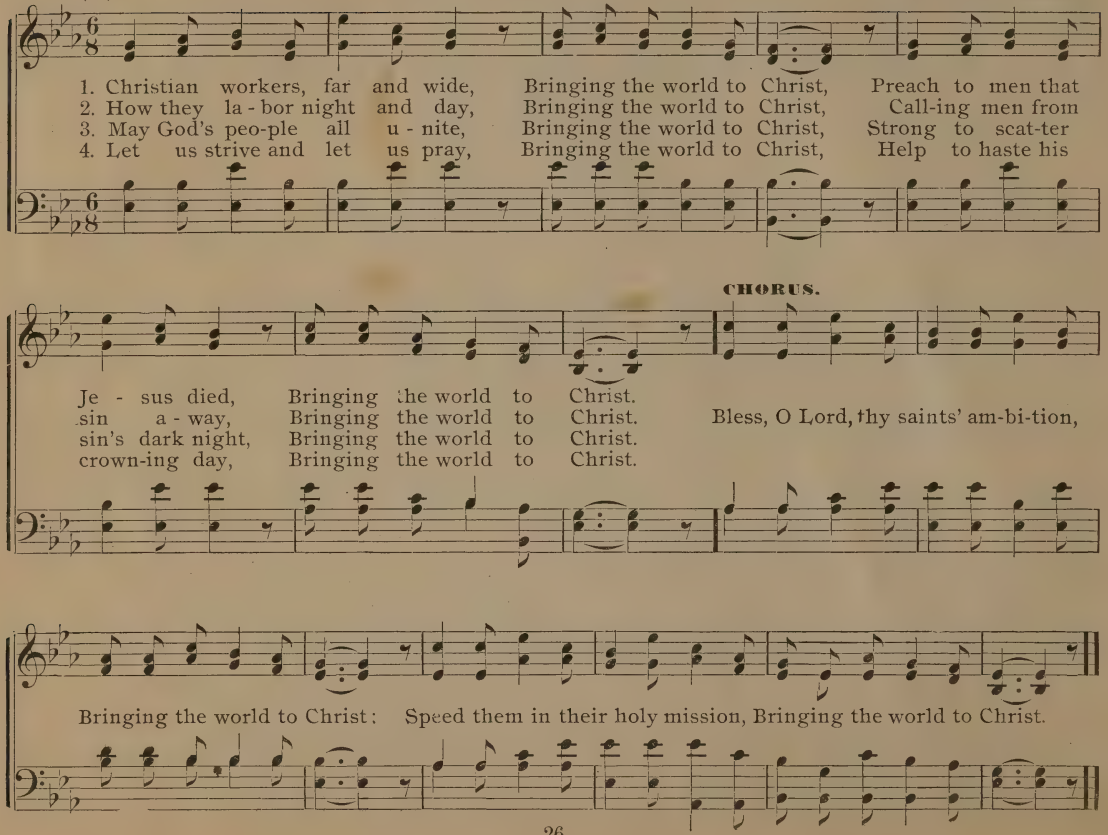
3 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving,
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

# 24. Bringing the World to Christ.

*"The field is the world."*—Matt. 13: 38.

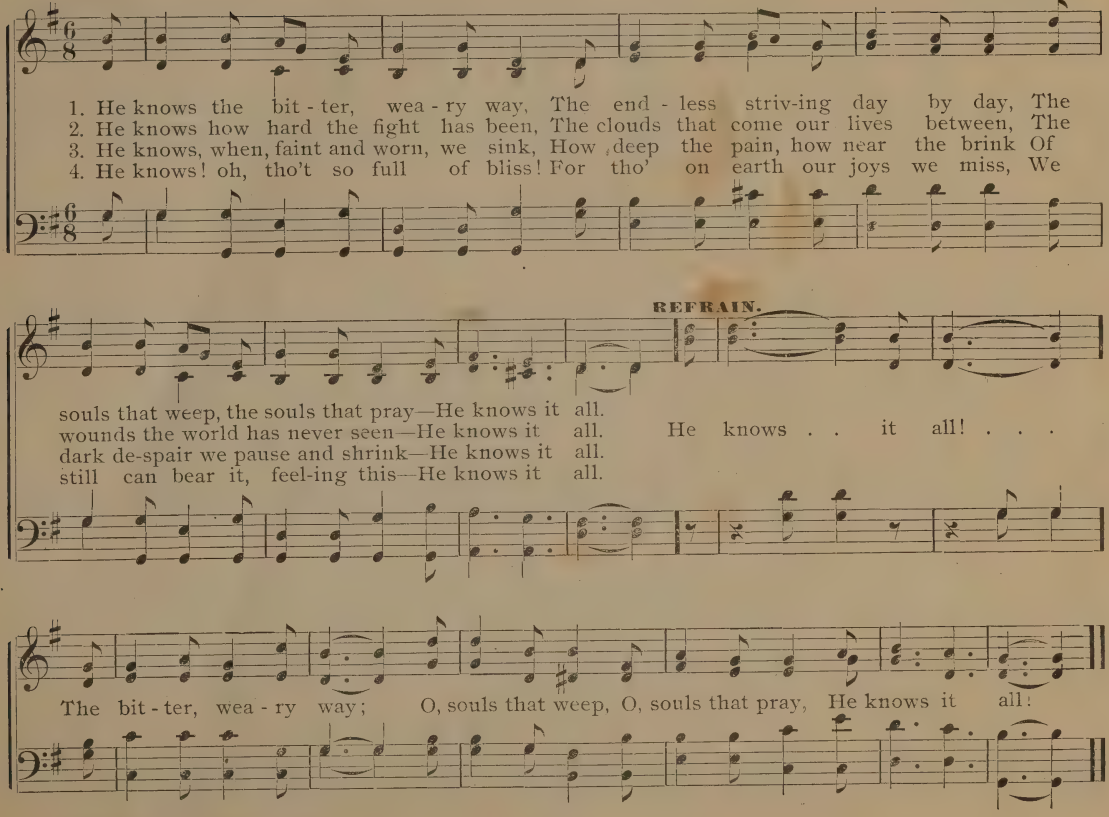
D. E. L. REV. D. E. LORENZ.


1. Christian workers, far and wide, Bringing the world to Christ, Preach to men that
2. How they la - bor night and day, Bringing the world to Christ, Call-ing men from
3. May God's peo-ple all u - nite, Bringing the world to Christ, Strong to scat-ter
4. Let us strive and let us pray, Bringing the world to Christ, Help to haste his
CHORUS.
Je - sus died, Bringing the world to Christ.
sin a - way, Bringing the world to Christ.
sin's dark night, Bringing the world to Christ.
crown-ing day, Bringing the world to Christ.
Bless, O Lord, thy saints' am-bi-tion,
Bringing the world to Christ: Speed them in their holy mission, Bringing the world to Christ.

# 25. He Knows It All.

*"All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him."*—Heb. 4: 13.

UNKNOWN. E. S. LORENZ.


1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end - less striv-ing day by day, The
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between, The
3. He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink Of
4. He knows! oh, tho't so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss, We
REFRAIN.
souls that weep, the souls that pray—He knows it all.
wounds the world has never seen—He knows it all.
dark de-spair we pause and shrink—He knows it all.
still can bear it, feel-ing this—He knows it all.
He knows . . it all! . . .
The bit - ter, wea - ry way; O, souls that weep, O, souls that pray, He knows it all!

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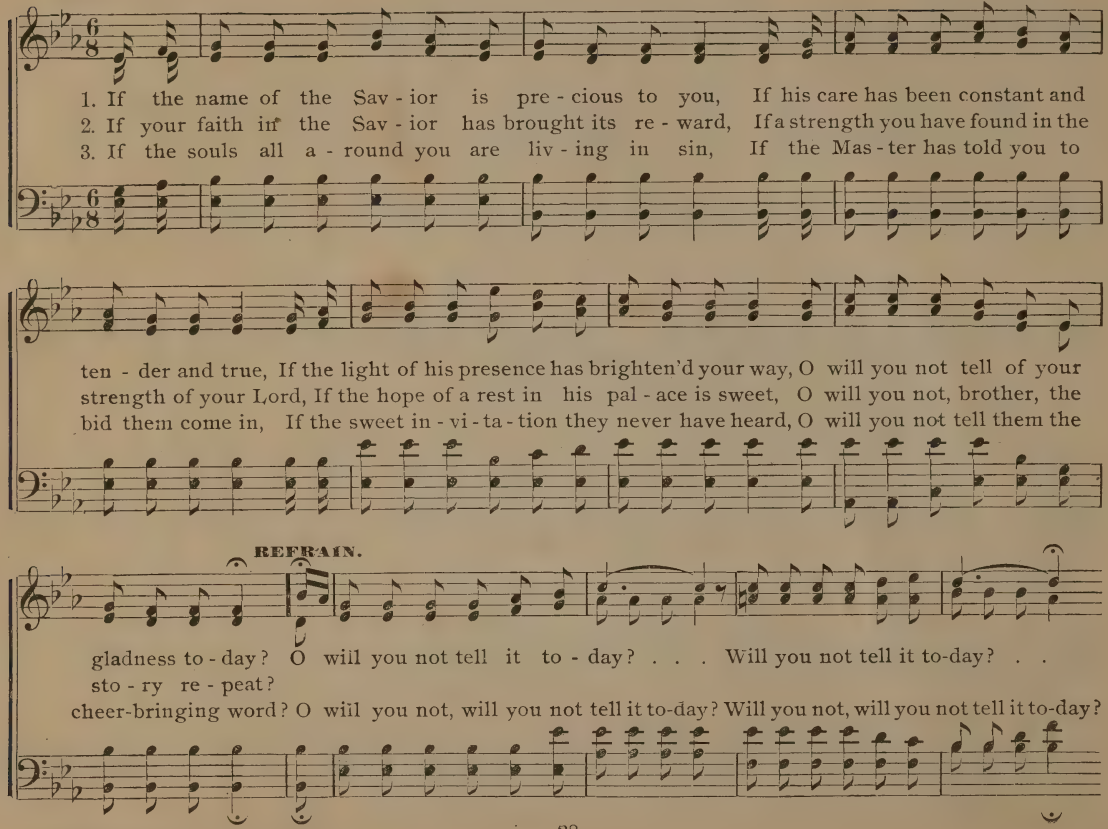
26.

# Tell it To-day.

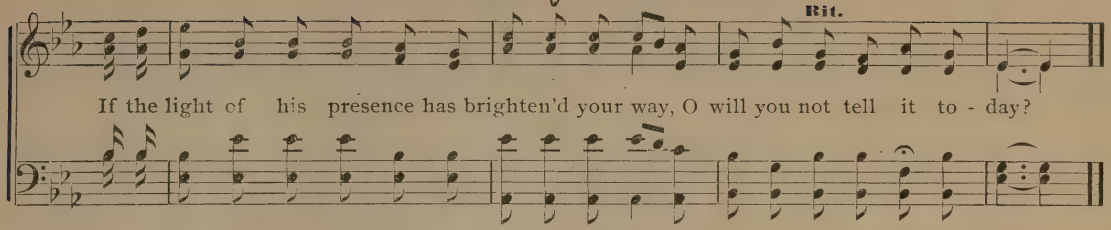
*"Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous."*—Ps. 97 : 12.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.


1. If the name of the Sav - ior is pre - cious to you, If his care has been constant and
2. If your faith in the Sav - ior has brought its re - ward, If a strength you have found in the
3. If the souls all a - round you are liv - ing in sin, If the Mas - ter has told you to
ten - der and true, If the light of his presence has brighten'd your way, O will you not tell of your
strength of your Lord, If the hope of a rest in his pal - ace is sweet, O will you not, brother, the
bid them come in, If the sweet in - vi - ta - tion they never have heard, O will you not tell them the
REFRAIN.
gladness to - day? O will you not tell it to - day? . . . Will you not tell it to-day? . .
sto - ry re - peat?
cheer-bringing word? O will you not, will you not tell it to-day? Will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

Copyright, 1888, by Fillmore Bros.

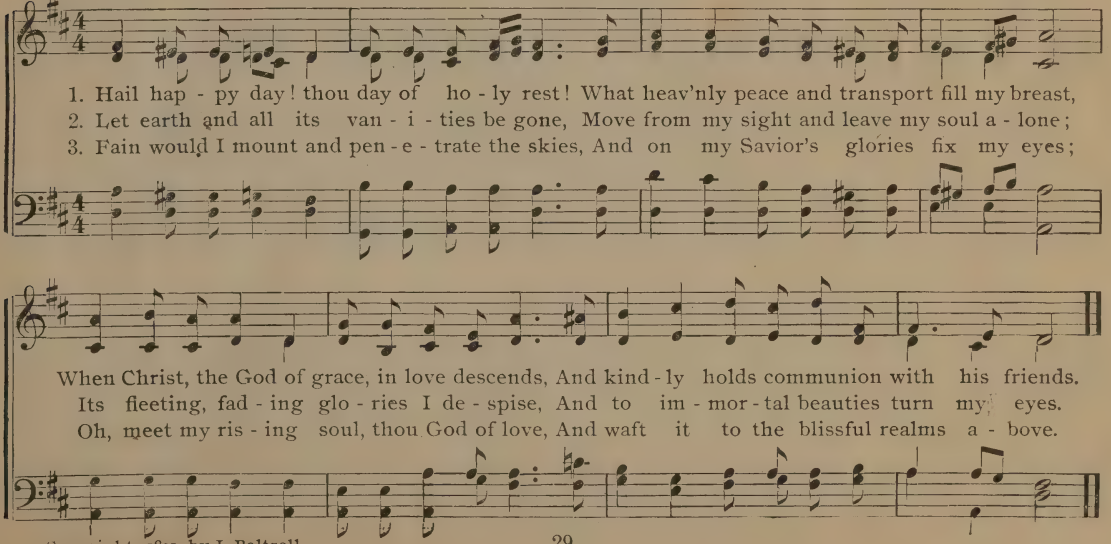
## Tell it To-day. Concluded.




## 27. Hail, Happy Day!

*"And call the Sabbath a delight."*—Isa. 58: 13.

P. H. BROWN. W. J. BALTZELL.


1. Hail hap - py day! thou day of ho - ly rest! What heav'nly peace and transport fill my breast,
2. Let earth and all its van - i - ties be gone, Move from my sight and leave my soul a - lone;
3. Fain would I mount and pen - e - trate the skies, And on my Savior's glories fix my eyes;
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends, And kind - ly holds communion with his friends.
Its fleeting, fad - ing glo - ries I de - spise, And to im - mor - tal beauties turn my eyes.
Oh, meet my ris - ing soul, thou God of love, And waft it to the blissful realms a - bove.

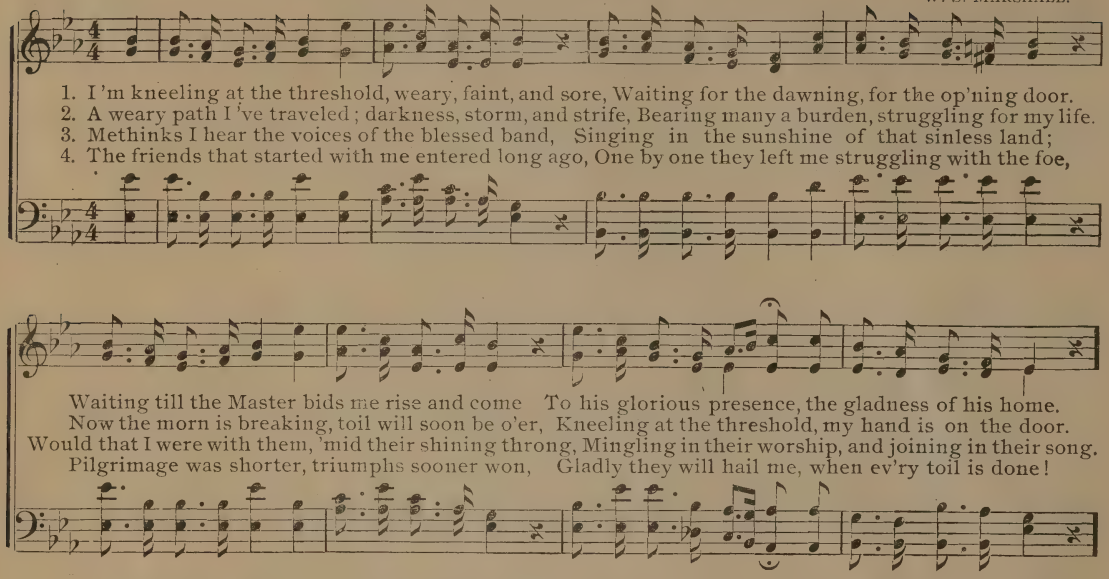
Copyright, 1891, by I. Baltzell.

28.

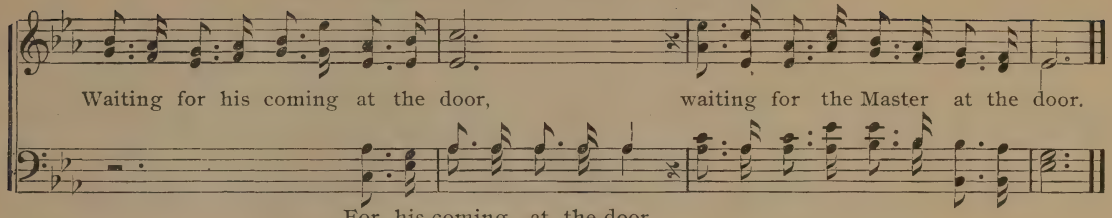
# Waiting at the Door.

*"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—I. Cor. 1: 7.

GUTHRIE. W. S. MARSHALL.


1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore, Waiting for the dawning, for the op'ning door.
2. A weary path I've traveled; darkness, storm, and strife, Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life.
3. Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed band, Singing in the sunshine of that sinless land;
4. The friends that started with me entered long ago, One by one they left me struggling with the foe,
Waiting till the Master bids me rise and come To his glorious presence, the gladness of his home.
Now the morn is breaking, toil will soon be o'er, Kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.
Would that I were with them, 'mid their shining throng, Mingling in their worship, and joining in their song.
Pilgrimage was shorter, triumphs sooner won, Gladly they will hail me, when ev'ry toil is done!
CHORUS.
Waiting at the door, at the door; Waiting at the door, at the door;
I am waiting at the door. I am waiting at the door.

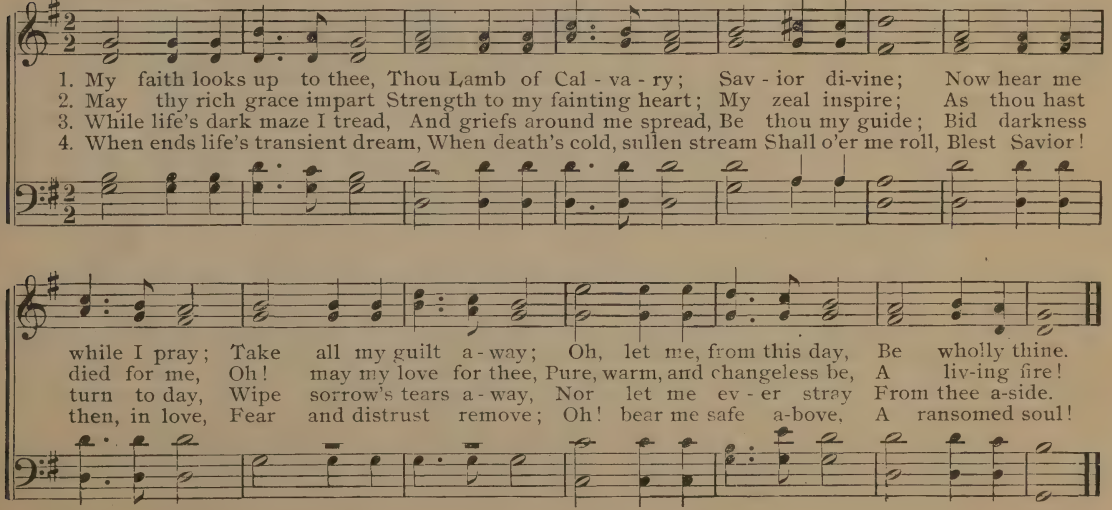
## Waiting at the Door. Concluded.




## 29. New Haven. 6s & 4s.

"*The Lord Jehovah is my strength.*"—Isa. 12: 2.

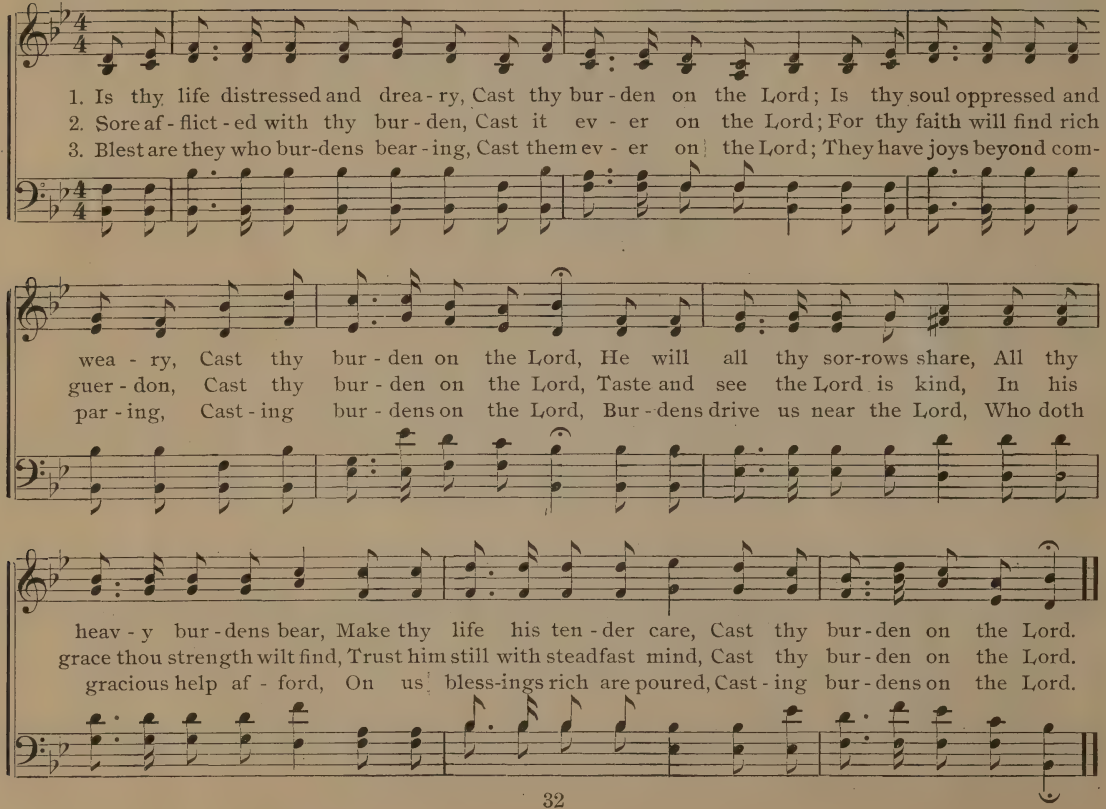
RAY PALMER, 1830. THOS. HASTINGS, 1833.


1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Sav - ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior!
while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.
died for me, Oh! may my love for thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a-side.
then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh! bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul!

# 30. Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.

*Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*—Ps. 55: 22.

H. F. James. E. S. Lorenz.

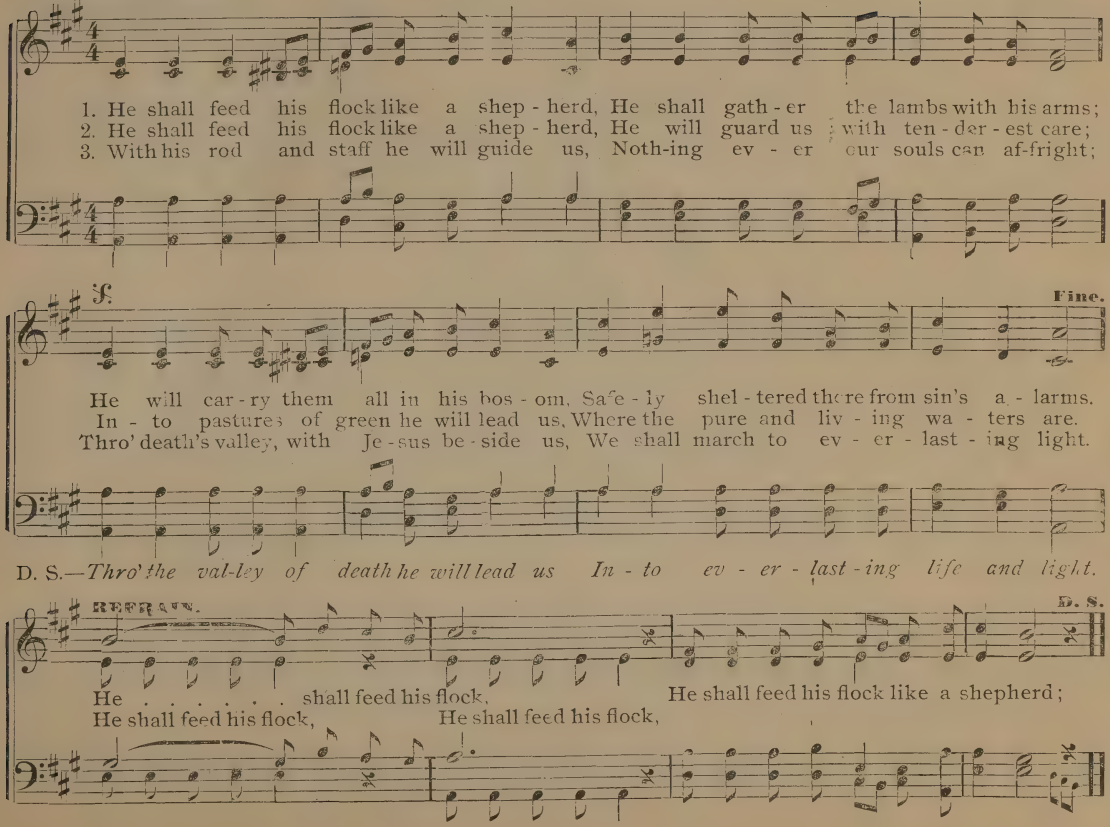

1. Is thy life distressed and drea - ry, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord; Is thy soul oppressed and
2. Sore af - flict - ed with thy bur - den, Cast it ev - er on the Lord; For thy faith will find rich
3. Blest are they who bur-dens bear - ing, Cast them ev - er on the Lord; They have joys beyond com-
wea - ry, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, He will all thy sor-rows share, All thy
guer - don, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Taste and see the Lord is kind, In his
par - ing, Cast - ing bur - dens on the Lord, Bur - dens drive us near the Lord, Who doth
heav - y bur - dens bear, Make thy life his ten - der care, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
grace thou strength wilt find, Trust him still with steadfast mind, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
gracious help af - ford, On us bless-ings rich are poured, Cast - ing bur - dens on the Lord.

31.

# He Shall Feed His Flock.

*He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.*—Isa. 40: 11.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

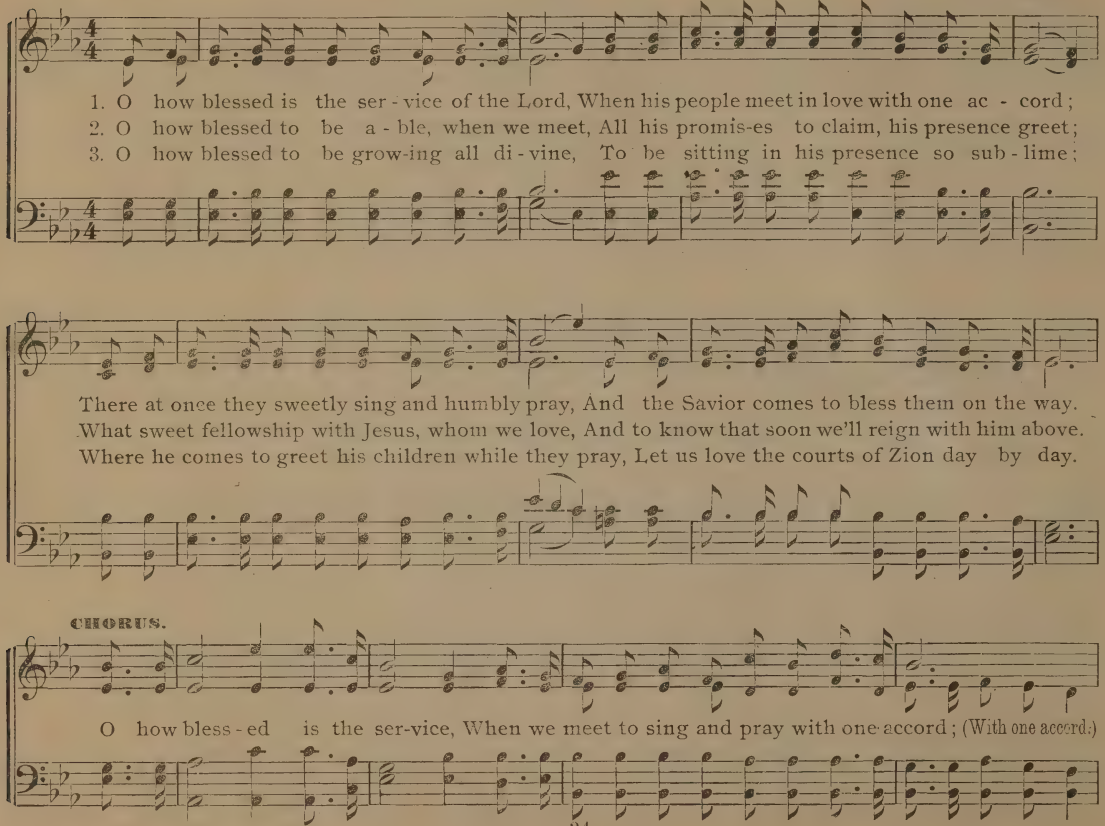

1. He shall feed his flock like a shep - herd, He shall gath - er the lambs with his arms;
2. He shall feed his flock like a shep - herd, He will guard us with ten - der - est care;
3. With his rod and staff he will guide us, Noth-ing ev - er our souls can af-fright;
f.
Fine.
He will car - ry them all in his bos - om, Safe - ly shel - tered there from sin's a - larms.
In - to pastures of green he will lead us, Where the pure and liv - ing wa - ters are.
Thro' death's valley, with Je - sus be - side us, We shall march to ev - er - last - ing light.
D. S.—*Thro' the val-ley of death he will lead us In - to ev - er - last - ing life and light.*
REFRAIN.
D. S.
He . . . . . shall feed his flock,
He shall feed his flock like a shepherd;
He shall feed his flock,
He shall feed his flock,

By per. of W. A. OGDEN.

# 32. How Blessed is the Service.

*"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."*—Matt. 18: 20.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.


1. O how blessed is the ser - vice of the Lord, When his people meet in love with one ac - cord;
2. O how blessed to be a - ble, when we meet, All his promis-es to claim, his presence greet;
3. O how blessed to be grow-ing all di - vine, To be sitting in his presence so sub - lime;
There at once they sweetly sing and humbly pray, And the Savior comes to bless them on the way.
What sweet fellowship with Jesus, whom we love, And to know that soon we'll reign with him above.
Where he comes to greet his children while they pray, Let us love the courts of Zion day by day.
CHORUS.
O how bless - ed is the ser-vice, When we meet to sing and pray with one accord; (With one accord.)

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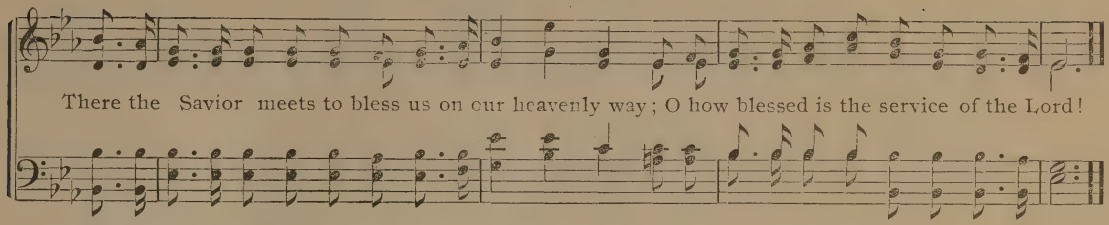
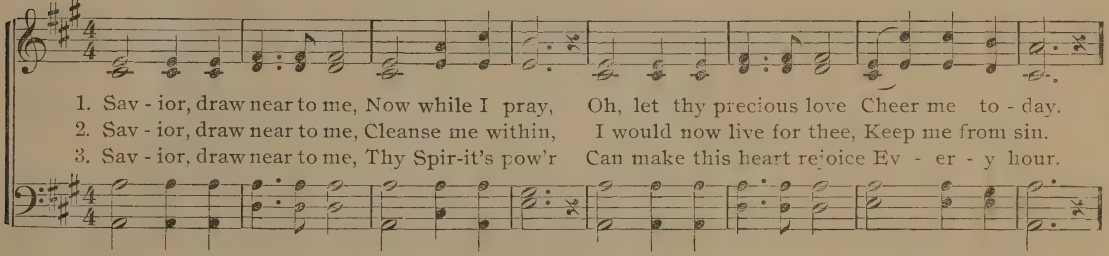
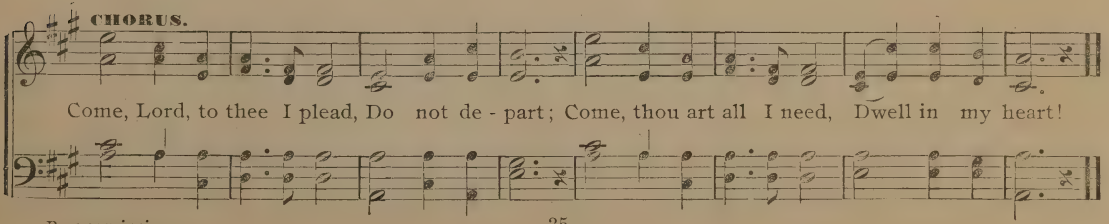
## How Blessed is the Service. Concluded.




## 33. Draw Near to Me.

T. J. L. *"Lord, to whom shall we go?"*—John 6:68. T. J. LAWRENCE.

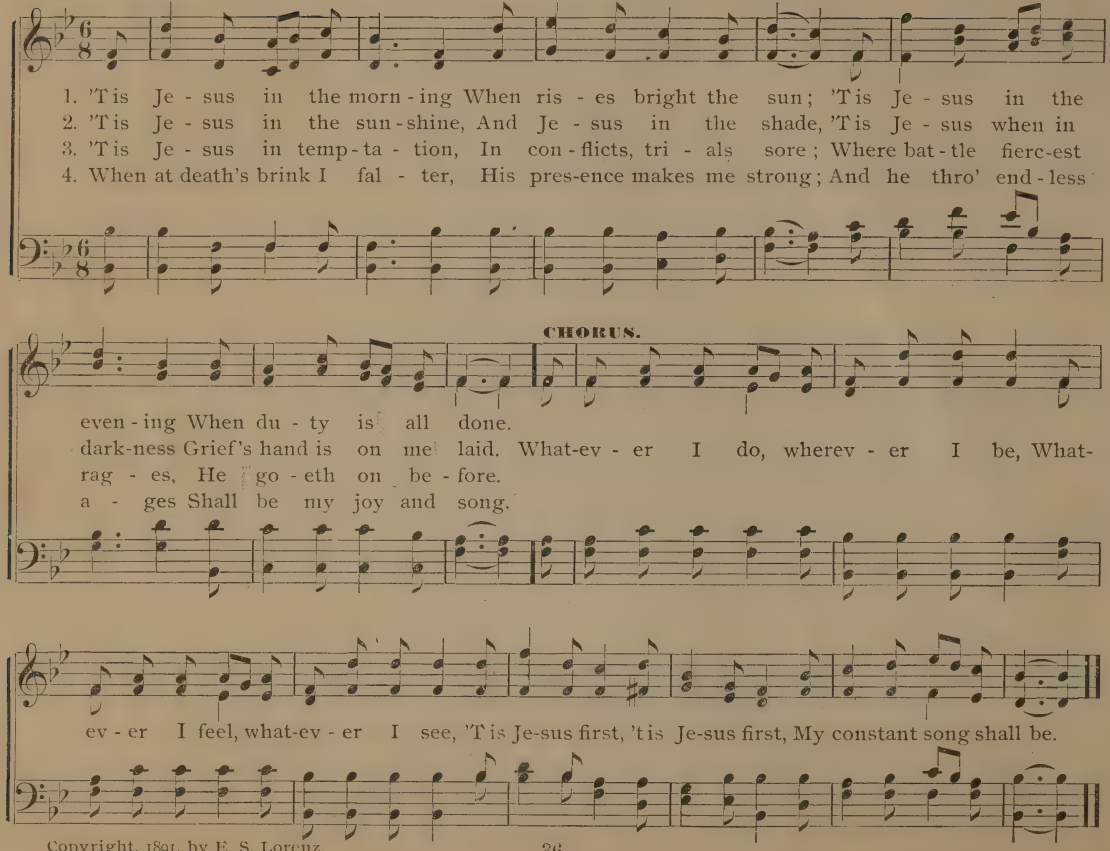

1. Sav - ior, draw near to me, Now while I pray, Oh, let thy precious love Cheer me to - day.
2. Sav - ior, draw near to me, Cleanse me within, I would now live for thee, Keep me from sin.
3. Sav - ior, draw near to me, Thy Spir-it's pow'r Can make this heart rejoice Ev - er - y hour.




By permission.

# 34. Jesus First.

ANNA CHICHESTER. *"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."*—Heb. 13: 5. F. S. LORENZ.


1. 'T is Je - sus in the morn - ing When ris - es bright the sun; 'T is Je - sus in the
2. 'T is Je - sus in the sun - shine, And Je - sus in the shade, 'T is Je - sus when in
3. 'T is Je - sus in temp - ta - tion, In con - flicts, tri - als sore; Where bat - tle fierc - est
4. When at death's brink I fal - ter, His pres - ence makes me strong; And he thro' end - less
CHORUS.
even - ing When du - ty is all done.
dark - ness Grief's hand is on me laid. What - ev - er I do, wherev - er I be, What -
rag - es, He go - eth on be - fore.
a - ges Shall be my joy and song.
ev - er I feel, what - ev - er I see, 'T is Je - sus first, 't is Je - sus first, My constant song shall be.

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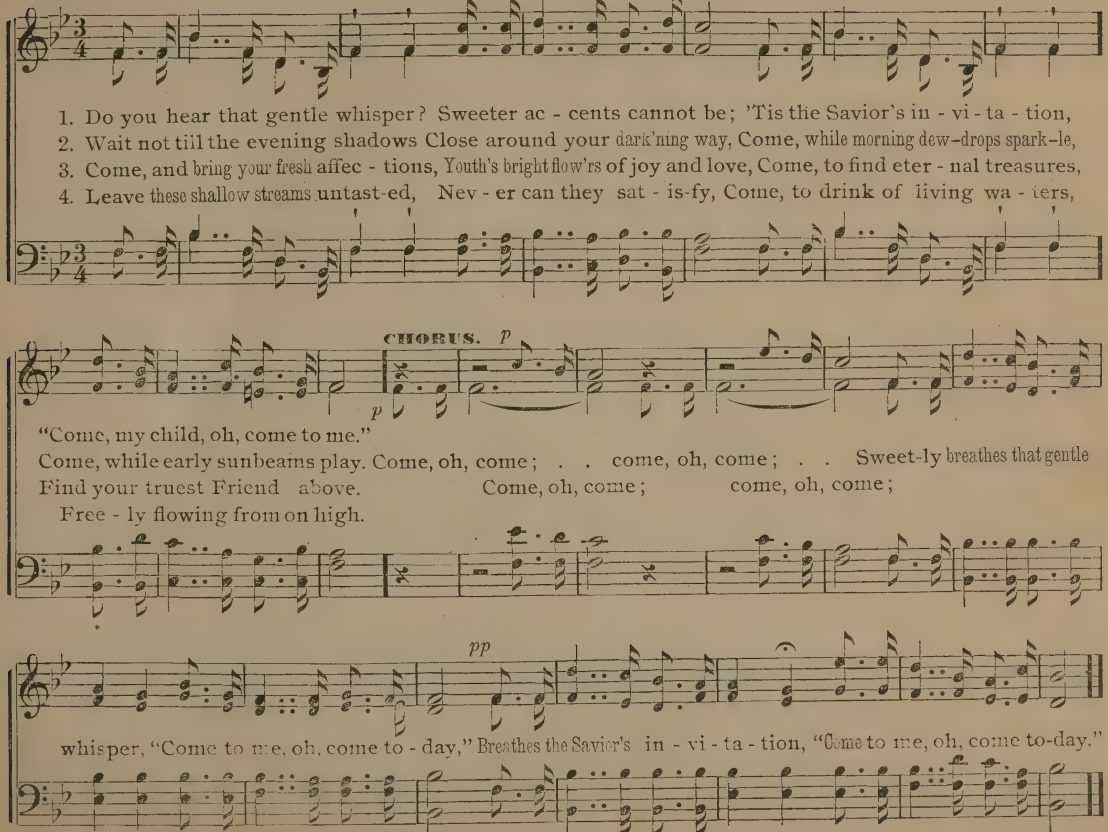
# 35. That Gentle Whisper.

E. E. HEWITT. *"A still small voice."*—I. Kings 19: 12. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Do you hear that gentle whisper? Sweeter ac - cents cannot be; 'Tis the Savior's in - vi - ta - tion,
2. Wait not till the evening shadows Close around your dark'ning way, Come, while morning dew-drops spark-le,
3. Come, and bring your fresh affec - tions, Youth's bright flow'rs of joy and love, Come, to find eter - nal treasures,
4. Leave these shallow streams untast-ed, Nev - er can they sat - is-fy, Come, to drink of living wa - ters,
CHORUS. p
"Come, my child, oh, come to me."
Come, while early sunbeams play. Come, oh, come; . . come, oh, come; . . Sweet-ly breathes that gentle
Find your truest Friend above. Come, oh, come; come, oh, come;
Free - ly flowing from on high.
pp
whisper, "Come to me, oh, come to - day," Breathes the Savior's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come to me, oh, come to-day."

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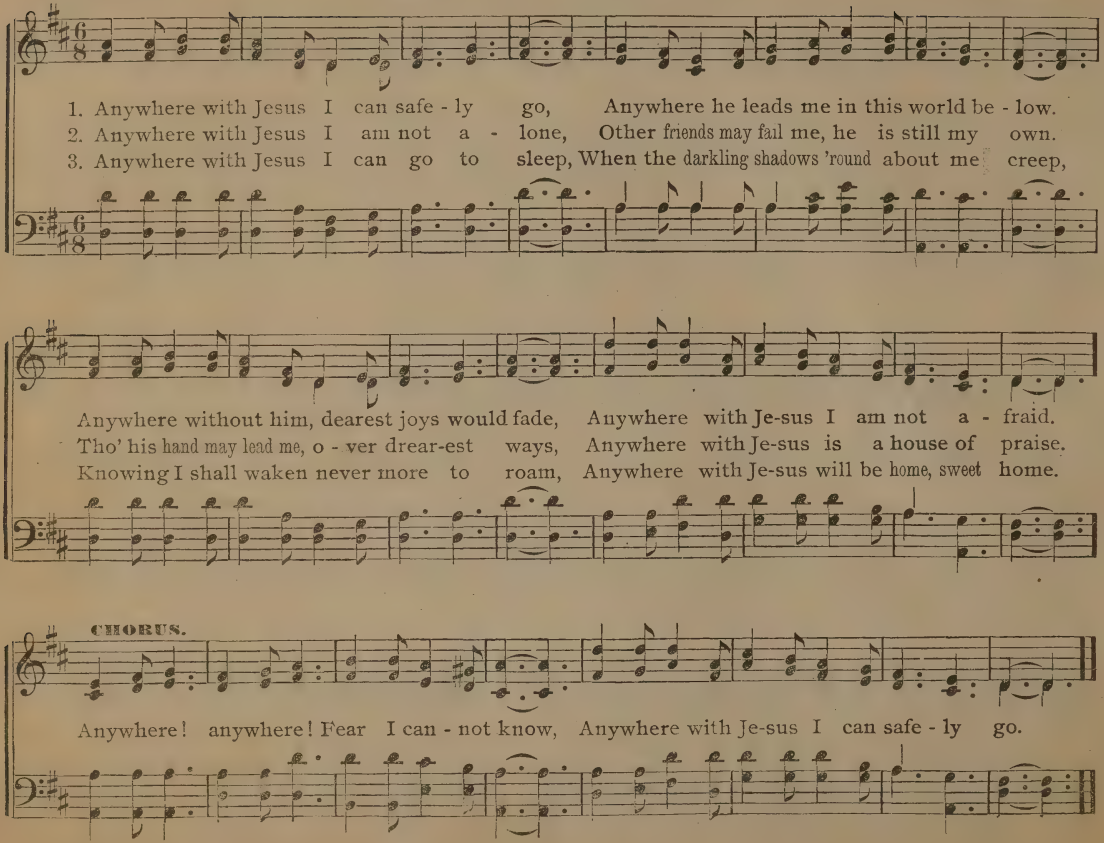
36.

# Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. *"I will trust, and not be afraid."*—Isa. 12: 2. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Anywhere with Jesus I can safe - ly go, Anywhere he leads me in this world be - low.
2. Anywhere with Jesus I am not a - lone, Other friends may fail me, he is still my own.
3. Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep, When the darkling shadows 'round about me creep,
Anywhere without him, dearest joys would fade, Anywhere with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
Tho' his hand may lead me, o - ver drear-est ways, Anywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
Knowing I shall waken never more to roam, Anywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.
CHORUS.
Anywhere! anywhere! Fear I can - not know, Anywhere with Je-sus I can safe - ly go.

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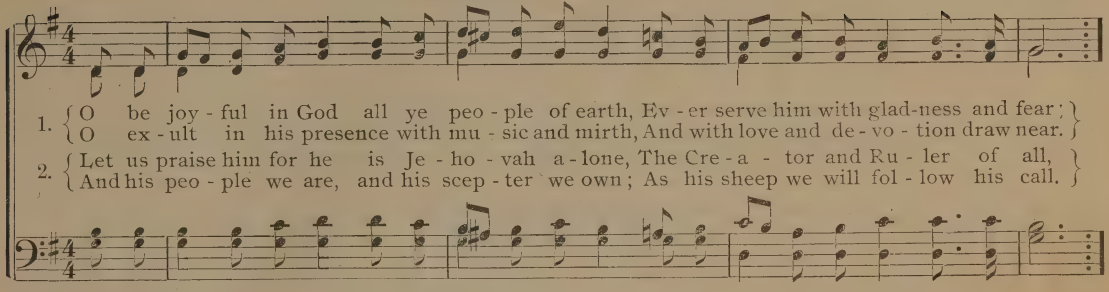
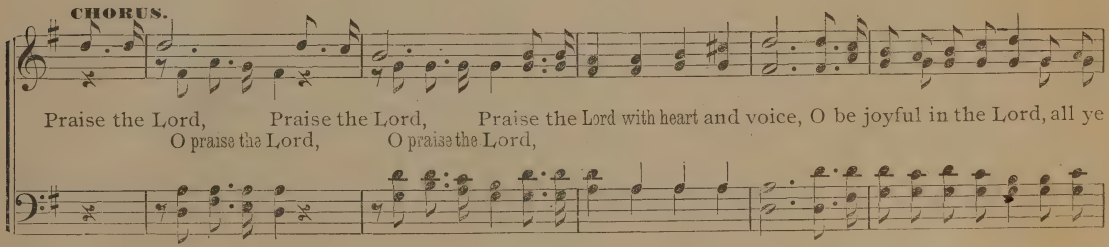
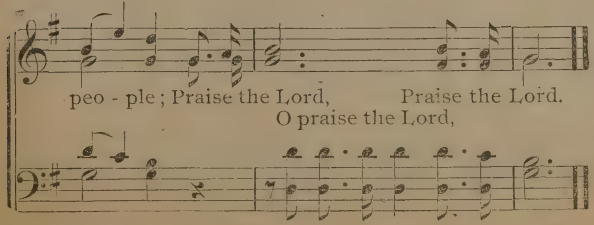
# 37. Praise the Lord.

Adapted. *"It is good to sing praises unto our God."*—Ps. 147: 1. I. BALTZELL.


1. O be joy - ful in God all ye peo - ple of earth, Ev - er serve him with glad-ness and fear;
O ex - ult in his presence with mu - sic and mirth, And with love and de - vo - tion draw near.
2. Let us praise him for he is Je - ho - vah a - lone, The Cre - a - tor and Ru - ler of all,
And his peo - ple we are, and his scep - ter we own; As his sheep we will fol - low his call.


CHORUS.
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord with heart and voice, O be joyful in the Lord, all ye
O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord,




3 We will enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
In his temple our vows we'll proclaim;
There his praise in melodious accordance prolong,
While we bless his adorable name.

4 Bless the Lord all ye saints, for he surely is good,
And we all are the work of his hand;
His great mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to all eternity stand.

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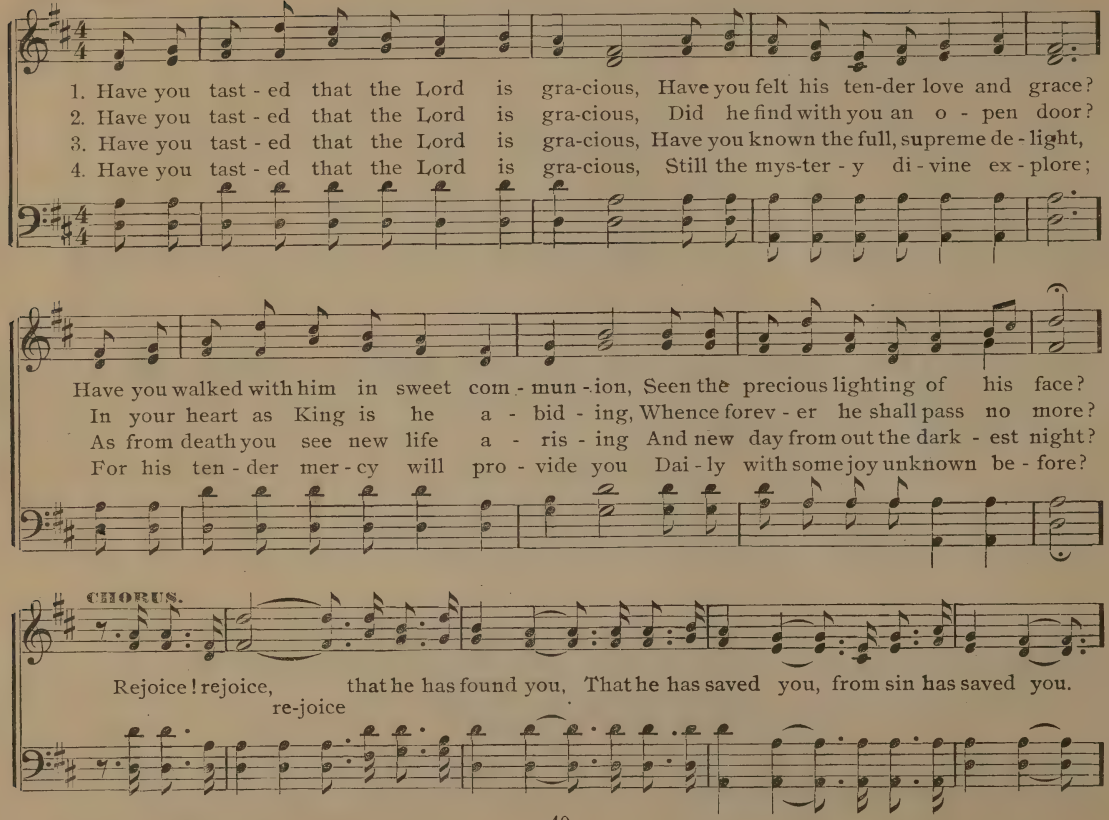
# 38. The Lord is Gracious.

*"If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious."*—I. Pet. 2: 3.

H. F. JAMES. A. A. ARMEN.


1. Have you tast - ed that the Lord is gra-cious, Have you felt his ten-der love and grace?
2. Have you tast - ed that the Lord is gra-cious, Did he find with you an o - pen door?
3. Have you tast - ed that the Lord is gra-cious, Have you known the full, supreme de - light,
4. Have you tast - ed that the Lord is gra-cious, Still the mys-ter - y di - vine ex - plore;
Have you walked with him in sweet com - mun - ion, Seen the precious lighting of his face?
In your heart as King is he a - bid - ing, Whence forev - er he shall pass no more?
As from death you see new life a - ris - ing And new day from out the dark - est night?
For his ten - der mer - cy will pro - vide you Dai - ly with some joy unknown be - fore?
CHORUS.
Rejoice! rejoice, that he has found you, That he has saved you, from sin has saved you.
re-joice

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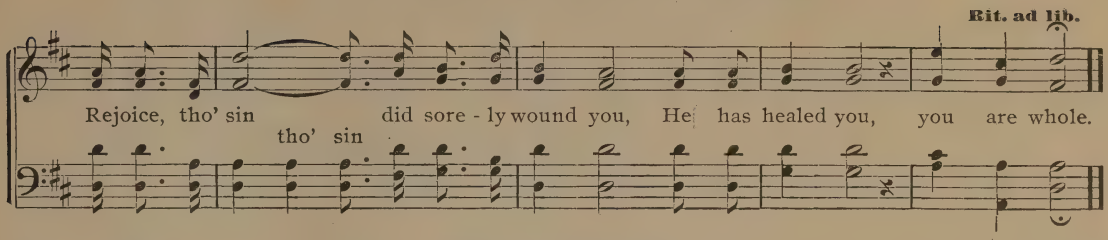
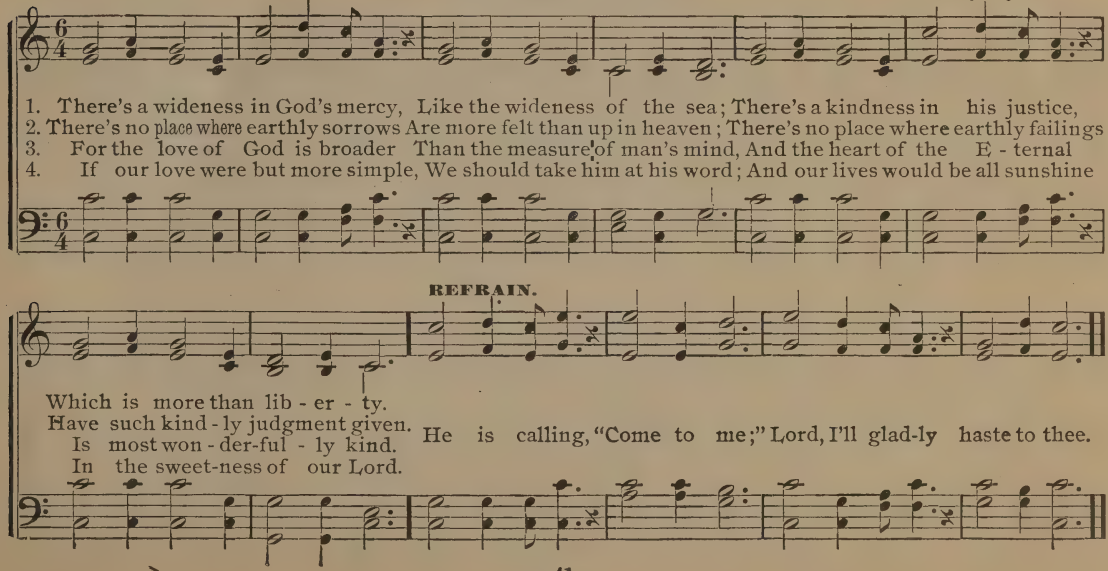
## The Lord is Gracious. Concluded.




## 39. He is Calling.

FRED'K FABER. *ab.* "*God is love.*"— I. Jno. 4: 8. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

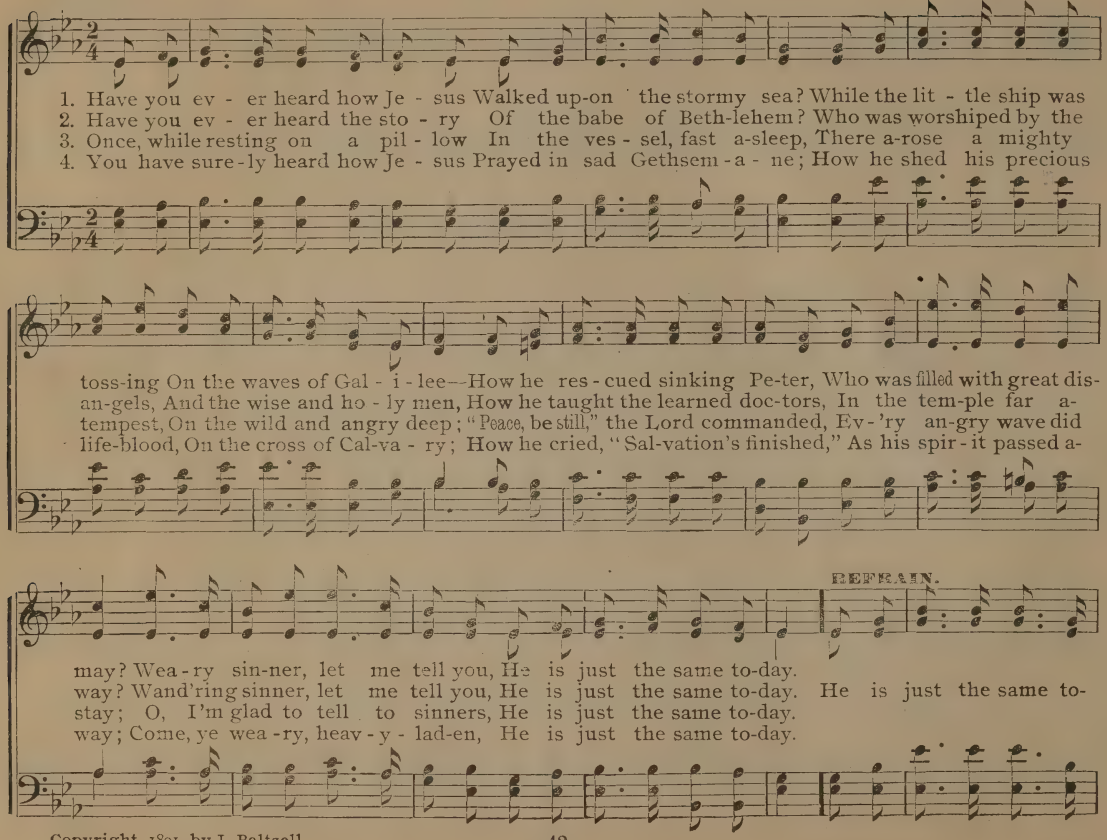

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; There's a kindness in his justice,
2. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven; There's no place where earthly failings
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind, And the heart of the E - ternal
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word; And our lives would be all sunshine
REFRAIN.
Which is more than lib - er - ty.
Have such kind - ly judgment given.
Is most won - der-ful - ly kind.
In the sweet-ness of our Lord.
He is calling, "Come to me;" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

# 40. He is Just the Same To-day.

*"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and forever."*—Heb. 13: 8.

From "RESCUE SONGS."

I. BALTZELL.


1. Have you ev - er heard how Je - sus Walked up-on the stormy sea? While the lit - tle ship was
2. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the babe of Beth-lehem? Who was worshiped by the
3. Once, while resting on a pil - low In the ves - sel, fast a-sleep, There a-rose a mighty
4. You have sure-ly heard how Je - sus Prayed in sad Gethsem - a - ne; How he shed his precious
toss-ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee—How he res - cued sinking Pe-ter, Who was filled with great dis-
an-gels, And the wise and ho - ly men, How he taught the learned doc-tors, In the tem-ple far a-
tempest, On the wild and angry deep; "Peace, be still," the Lord commanded, Ev-'ry an-gry wave did
life-blood, On the cross of Cal-va - ry; How he cried, "Sal-vation's finished," As his spir - it passed a-
REFRAIN.
may? Wea - ry sin-ner, let me tell you, He is just the same to-day.
way? Wand'ring sinner, let me tell you, He is just the same to-day. He is just the same to-
stay; O, I'm glad to tell to sinners, He is just the same to-day.
way; Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - lad-en, He is just the same to-day.

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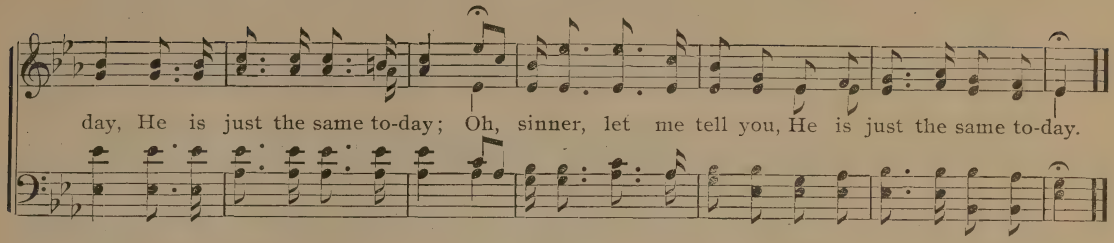
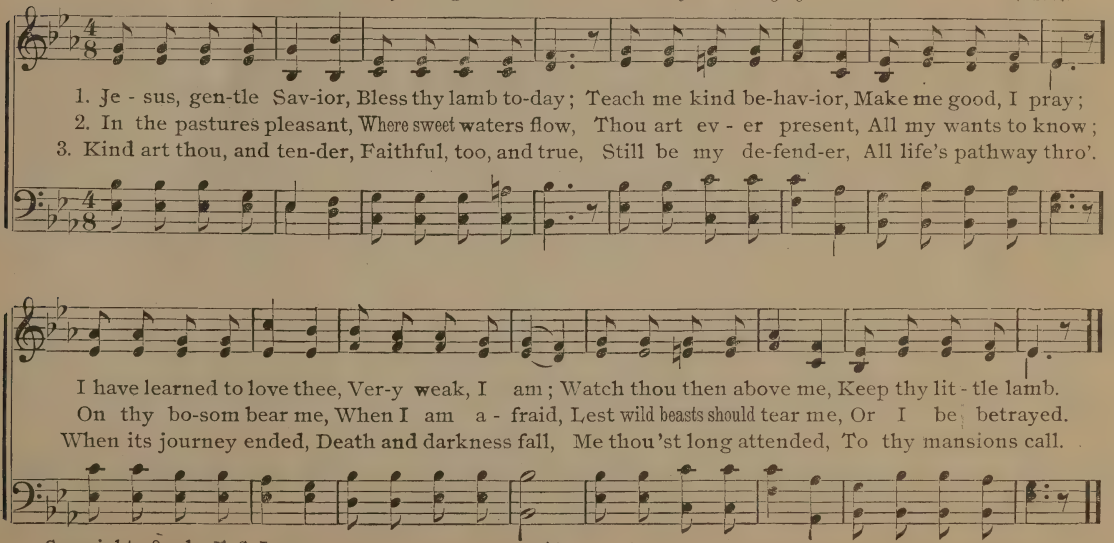
## He is Just the Same To-day. Concluded.




## 41. Jesus, Gentle Saviour.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. *"Because thy loving kindness is better than life."*—Ps. 63: 3. E. S. L.


1. Je - sus, gen-tle Sav-ior, Bless thy lamb to-day; Teach me kind be-hav-ior, Make me good, I pray;
2. In the pastures pleasant, Where sweet waters flow, Thou art ev - er present, All my wants to know;
3. Kind art thou, and ten-der, Faithful, too, and true, Still be my de-fend-er, All life's pathway thro'.
I have learned to love thee, Ver-y weak, I am; Watch thou then above me, Keep thy lit - tle lamb.
On thy bo-som bear me, When I am a - fraid, Lest wild beasts should tear me, Or I be betrayed.
When its journey ended, Death and darkness fall, Me thou 'st long attended, To thy mansions call.

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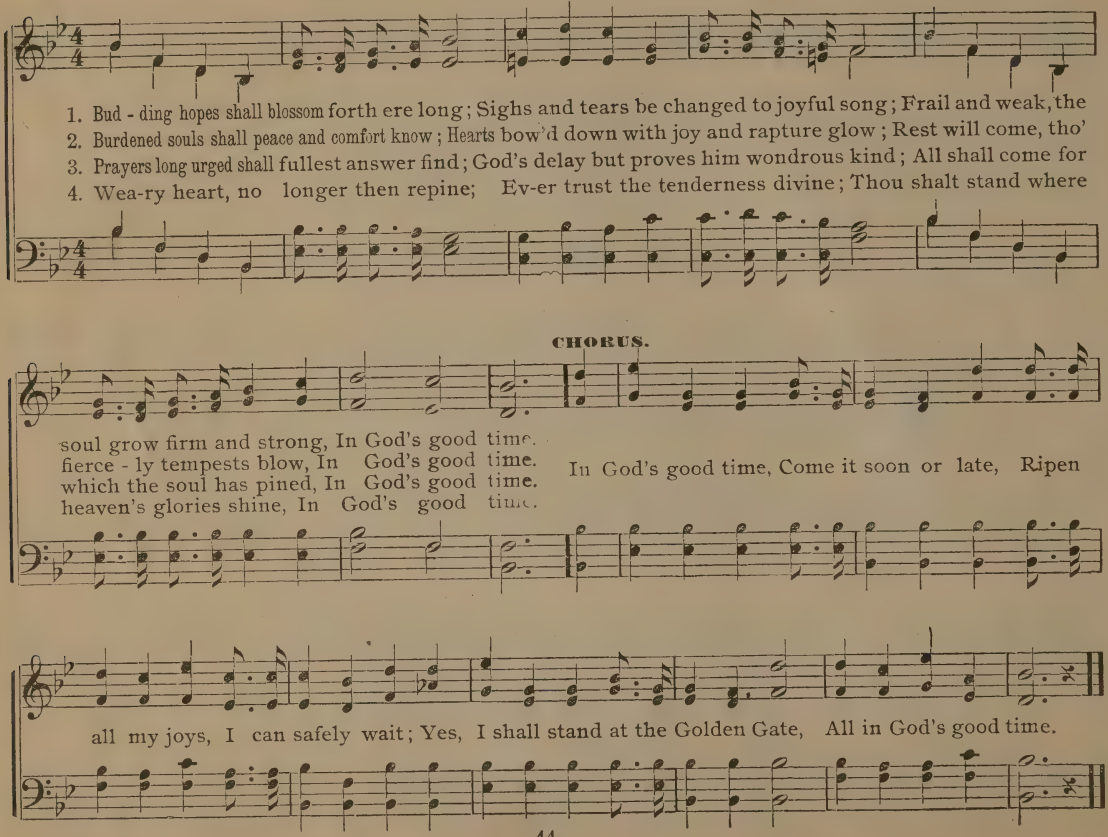
# 42. In God's Good Time.

E. D. MUND. *"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait."*—Lam. 3:26. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Bud - ding hopes shall blossom forth ere long; Sighs and tears be changed to joyful song; Frail and weak, the
2. Burdened souls shall peace and comfort know; Hearts bow'd down with joy and rapture glow; Rest will come, tho'
3. Prayers long urged shall fullest answer find; God's delay but proves him wondrous kind; All shall come for
4. Wea-ry heart, no longer then repine; Ev-er trust the tenderness divine; Thou shalt stand where
CHORUS.
soul grow firm and strong, In God's good time.
fierce - ly tempests blow, In God's good time.
which the soul has pined, In God's good time.
heaven's glories shine, In God's good time.
In God's good time, Come it soon or late, Ripen
all my joys, I can safely wait; Yes, I shall stand at the Golden Gate, All in God's good time.

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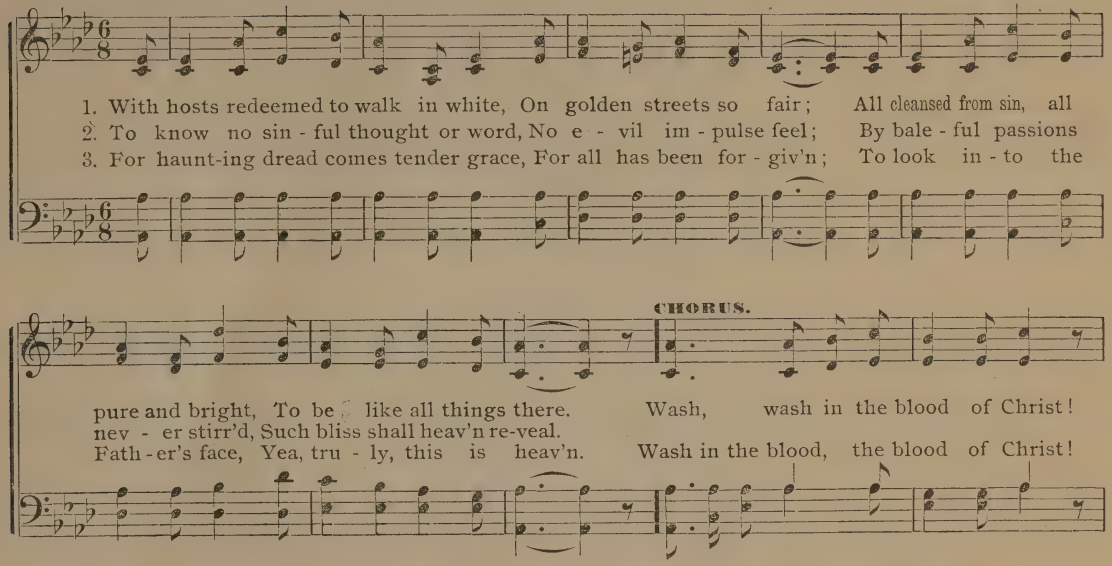
# 43. To Walk in White.

ANNA CHICHESTER. *"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."*—PS. 51:7. J. W. SLAUGENHAUP.


1. With hosts redeemed to walk in white, On golden streets so fair; All cleansed from sin, all
2. To know no sin - ful thought or word, No e - vil im - pulse feel; By bale - ful passions
3. For haunt-ing dread comes tender grace, For all has been for - giv'n; To look in - to the
CHORUS.
pure and bright, To be like all things there. Wash, wash in the blood of Christ!
nev - er stirr'd, Such bliss shall heav'n re-veal.
Fath - er's face, Yea, tru - ly, this is heav'n. Wash in the blood, the blood of Christ!
Wash, sinner, be cleansed within, Then, then shalt thou walk in white, Redeemed from ev'ry sin.
Wash, sinner, wash, be cleansed within, Then shalt thou walk, shalt walk in white, Redeemed from ev'ry sin.

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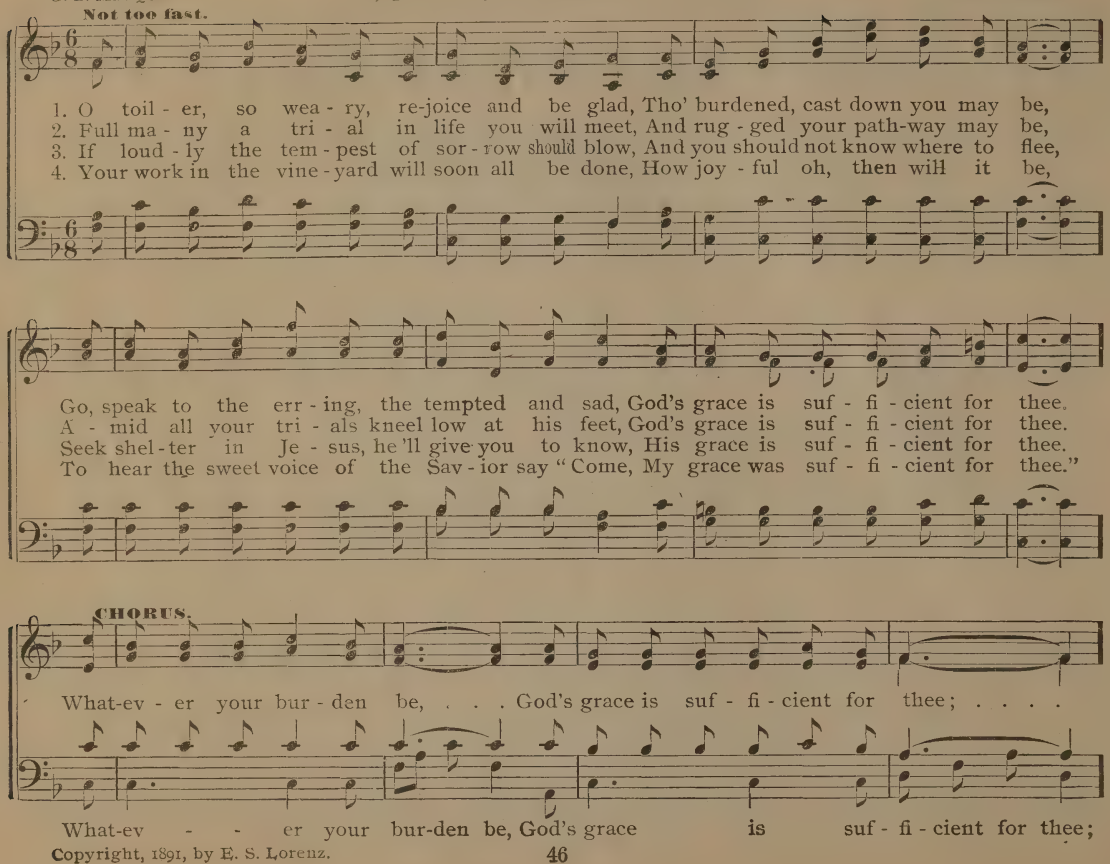
# 44. God's Grace is Sufficient.

G. B. MARQUART — *"My grace is sufficient for thee."*—II. Cor. 12: 9. — L. M. GORDON.


Not too fast.
1. O toil - er, so wea - ry, re-joice and be glad, Tho' burdened, cast down you may be,
2. Full ma - ny a tri - al in life you will meet, And rug - ged your path-way may be,
3. If loud - ly the tem - pest of sor - row should blow, And you should not know where to flee,
4. Your work in the vine - yard will soon all be done, How joy - ful oh, then will it be,
Go, speak to the err - ing, the tempted and sad, God's grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
A - mid all your tri - als kneel low at his feet, God's grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
Seek shel - ter in Je - sus, he'll give you to know, His grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
To hear the sweet voice of the Sav - ior say "Come, My grace was suf - fi - cient for thee."
CHORUS.
What-ev - er your bur - den be, . . . God's grace is suf - fi - cient for thee; . . . .
What-ev - - er your bur-den be, God's grace is suf - fi - cient for thee;

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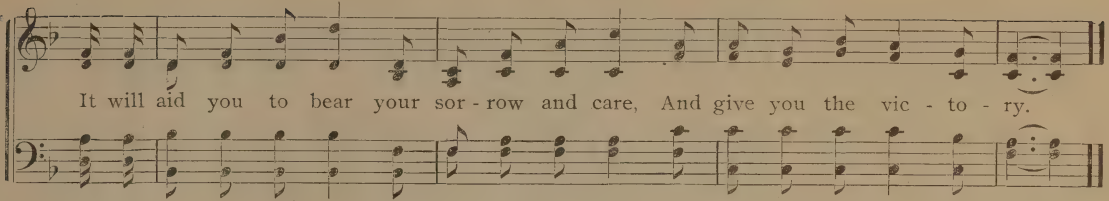
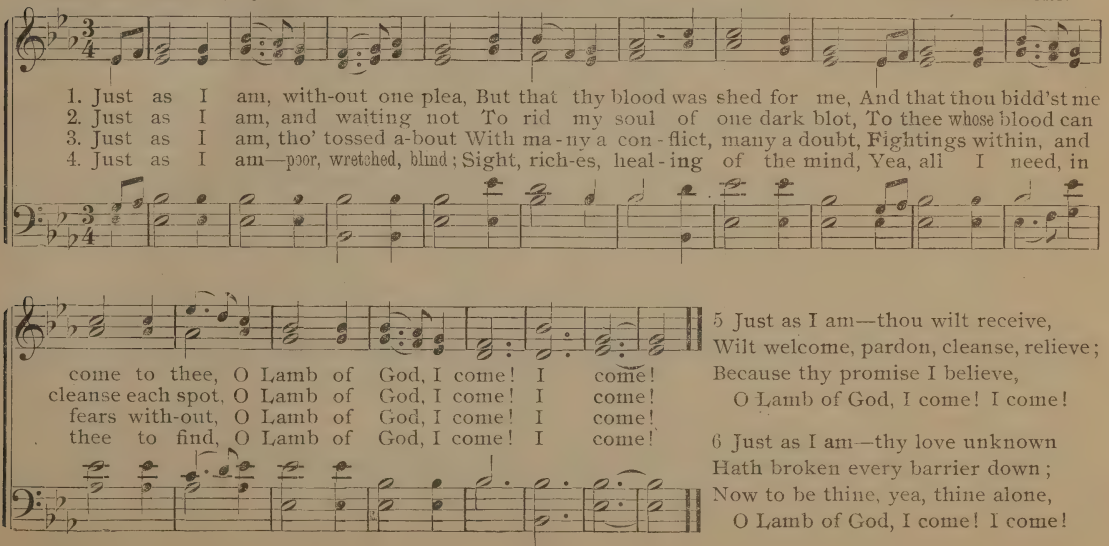
## God's Grace is Sufficient. Concluded.




## 45. Woodworth. L. M.

*"I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me."*—Ps. 40: 17.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. WM. B. BRADBURY.

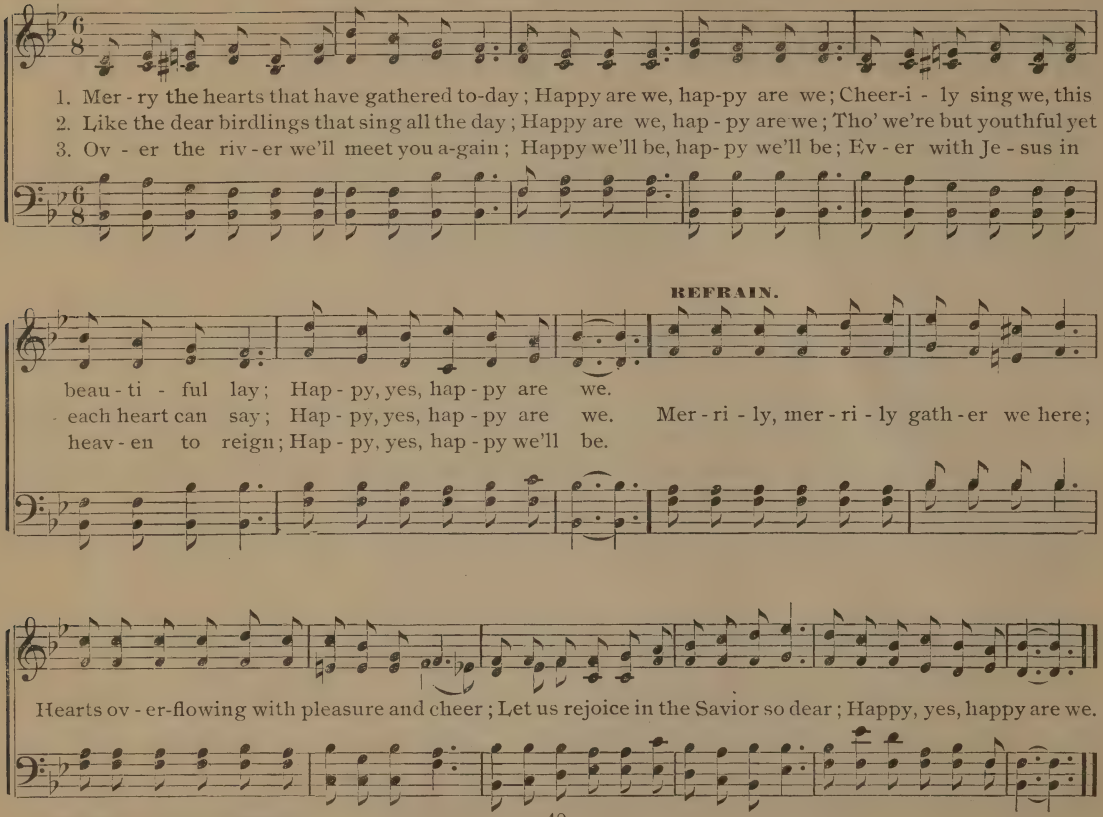

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With ma - ny a con - flict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal - ing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in
come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

# 46. Happy Are We

AMICUS. *"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."*—Col. 3: 16. I. BALTZELL.


1. Mer - ry the hearts that have gathered to-day; Happy are we, hap-py are we; Cheer-i - ly sing we, this
2. Like the dear birdlings that sing all the day; Happy are we, hap - py are we; Tho' we're but youthful yet
3. Ov - er the riv - er we'll meet you a-gain; Happy we'll be, hap- py we'll be; Ev - er with Je - sus in
REFRAIN.
beau - ti - ful lay; Hap - py, yes, hap - py are we.
each heart can say; Hap - py, yes, hap - py are we. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly gath - er we here;
heav - en to reign; Hap - py, yes, hap - py we'll be.
Hearts ov - er-flowing with pleasure and cheer; Let us rejoice in the Savior so dear; Happy, yes, happy are we.

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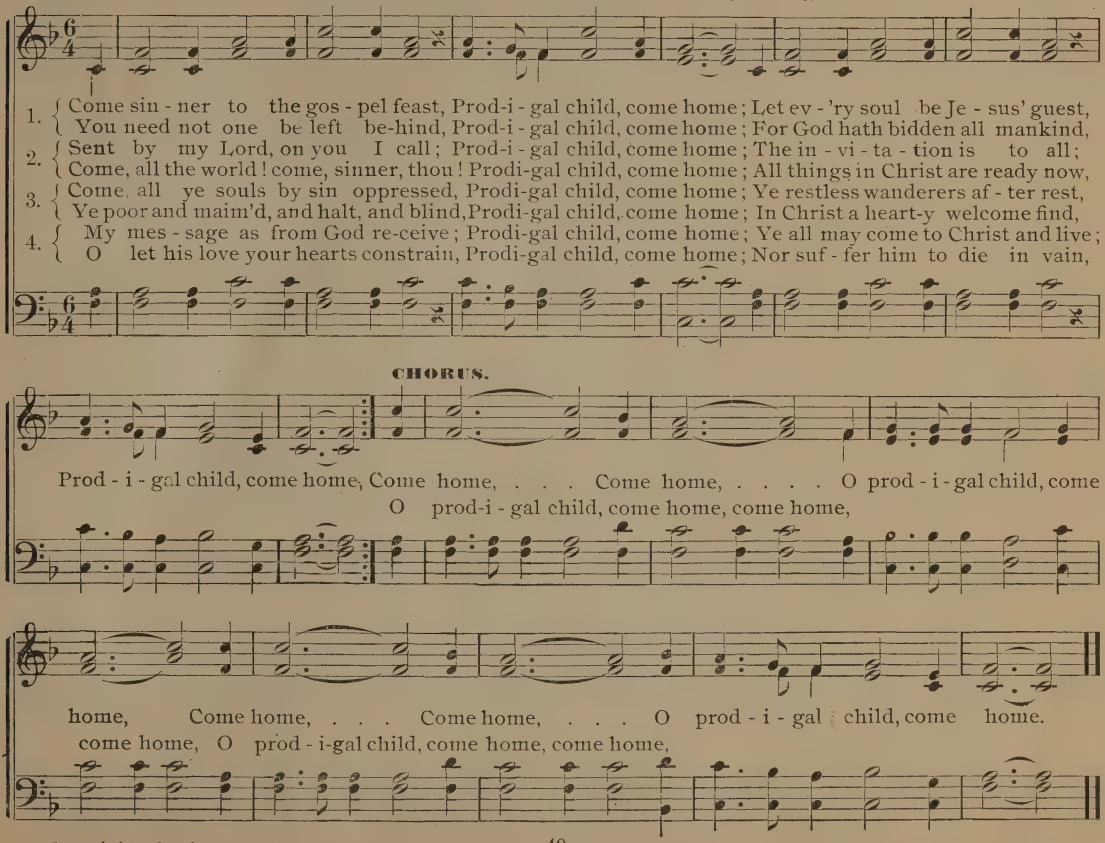
# 47. Prodigal Child, Come Home.

C. WESLEY. *"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."*—John 6: 37. B. B. FUNK.


1. Come sin - ner to the gos - pel feast, Prod-i - gal child, come home; Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest,
You need not one be left be-hind, Prod-i - gal child, come home; For God hath bidden all mankind,
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; Prod-i - gal child, come home; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all;
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou! Prodi-gal child, come home; All things in Christ are ready now,
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Prodi-gal child, come home; Ye restless wanderers af - ter rest,
Ye poor and maim'd, and halt, and blind, Prodi-gal child, come home; In Christ a heart-y welcome find,
4. My mes - sage as from God re-ceive; Prodi-gal child, come home; Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain, Prodi-gal child, come home; Nor suf - fer him to die in vain,
CHORUS.
Prod - i - gal child, come home, Come home, . . . Come home, . . . . O prod - i - gal child, come
O prod-i - gal child, come home, come home,
home, Come home, . . . Come home, . . . O prod - i - gal child, come home.
come home, O prod - i-gal child, come home, come home,

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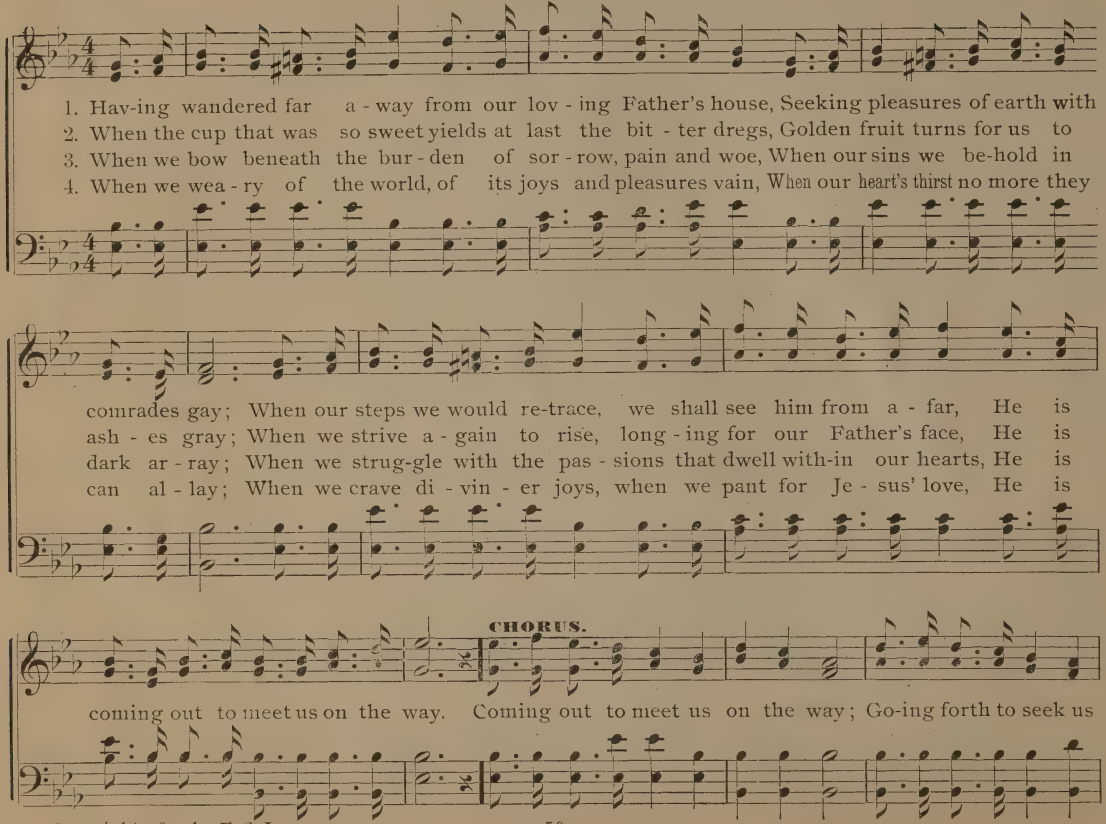
# 48. Coming Out to Meet Us.

*"His father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."*—Luke. 15: 20.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Hav-ing wandered far a - way from our lov - ing Father's house, Seeking pleasures of earth with
2. When the cup that was so sweet yields at last the bit - ter dregs, Golden fruit turns for us to
3. When we bow beneath the bur - den of sor - row, pain and woe, When our sins we be-hold in
4. When we wea - ry of the world, of its joys and pleasures vain, When our heart's thirst no more they
comrades gay; When our steps we would re-trace, we shall see him from a - far, He is
ash - es gray; When we strive a - gain to rise, long - ing for our Father's face, He is
dark ar - ray; When we strug-gle with the pas - sions that dwell with-in our hearts, He is
can al - lay; When we crave di - vin - er joys, when we pant for Je - sus' love, He is
CHORUS.
coming out to meet us on the way. Coming out to meet us on the way; Go-ing forth to seek us

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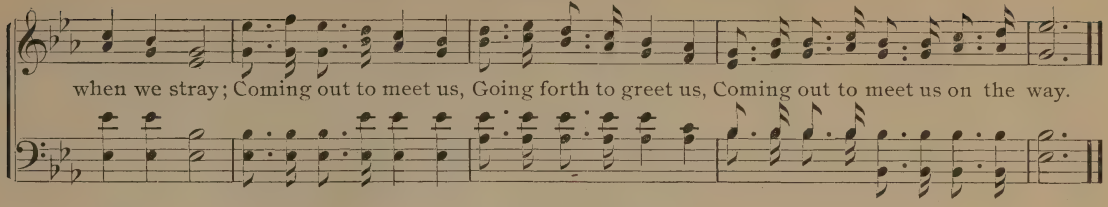
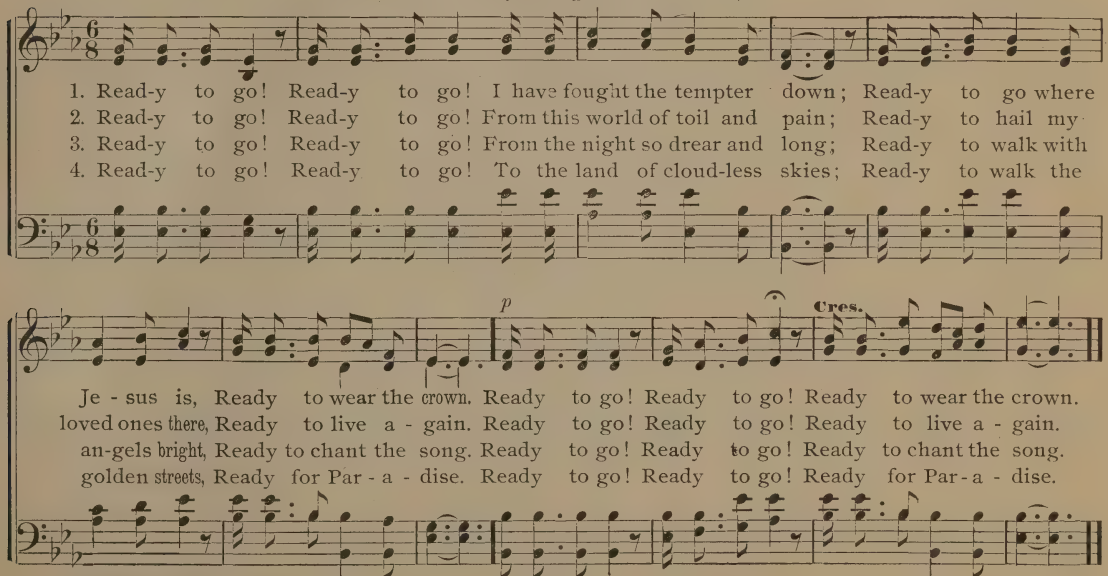
## Coming Out to Meet Us. Concluded.




## 49. Ready to Go.

I. B. "*For I am now ready to be offered.*"—II. Tim. 4: 6. I. BALTZELL.


1. Read-y to go! Read-y to go! I have fought the tempter down; Read-y to go where
2. Read-y to go! Read-y to go! From this world of toil and pain; Read-y to hail my
3. Read-y to go! Read-y to go! From the night so drear and long; Read-y to walk with
4. Read-y to go! Read-y to go! To the land of cloud-less skies; Read-y to walk the
p
Cres.
Je - sus is, Ready to wear the crown. Ready to go! Ready to go! Ready to wear the crown.
loved ones there, Ready to live a - gain. Ready to go! Ready to go! Ready to live a - gain.
an-gels bright, Ready to chant the song. Ready to go! Ready to go! Ready to chant the song.
golden streets, Ready for Par - a - dise. Ready to go! Ready to go! Ready for Par - a - dise.

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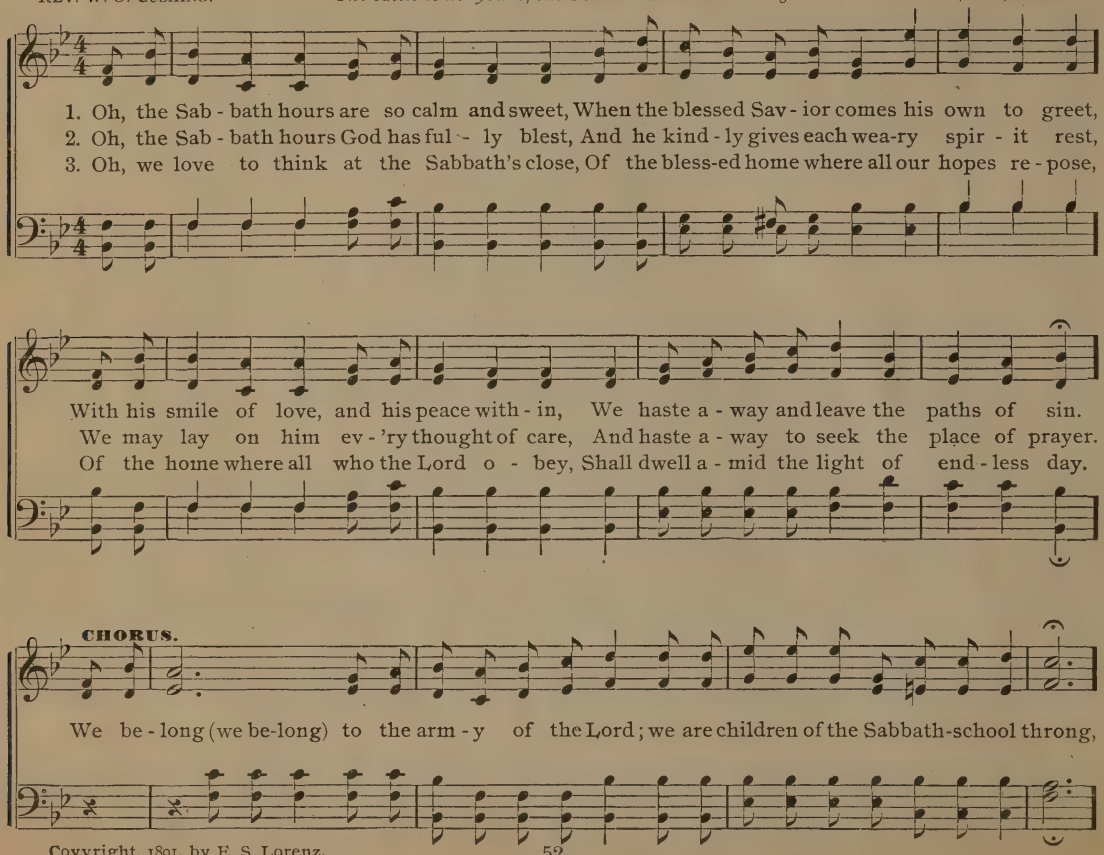
# 50. We Belong to the Army.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. *"The battle is no' yours, but God's."*—II. Chron. 20: 15. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Oh, the Sab - bath hours are so calm and sweet, When the blessed Sav - ior comes his own to greet,
2. Oh, the Sab - bath hours God has ful - ly blest, And he kind - ly gives each wea-ry spir - it rest,
3. Oh, we love to think at the Sabbath's close, Of the bless-ed home where all our hopes re - pose,
With his smile of love, and his peace with - in, We haste a - way and leave the paths of sin.
We may lay on him ev - 'ry thought of care, And haste a - way to seek the place of prayer.
Of the home where all who the Lord o - bey, Shall dwell a - mid the light of end - less day.
CHORUS.
We be - long (we be-long) to the arm - y of the Lord; we are children of the Sabbath-school throng,

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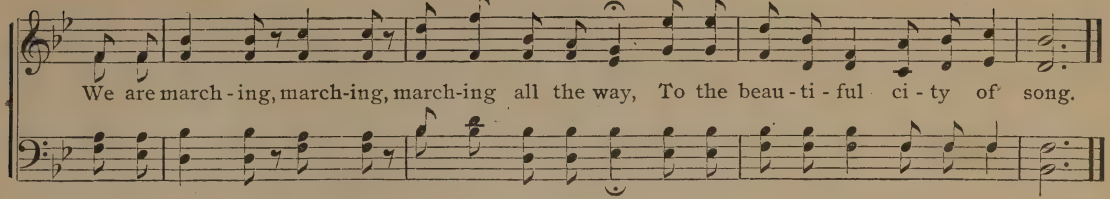
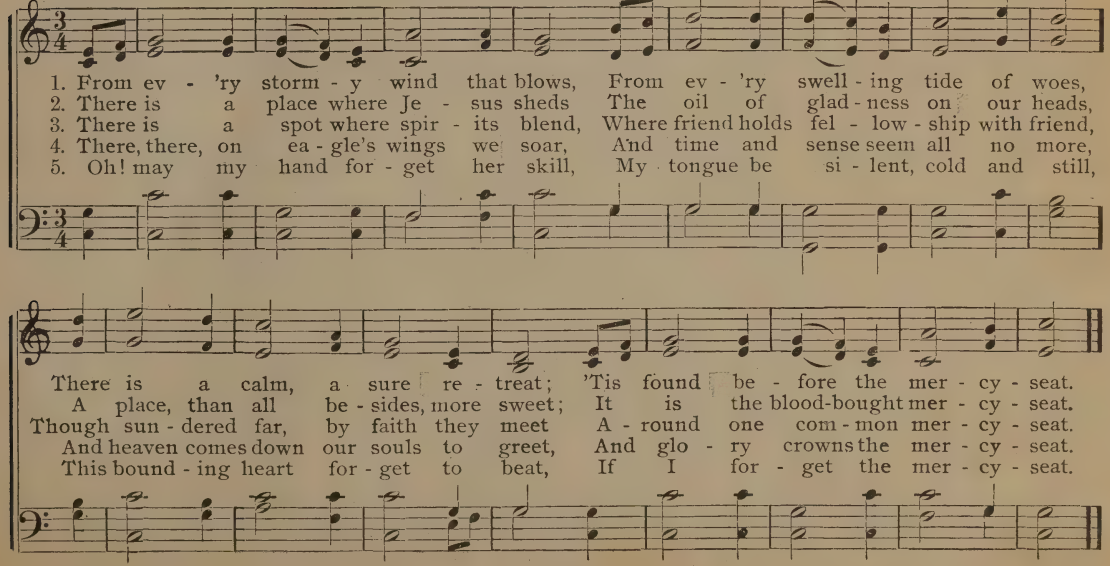
# We Belong to the Army. Concluded.




## 51. Retreat.

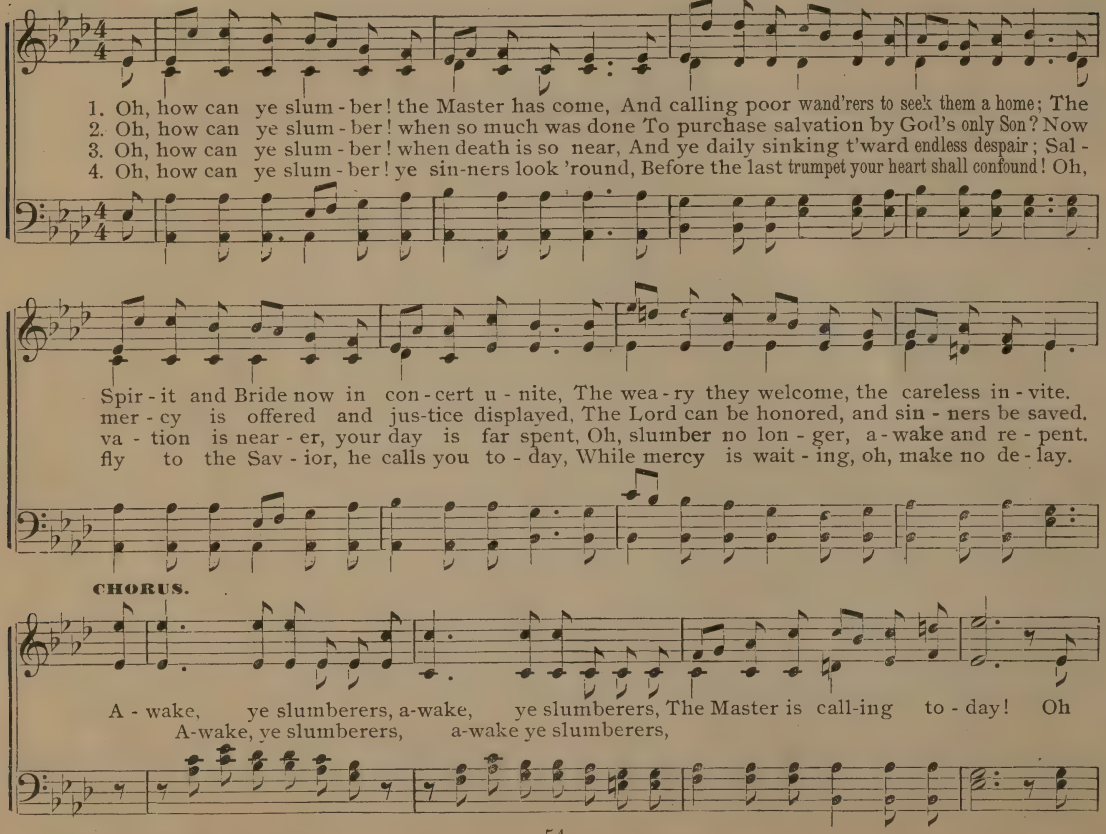
HUGH STOWELL, 1827. *"Thou art my refuge and my portion."*—PS. 142: 5. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1822.


1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads,
3. There is a spot where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend,
4. There, there, on ea - gle's wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more,
5. Oh! may my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold and still,
There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - fore the mer - cy - seat.
A place, than all be - sides, more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
Though sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.
This bound - ing heart for - get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat.

# 52. Awake, Ye Slumberers.

*"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."*—Eph. 5: 14.

ANON. W. J. B.


1. Oh, how can ye slum - ber! the Master has come, And calling poor wand'rers to seek them a home; The
2. Oh, how can ye slum - ber! when so much was done To purchase salvation by God's only Son? Now
3. Oh, how can ye slum - ber! when death is so near, And ye daily sinking t'ward endless despair; Sal -
4. Oh, how can ye slum - ber! ye sin-ners look 'round, Before the last trumpet your heart shall confound! Oh,
Spir - it and Bride now in con - cert u - nite, The wea - ry they welcome, the careless in - vite.
mer - cy is offered and jus-tice displayed, The Lord can be honored, and sin - ners be saved.
va - tion is near - er, your day is far spent, Oh, slumber no lon - ger, a - wake and re - pent.
fly to the Sav - ior, he calls you to - day, While mercy is wait - ing, oh, make no de - lay.
CHORUS.
A - wake, ye slumberers, a-wake, ye slumberers, The Master is call-ing to - day! Oh
A-wake, ye slumberers, a-wake ye slumberers,

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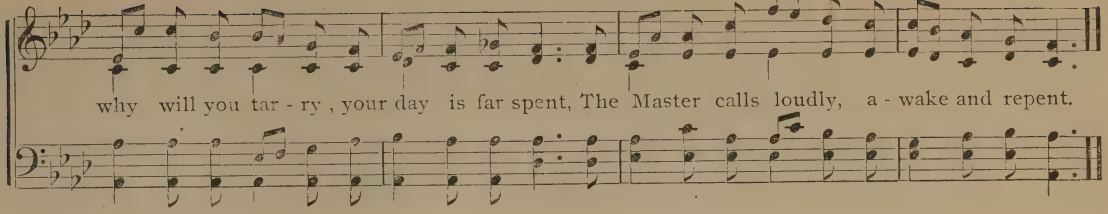
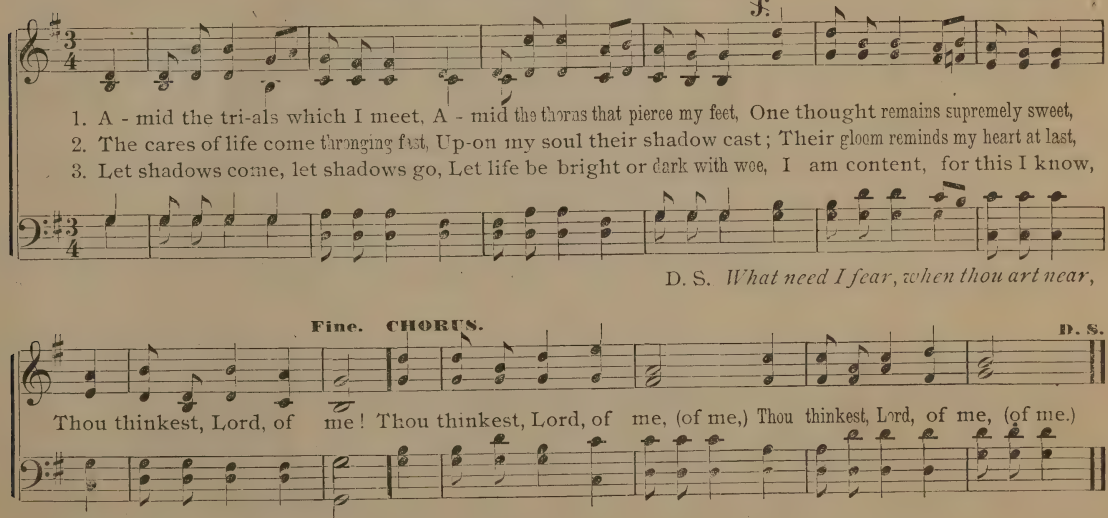
## Awake, Ye Slumberers. Concluded.




## 53. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND. *"Come, ye children, harken unto me."*—PS. 34: 11. E. S. LORENZ.


1. A - mid the tri-als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet, One thought remains supremely sweet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up-on my soul their shadow cast; Their gloom reminds my heart at last,
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe, I am content, for this I know,
D. S. What need I fear, when thou art near,
Fine. CHORUS.
D. S.
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me! Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me.)
And think-est, Lord, of me?

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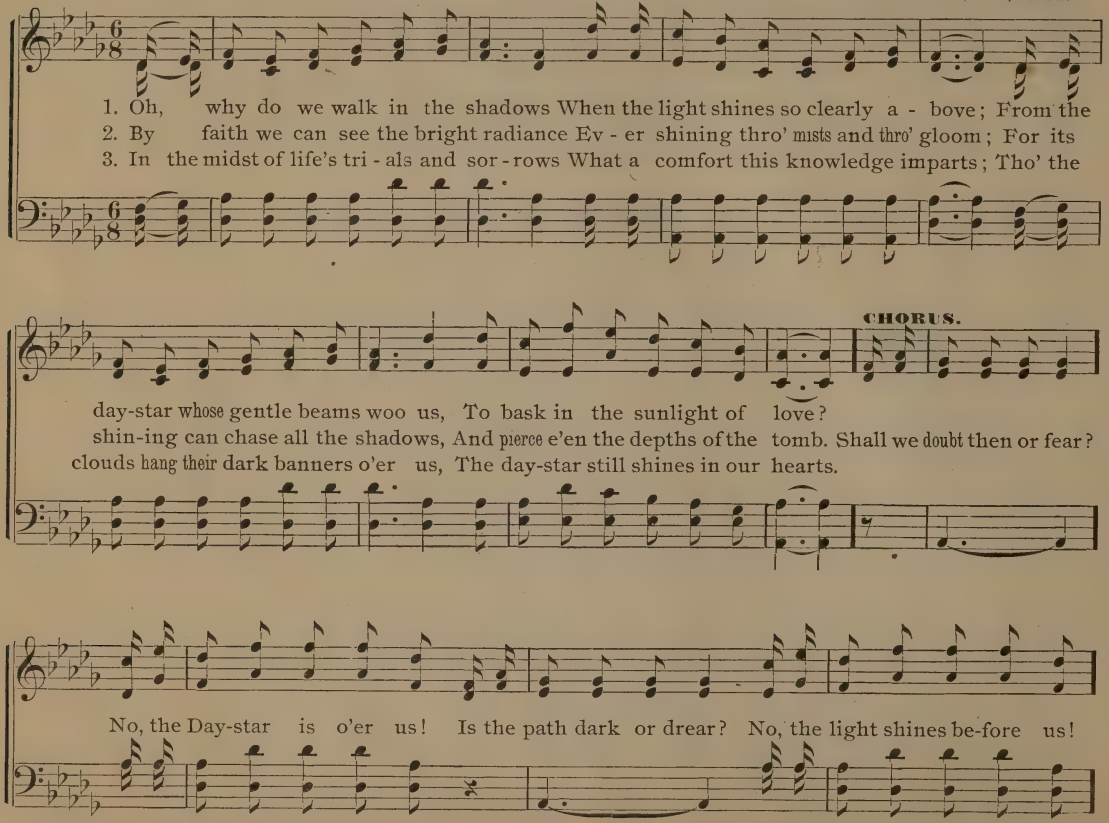
## 54. The Day-star.

*"Until the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts."*—II. Pet. 1: 19.

MRS. S. W. SHAW. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Oh, why do we walk in the shadows When the light shines so clearly a - bove; From the
2. By faith we can see the bright radiance Ev - er shining thro' mists and thro' gloom; For its
3. In the midst of life's tri - als and sor - rows What a comfort this knowledge imparts; Tho' the
CHORUS.
day-star whose gentle beams woo us, To bask in the sunlight of love?
shin-ing can chase all the shadows, And pierce e'en the depths of the tomb. Shall we doubt then or fear?
clouds hang their dark banners o'er us, The day-star still shines in our hearts.
No, the Day-star is o'er us! Is the path dark or drear? No, the light shines be-fore us!

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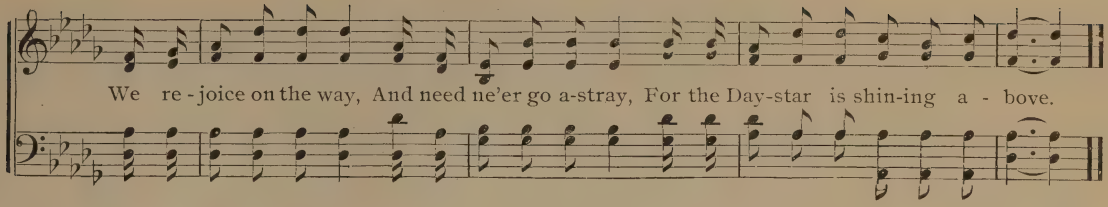
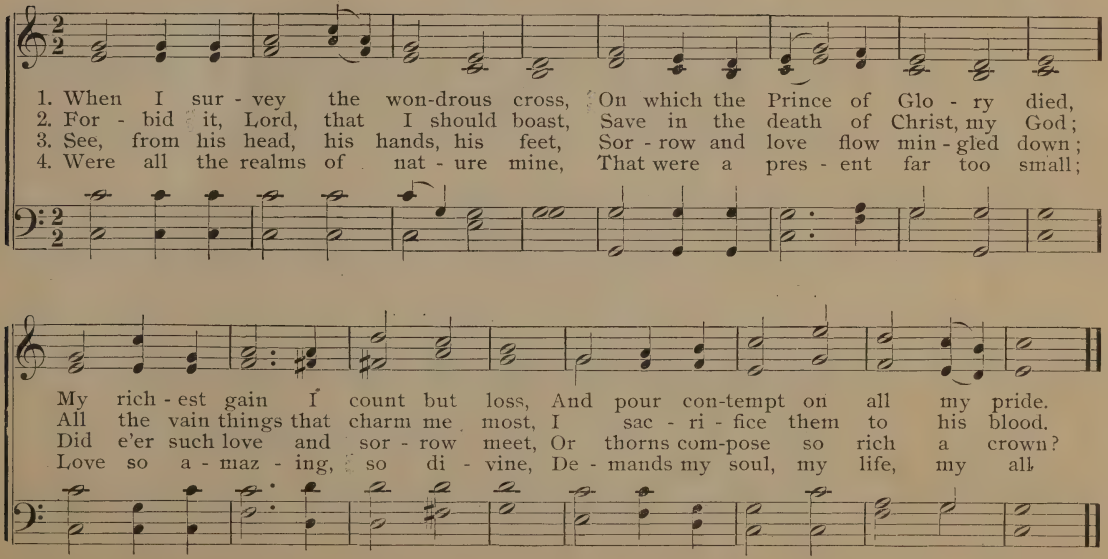
## The Day-star. Concluded.



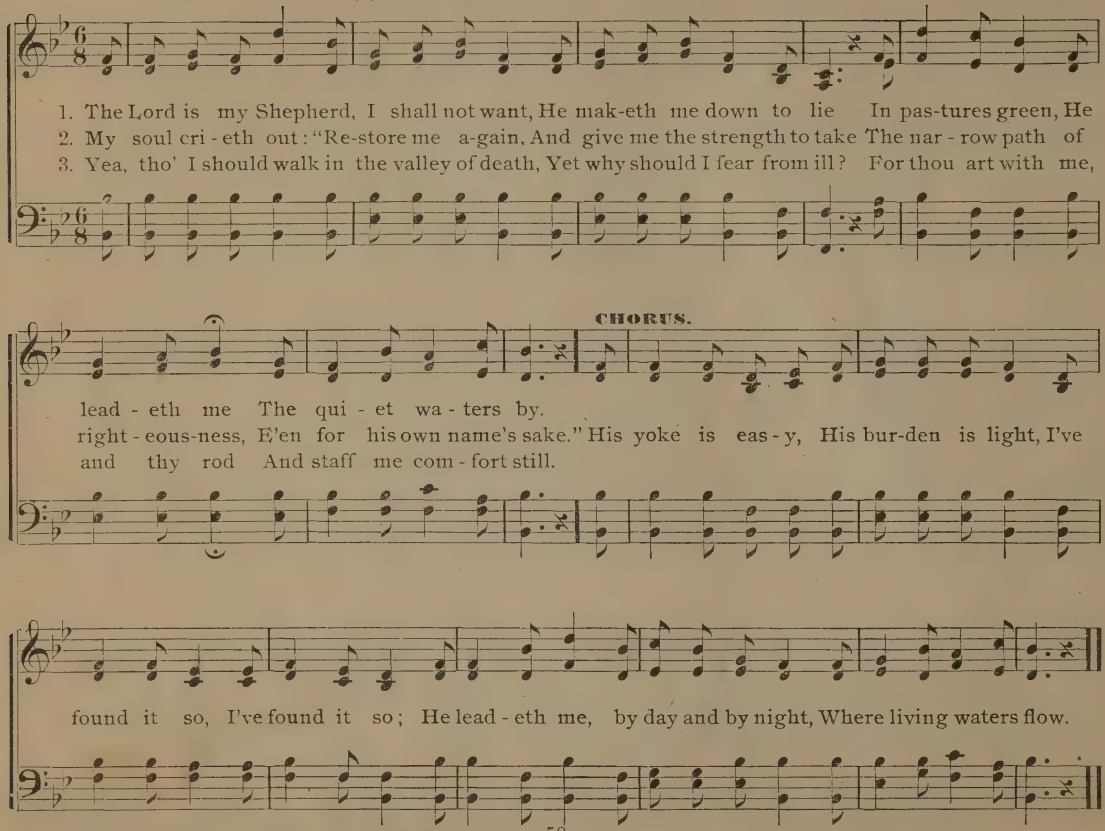

## 55. Zephyr. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. *"I counted loss for Christ."*—Phil. 3 : 7. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.


1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were all the realms of nat - ure mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

# 56. His Yoke is Easy.

*"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."*—Matt. 11: 30. R. E. HUDSON.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He mak-eth me down to lie In pas-tures green, He
2. My soul cri - eth out: "Re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to take The nar - row path of
3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of death, Yet why should I fear from ill? For thou art with me,
CHORUS.
lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
right - eous-ness, E'en for his own name's sake." His yoke is eas - y, His bur-den is light, I've
and thy rod And staff me com - fort still.
found it so, I've found it so; He lead - eth me, by day and by night, Where living waters flow.

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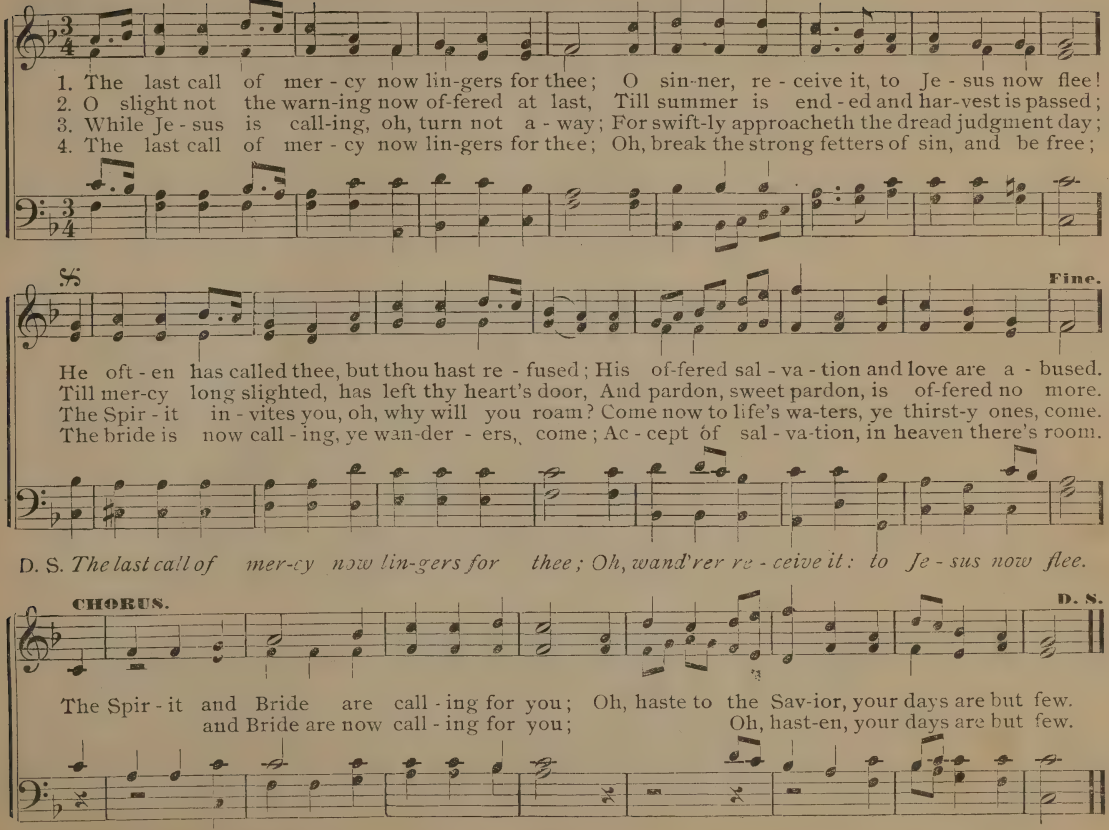
# 57. The Spirit and Bride.

ANON. *"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come."*—Rev. 22: 17. I. BATLZELL.


1. The last call of mer - cy now lin-gers for thee; O sin-ner, re - ceive it, to Je - sus now flee!
2. O slight not the warn-ing now of-fered at last, Till summer is end - ed and har-vest is passed;
3. While Je - sus is call-ing, oh, turn not a - way; For swift-ly approacheth the dread judgment day;
4. The last call of mer - cy now lin-gers for thee; Oh, break the strong fetters of sin, and be free;
Fine.
He oft - en has called thee, but thou hast re - fused; His of-fered sal - va - tion and love are a - bused.
Till mer-cy long slighted, has left thy heart's door, And pardon, sweet pardon, is of-fered no more.
The Spir - it in - vites you, oh, why will you roam? Come now to life's wa-ters, ye thirst-y ones, come.
The bride is now call - ing, ye wan-der - ers, come; Ac - cept of sal - va-tion, in heaven there's room.
D. S. The last call of mer-cy now lin-gers for thee; Oh, wand'rer re - ceive it: to Je - sus now flee.
CHORUS.
D. S.
The Spir - it and Bride are call - ing for you; Oh, haste to the Sav-ior, your days are but few.
and Bride are now call - ing for you; Oh, hast-en, your days are but few.

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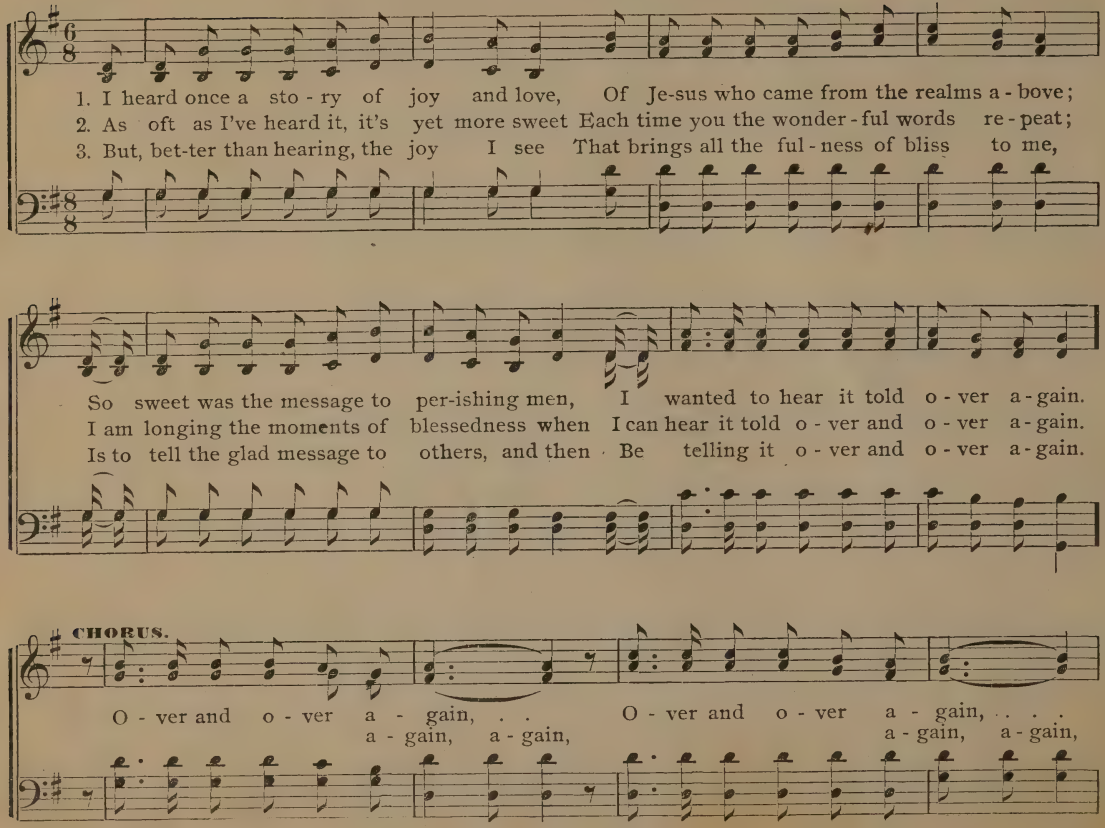
# 58. Over and Over Again.

W. F. M. *"But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost."*—II. Cor. 4:3. W. F. McCauley.


1. I heard once a sto - ry of joy and love, Of Je-sus who came from the realms a - bove;
2. As oft as I've heard it, it's yet more sweet Each time you the wonder - ful words re - peat;
3. But, bet-ter than hearing, the joy I see That brings all the ful - ness of bliss to me,
So sweet was the message to per-ishing men, I wanted to hear it told o - ver a - gain.
I am longing the moments of blessedness when I can hear it told o - ver and o - ver a - gain.
Is to tell the glad message to others, and then Be telling it o - ver and o - ver a - gain.
CHORUS.
O - ver and o - ver a - gain, . . O - ver and o - ver a - gain, . . . .
a - gain, a - gain, a - gain, a - gain,

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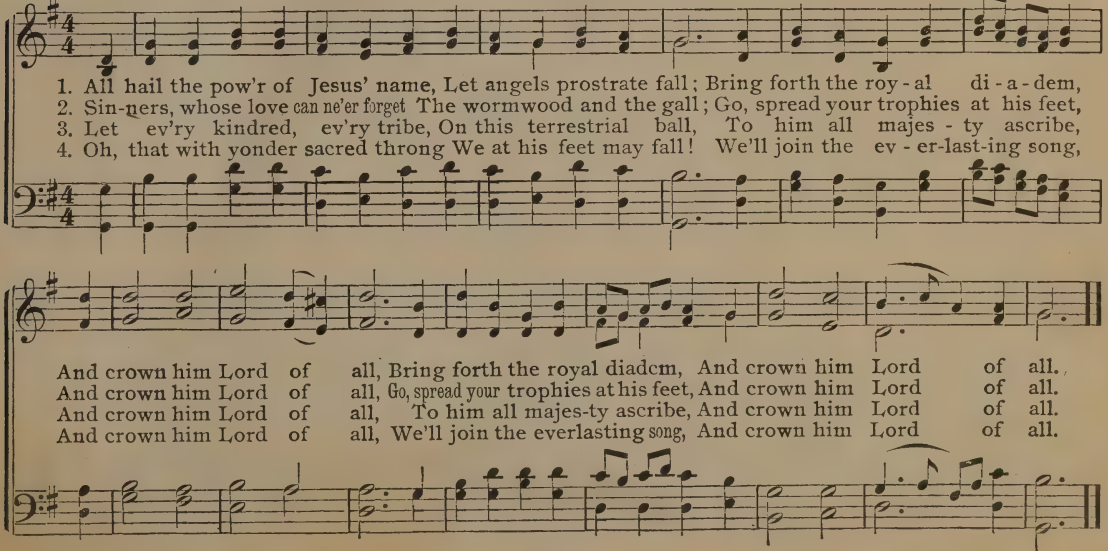
## Over and Over Again. Concluded.

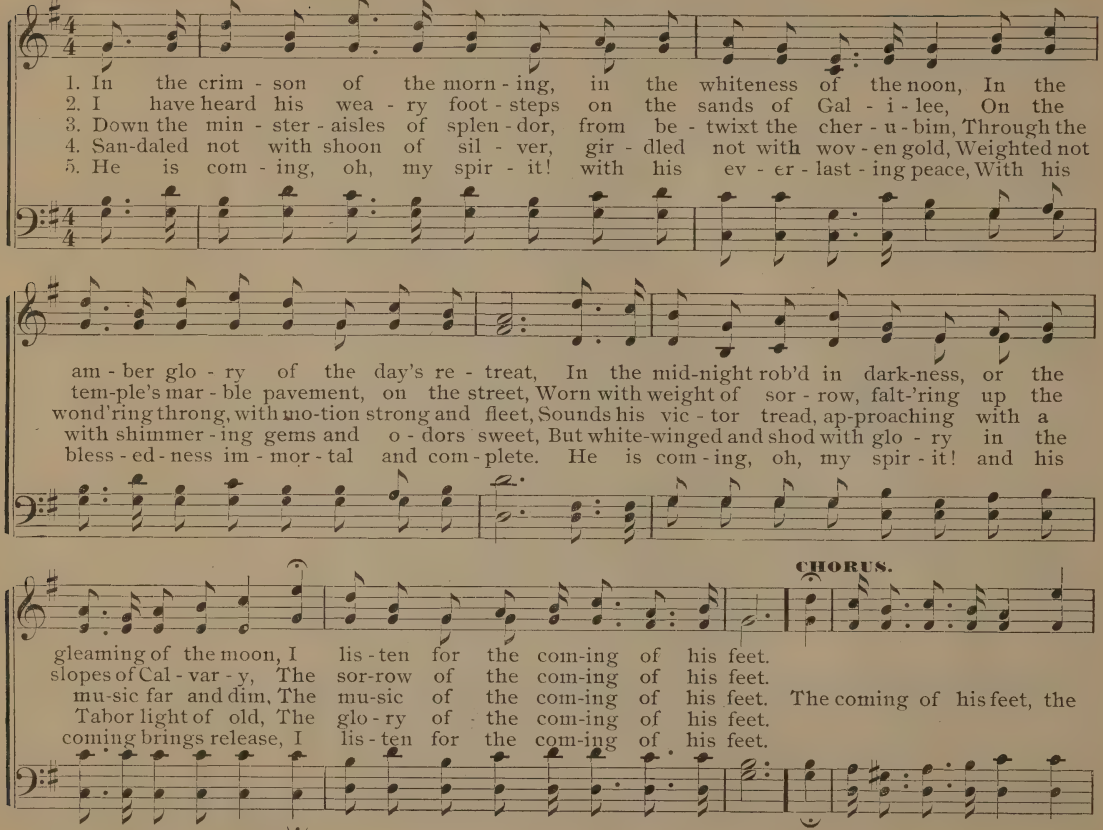
## 59. Coronation. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET, *alt.* 1780. *"The King of kings, and Lord of lords."*—I. Tim. 6:15. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
3. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majes - ty ascribe,
4. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er-last-ing song,
And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all, Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all, To him all majes-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all, We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

# 60. Coming of His Feet.

From the "Independent." *"Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me."*—Rev. 22: 12. I. BALTZELL.


1. In the crim - son of the morn - ing, in the whiteness of the noon, In the
2. I have heard his wea - ry foot - steps on the sands of Gal - i - lee, On the
3. Down the min - ster - aisles of splen - dor, from be - twixt the cher - u - bim, Through the
4. San-daled not with shoon of sil - ver, gir - dled not with wov - en gold, Weighted not
5. He is com - ing, oh, my spir - it! with his ev - er - last - ing peace, With his
am - ber glo - ry of the day's re - treat, In the mid-night rob'd in dark-ness, or the
tem-ple's mar - ble pavement, on the street, Worn with weight of sor - row, falt-'ring up the
wond'ring throng, with mo-tion strong and fleet, Sounds his vic - tor tread, ap-proaching with a
with shimmer - ing gems and o - dors sweet, But white-winged and shod with glo - ry in the
bless - ed - ness im - mor - tal and com - plete. He is com - ing, oh, my spir - it! and his
CHORUS.
gleaming of the moon, I lis - ten for the com-ing of his feet.
slopes of Cal - var - y, The sor-row of the com-ing of his feet.
mu-sic far and dim, The mu-sic of the com-ing of his feet.
Tabor light of old, The glo - ry of the com-ing of his feet.
coming brings release, I lis - ten for the com-ing of his feet.
The coming of his feet, the

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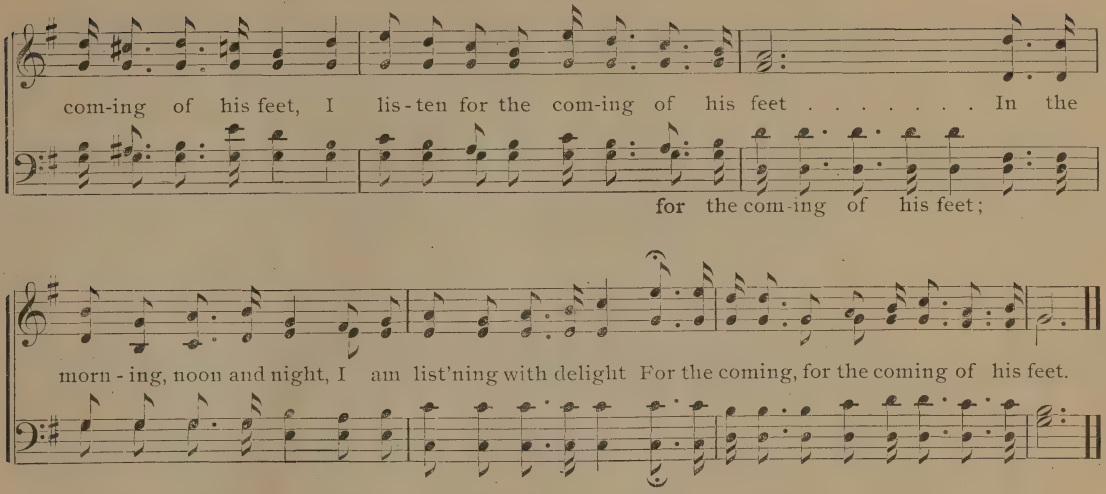
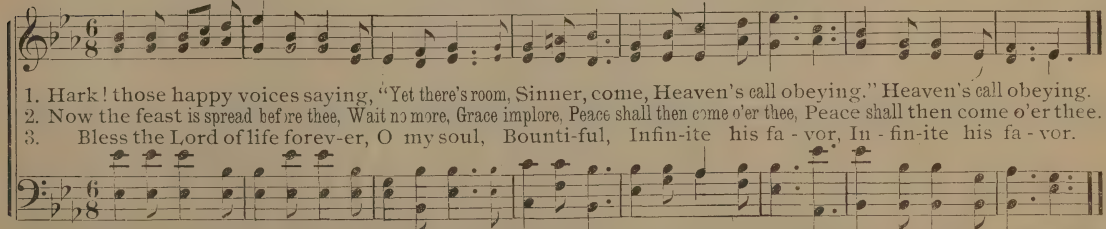
## Coming of His Feet. Concludeed.


com-ing of his feet, I lis-ten for the com-ing of his feet . . . . . In the
for the com-ing of his feet;
morn-ing, noon and night, I am list'ning with delight For the coming, for the coming of his feet.

## 61. Happy Voices.


1. Hark! those happy voices saying, "Yet there's room, Sinner, come, Heaven's call obeying." Heaven's call obeying.
2. Now the feast is spread before thee, Wait no more, Grace implore. Peace shall then come o'er thee, Peace shall then come o'er thee.
3. Bless the Lord of life forev-er, O my soul, Bounti-ful, Infin-ite his fa-vor, In-fin-ite his fa-vor.

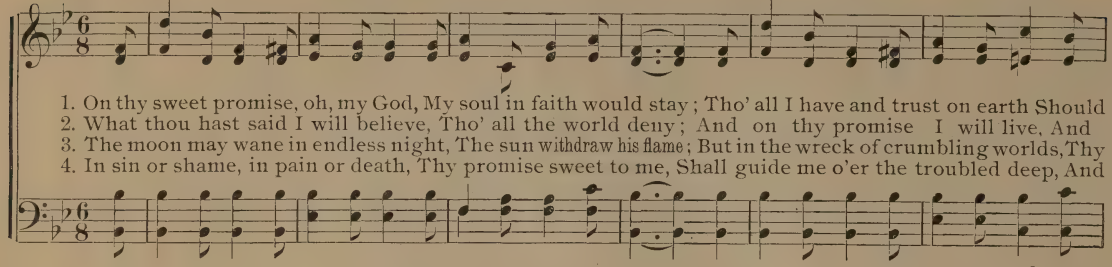
4. Bless the Lord of thy salvation,
Who in love from above,
Heard thy supplication.

5. Bless the Lord of earth and heaven
Thro' His blood that freely flow'd,
Are thy sins forgiven.

6. Bless the Lord whose love abounding,
Fills thy days with joy and praise,
Songs of triumph sounding.

# 62. On Thy Sweet Promise.

FRED. WOODROW. *"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."*—II. Pet. 1 : 4. E. S. LORENZ.


1. On thy sweet promise, oh, my God, My soul in faith would stay; Tho' all I have and trust on earth Should fail and pass a - way.
2. What thou hast said I will believe, Tho' all the world deny; And on thy promise I will live, And on thy promise die.
3. The moon may wane in endless night, The sun withdraw his flame; But in the wreck of crumbling worlds, Thy word is still the same.
4. In sin or shame, in pain or death, Thy promise sweet to me, Shall guide me o'er the troubled deep, And bring my soul to thee.
CHORUS.
'T is a rock, . . . 't is a rock, . . Where my soul feels for - ev - er se-
To my feet; to my feet; for-
cure, . . 'T is a rock, . . 't is a rock, . . That thro' all earthly storms shall endure.
ever secure; To my feet; to my feet;

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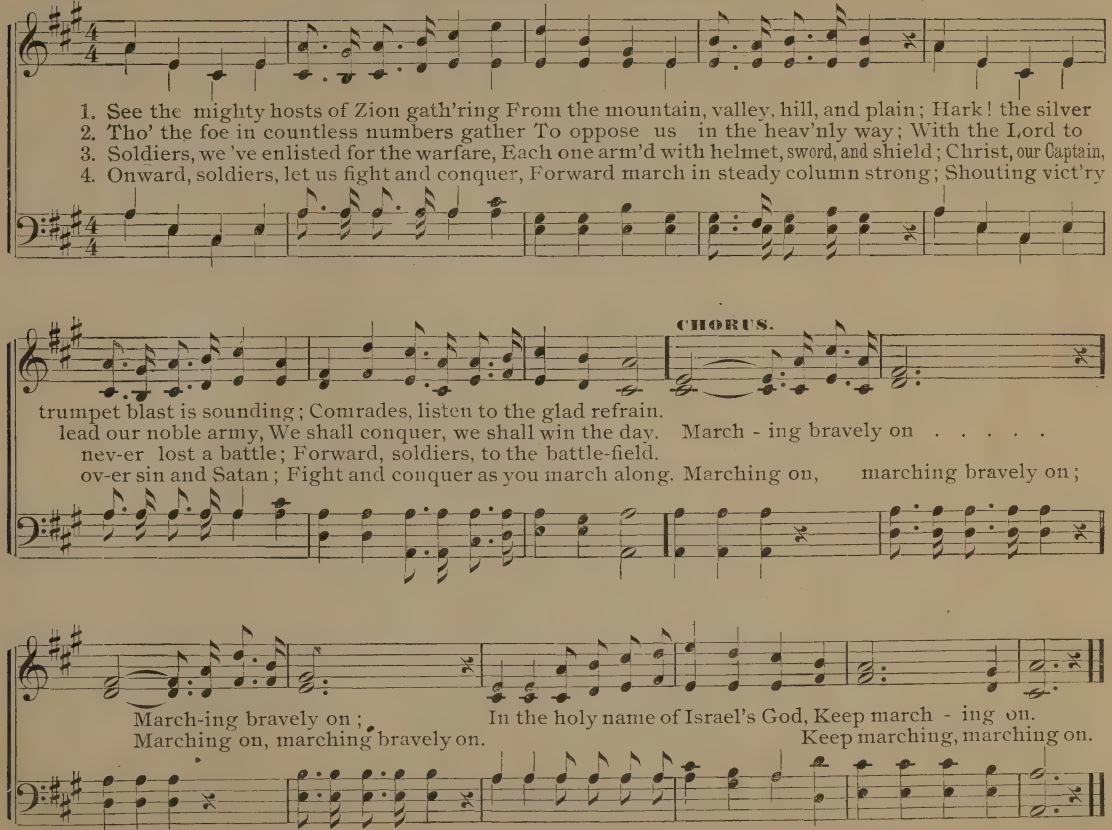
63.

# Marching Bravely On.

AMICUS. *"The Lord of hosts mustereth the hosts of the battle."*—Isa. 13: 4. I. BALTZELL.


1. See the mighty hosts of Zion gath'ring From the mountain, valley, hill, and plain; Hark! the silver
2. Tho' the foe in countless numbers gather To oppose us in the heav'nly way; With the Lord to
3. Soldiers, we 've enlisted for the warfare, Each one arm'd with helmet, sword, and shield; Christ, our Captain,
4. Onward, soldiers, let us fight and conquer, Forward march in steady column strong; Shouting vict'ry
CHORUS.
trumpet blast is sounding; Comrades, listen to the glad refrain.
lead our noble army, We shall conquer, we shall win the day. March - ing bravely on . . . . .
nev-er lost a battle; Forward, soldiers, to the battle-field.
ov-er sin and Satan; Fight and conquer as you march along. Marching on, marching bravely on;
March-ing bravely on; In the holy name of Israel's God, Keep march - ing on.
Marching on, marching bravely on. Keep marching, marching on.

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# 64. Lend a Hand.

E. D. MUND. *"They helped every one his neighbour."*—Isa. 41 : 6. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Do you see your neigh-bor's need? Lend a help - ing hand! For your
2. All a - round men fal - ter, fall, Lend a help - ing hand! Hopes are
3. Christ in you would come to bless, Lend a help - ing hand! Those who
aid why should he plead? Lend a help - ing hand! Where 'neath bur-dens sore men faint,
blast - ed, snares ap - pall, Lend a help - ing hand! Sons of God, his im - age bear,
pine in want, dis - tress, Lend a help - ing hand! Christ, the help - er, heal - er, friend,
Utt'ring brave - ly no com-plaint, Lend a hand, . . . . . a help - ing hand.
In his works of mer - cy share, Lend a hand, . . . . . a help - ing hand.
Would thro' you his blessings spend, Lend a hand, . . . . . a help - ing hand.

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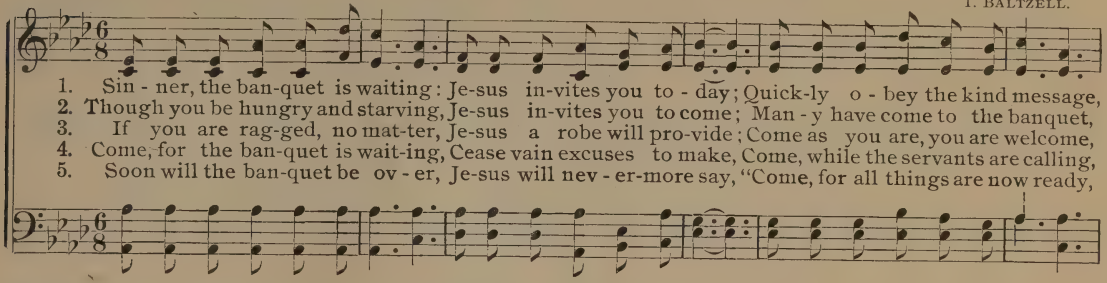
# 65. The Banquet is Waiting for Thee.

*"And he sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready."*—Luke 14: 17.

"AMICUS." I. BALTZELL.


1. Sin - ner, the ban-quet is waiting: Je-sus in-vites you to - day; Quick-ly o - bey the kind message,
2. Though you be hungry and starving, Je-sus in-vites you to come; Man - y have come to the banquet,
3. If you are rag-ged, no mat-ter, Je-sus a robe will pro-vide; Come as you are, you are welcome,
4. Come, for the ban-quet is wait-ing, Cease vain excuses to make, Come, while the servants are calling,
5. Soon will the ban-quet be ov - er, Je-sus will nev - er-more say, "Come, for all things are now ready,
CHORUS.
Do not a moment de - lay. The ban - quet is wait - ing, The banquet is wait-ing for
Yet there is plen - ty of room.
Je - sus will sit by your side.
And of the banquet par-take.
Come, starving wand'rer, to-day." The banquet is waiting, is waiting for thee, The banquet is waiting, is
thee, . . . The ban - quet is wait - ing, The feast is a - bundant and free.
wait-ing for thee, The banquet is wait-ing, is wait-ing for thee,

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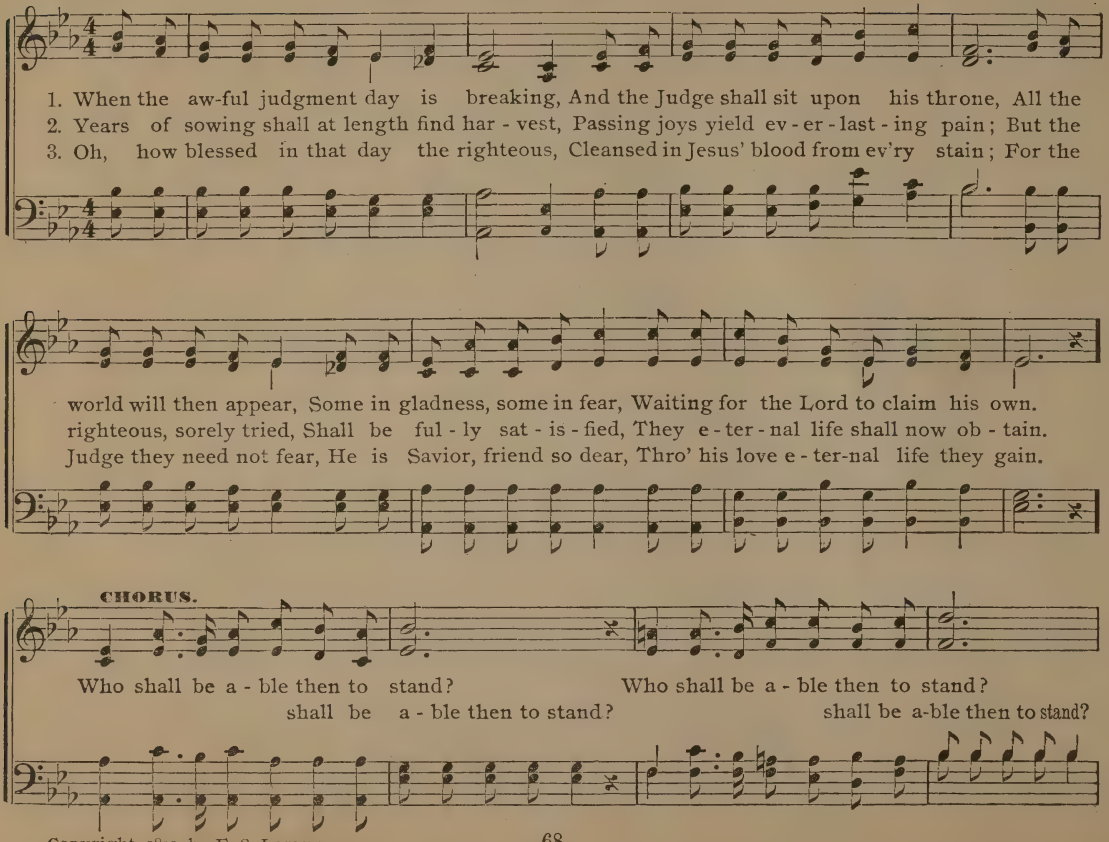
# 66. Who Shall be Able to Stand?

E. D. MUND. *"Who shall stand when he appeareth?"*—Mal. 3: 2. E. S. LORENZ.


1. When the aw-ful judgment day is breaking, And the Judge shall sit upon his throne, All the
2. Years of sowing shall at length find har - vest, Passing joys yield ev - er - last - ing pain; But the
3. Oh, how blessed in that day the righteous, Cleansed in Jesus' blood from ev'ry stain; For the
world will then appear, Some in gladness, some in fear, Waiting for the Lord to claim his own.
righteous, sorely tried, Shall be ful - ly sat - is - fied, They e - ter - nal life shall now ob - tain.
Judge they need not fear, He is Savior, friend so dear, Thro' his love e - ter-nal life they gain.
CHORUS.
Who shall be a - ble then to stand? Who shall be a - ble then to stand?
shall be a - ble then to stand? shall be a-ble then to stand?

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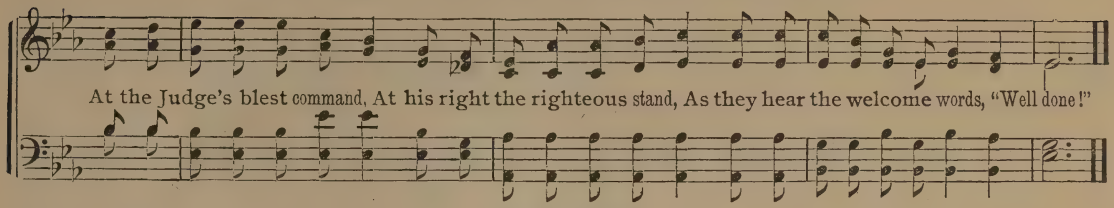
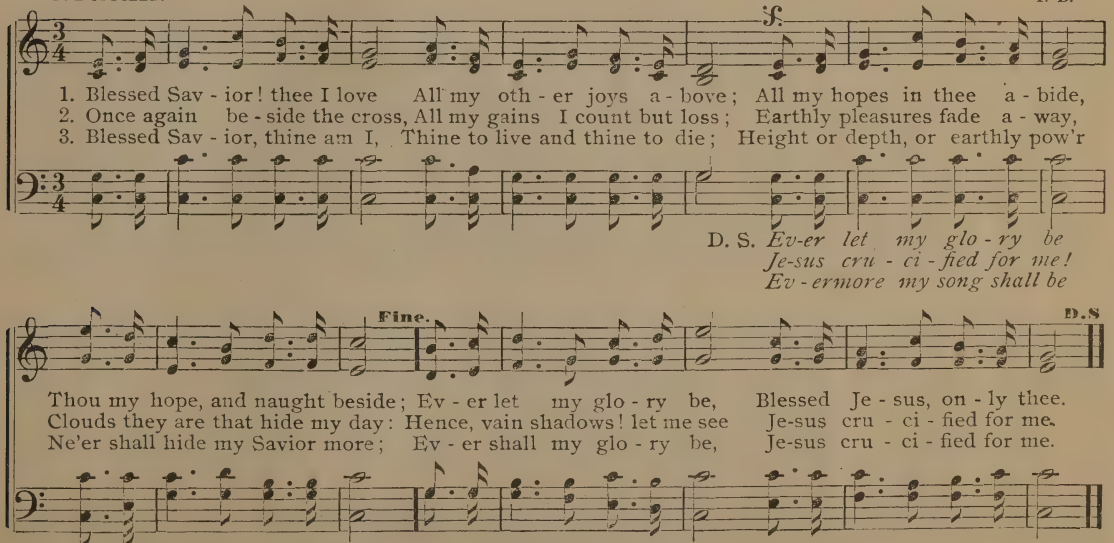
# Who Shall be Able to Stand? Concluded.




## 67. Only Thee.

*"For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."*—I. Cor. 2:2.

G. DUFFIELD. I. B.


1. Blessed Sav - ior! thee I love All my oth - er joys a - bove; All my hopes in thee a - bide,
2. Once again be - side the cross, All my gains I count but loss; Earthly pleasures fade a - way,
3. Blessed Sav - ior, thine am I, Thine to live and thine to die; Height or depth, or earthly pow'r
D. S. Ev-er let my glo - ry be
Je-sus cru - ci - fied for me!
Ev - ermore my song shall be
Fine.
D.S.
Thou my hope, and naught beside; Ev - er let my glo - ry be, Blessed Je - sus, on - ly thee.
Clouds they are that hide my day: Hence, vain shadows! let me see Je-sus cru - ci - fied for me.
Ne'er shall hide my Savior more; Ev - er shall my glo - ry be, Je-sus cru - ci - fied for me.
On - ly thee, yes, on - ly thee.

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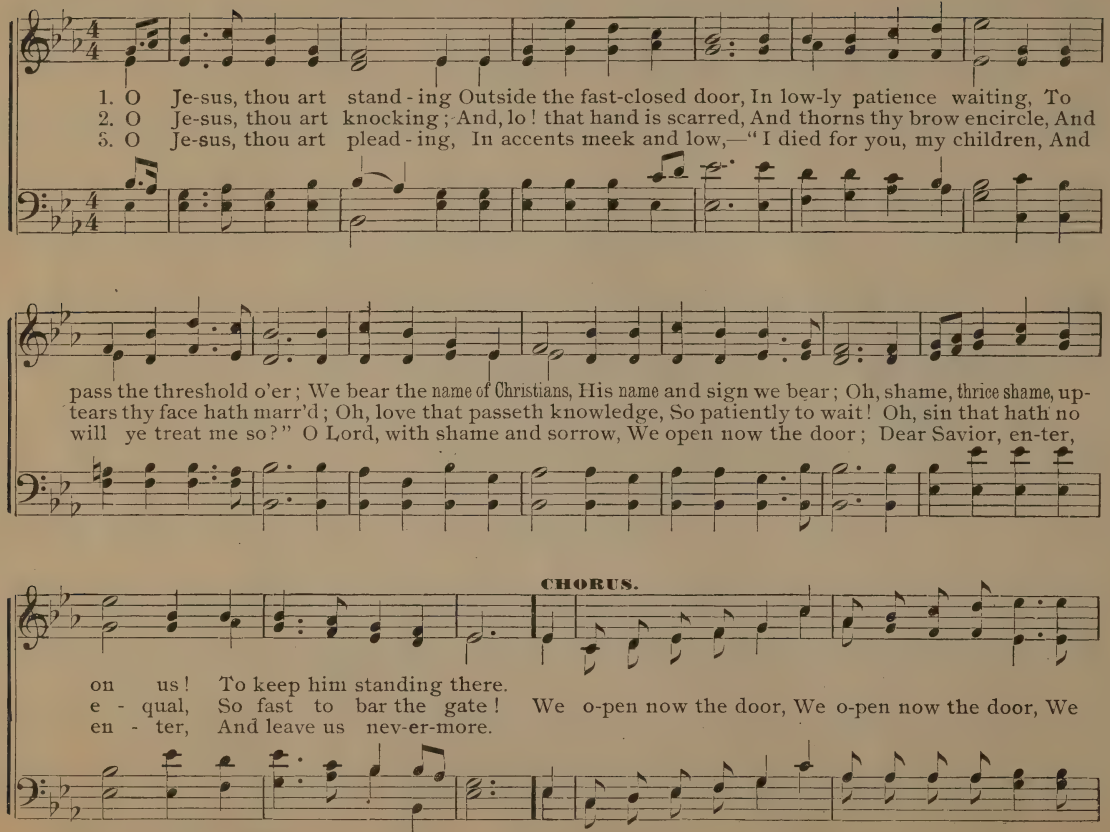
# 68. We Open Now the Door.

W. W. Howe. *"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."*—Rev. 3: 20. I. Baltzell.


1. O Je-sus, thou art stand-ing Outside the fast-closed door, In low-ly patience waiting, To
2. O Je-sus, thou art knocking; And, lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns thy brow encircle, And
3. O Je-sus, thou art plead-ing, In accents meek and low,—"I died for you, my children, And
pass the threshold o'er; We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; Oh, shame, thrice shame, up-
tears thy face hath marr'd; Oh, love that passeth knowledge, So patiently to wait! Oh, sin that hath no
will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow, We open now the door; Dear Savior, en-ter,
CHORUS.
on us! To keep him standing there.
e-qual, So fast to bar the gate!
en-ter, And leave us nev-er-more.
We o-pen now the door, We o-pen now the door, We

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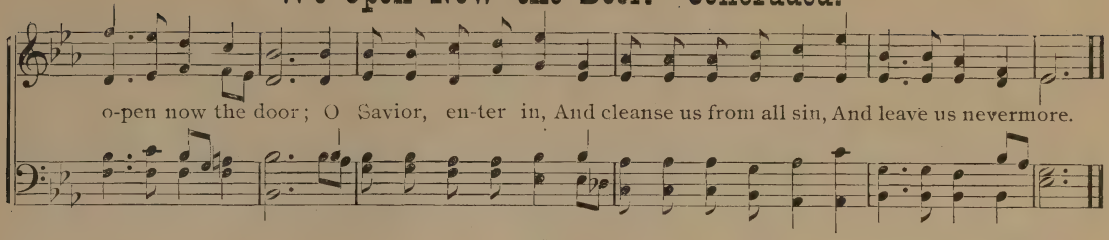
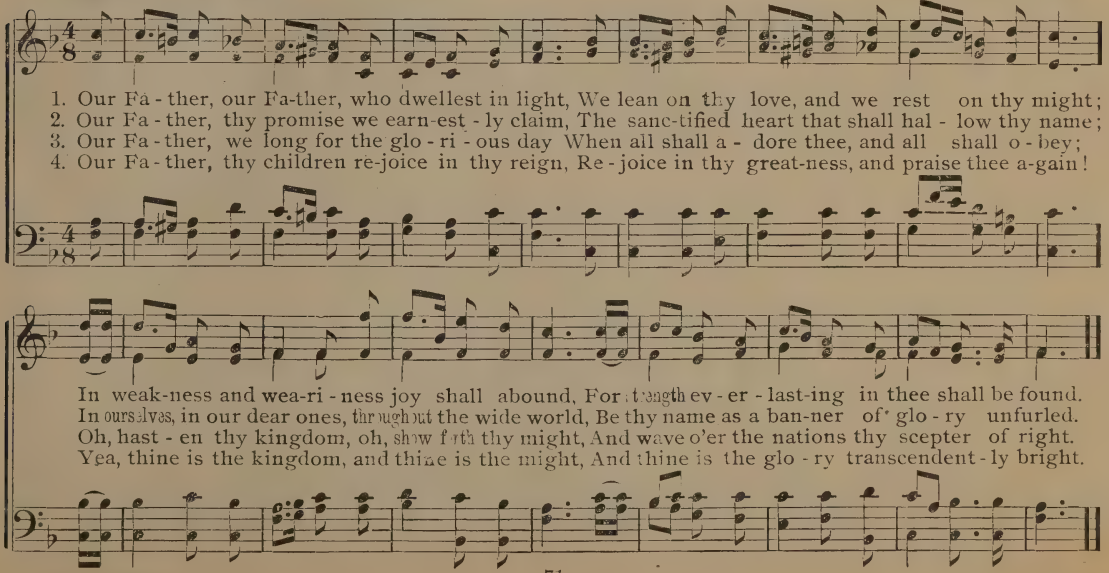
## We Open Now the Door. Concluded.




## 69. Our Father.

*"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."*—Heb. 9: 28.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGALL. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.


1. Our Fa - ther, our Fa-ther, who dwellest in light, We lean on thy love, and we rest on thy might;
2. Our Fa - ther, thy promise we earn-est - ly claim, The sanc-tified heart that shall hal - low thy name;
3. Our Fa - ther, we long for the glo - ri - ous day When all shall a - dore thee, and all shall o - bey;
4. Our Fa - ther, thy children re-joice in thy reign, Re - joice in thy great-ness, and praise thee a-gain!
In weak-ness and wea-ri - ness joy shall abound, For strength ev - er - last-ing in thee shall be found.
In ourselves, in our dear ones, throughout the wide world, Be thy name as a ban-ner of glo - ry unfurled.
Oh, hast - en thy kingdom, oh, show forth thy might, And wave o'er the nations thy scepter of right.
Yea, thine is the kingdom, and thine is the might, And thine is the glo - ry transcendent - ly bright.

By permission.

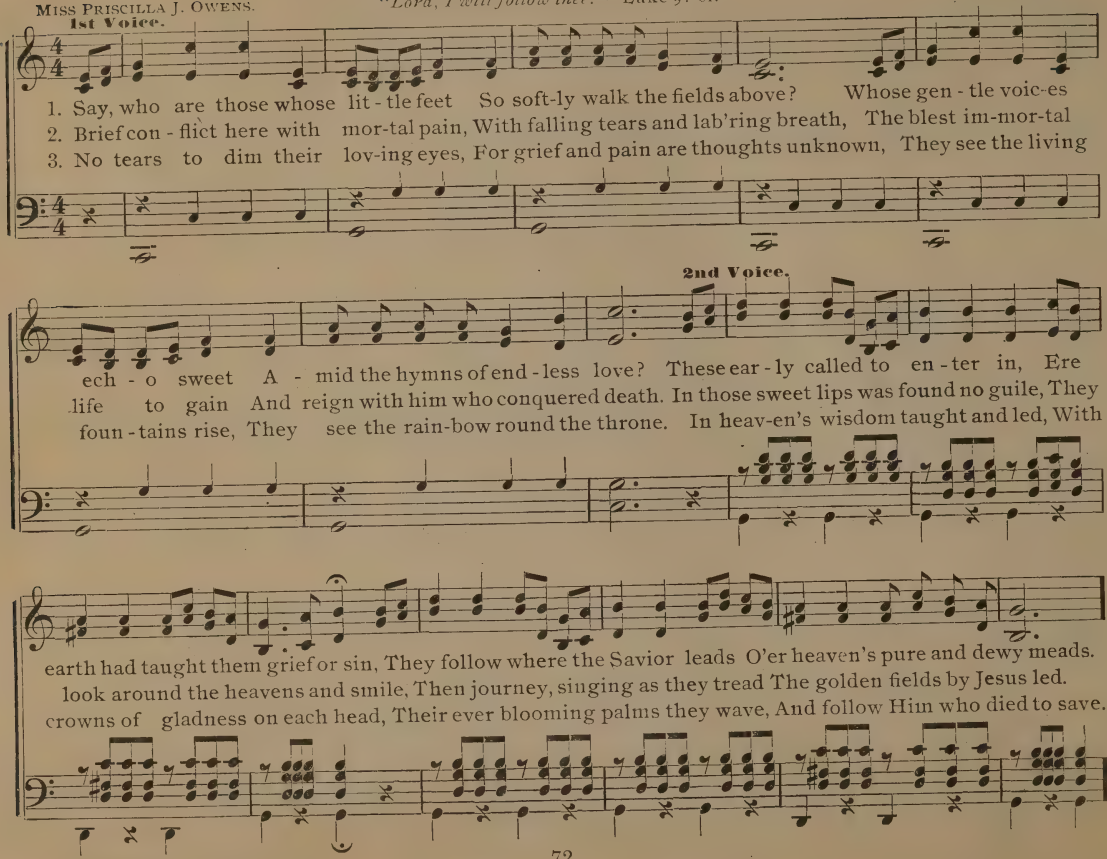
70.

# Followers of the Lamb.

"*Lord, I will follow thee.*"—Luke 9: 61.

MISS PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

E. S. LORENZ.


1st Voice.
1. Say, who are those whose lit - tle feet So soft-ly walk the fields above? Whose gen - tle voic-es
2. Brief con - flict here with mor-tal pain, With falling tears and lab'ring breath, The blest im-mor-tal
3. No tears to dim their lov-ing eyes, For grief and pain are thoughts unknown, They see the living
2nd Voice.
ech - o sweet A - mid the hymns of end - less love? These ear - ly called to en - ter in, Ere
life to gain And reign with him who conquered death. In those sweet lips was found no guile, They
foun - tains rise, They see the rain-bow round the throne. In heav-en's wisdom taught and led, With
earth had taught them grief or sin, They follow where the Savior leads O'er heaven's pure and dewy meads.
look around the heavens and smile, Then journey, singing as they tread The golden fields by Jesus led.
crowns of gladness on each head, Their ever blooming palms they wave, And follow Him who died to save.

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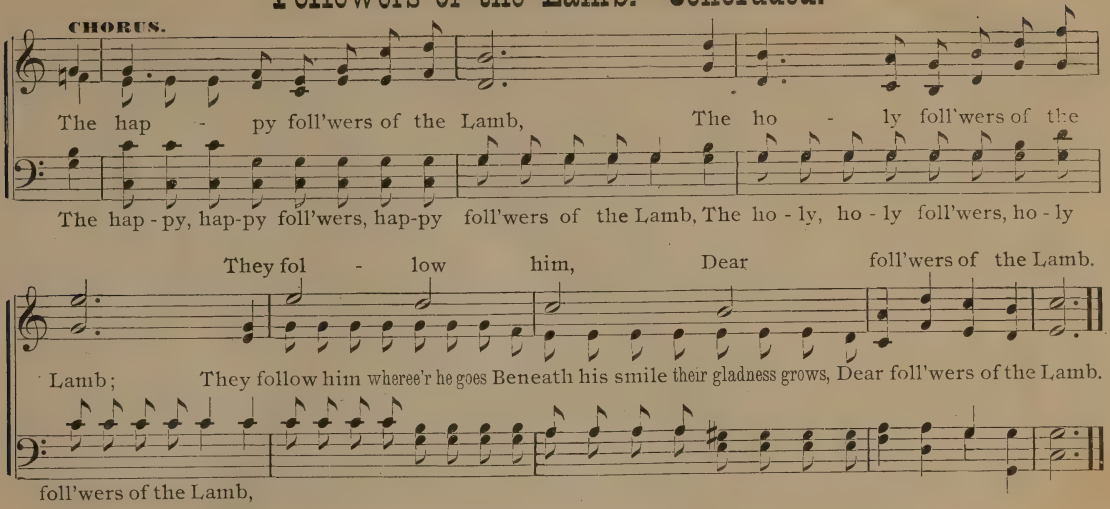
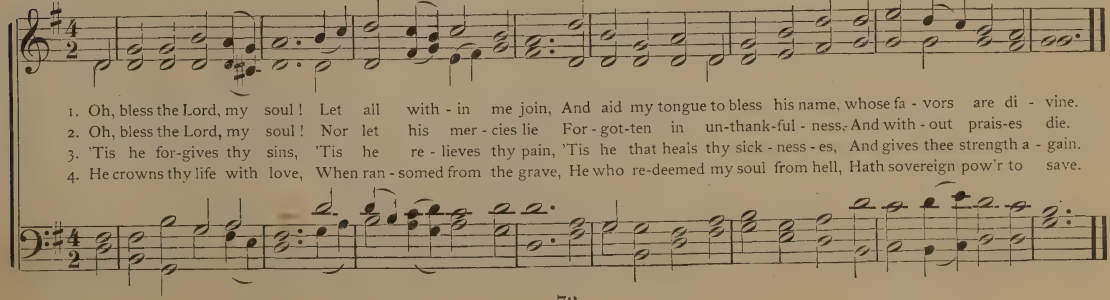
## Followers of the Lamb. Concluded.


CHORUS.
The hap - py foll'wers of the Lamb, The ho - ly foll'wers of the
The hap - py, hap-py foll'wers, hap-py foll'wers of the Lamb, The ho - ly, ho - ly foll'wers, ho - ly
They fol - low him, Dear foll'wers of the Lamb.
Lamb; They follow him where'r he goes Beneath his smile their gladness grows, Dear foll'wers of the Lamb.
foll'wers of the Lamb,

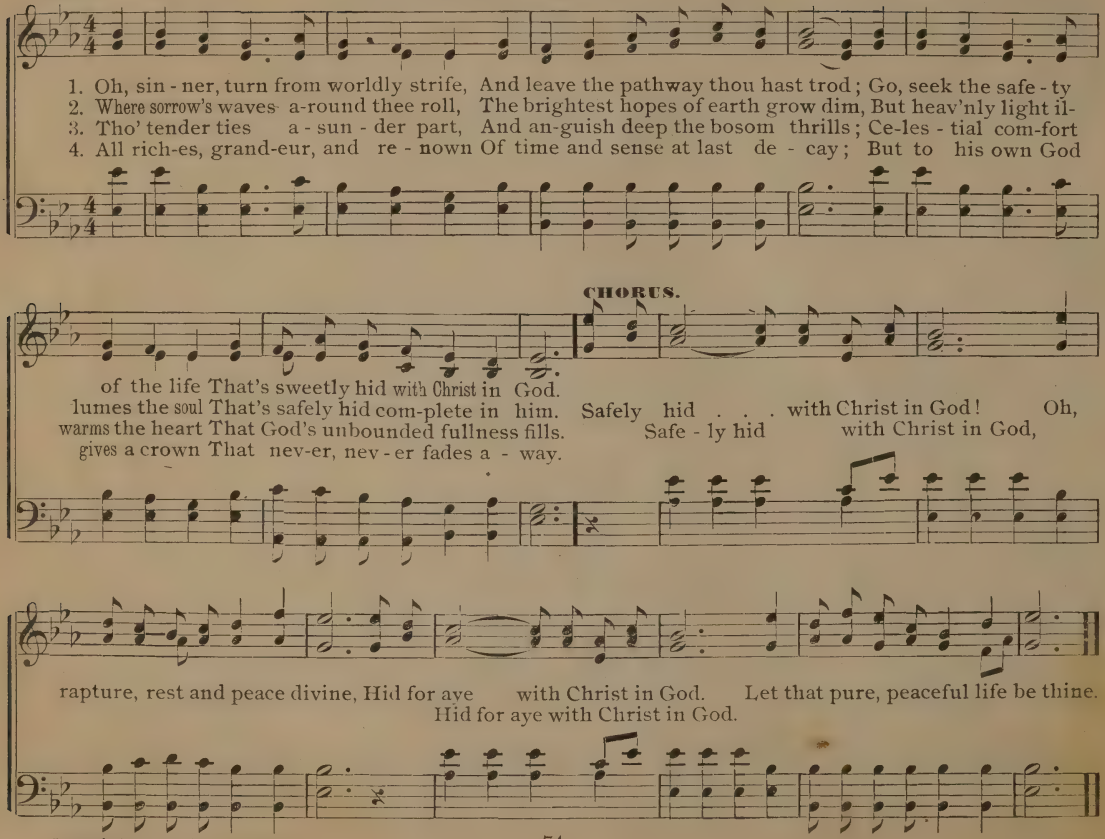
## 71. Oh, Bless the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. *"Bless the Lord, O my soul."*—PS. 103: 1. WILLIAM TANSUR, 1768.


1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, whose fa - vors are di - vine.
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let his mer - cies lie For - got-ten in un-thank-ful - ness, And with - out prais-es die.
3. 'Tis he for-gives thy sins, 'Tis he re - lieves thy pain, 'Tis he that heals thy sick - ness - es, And gives thee strength a - gain.
4. He crowns thy life with love, When ran - somed from the grave, He who re-deemed my soul from hell, Hath sovereign pow'r to save.

# 72. Hid with Christ.

JENNIE WILSON. *"And your life is hid with Christ in God."*—Col. 3: 3. REV. A. A. ARMEN.


1. Oh, sin - ner, turn from worldly strife, And leave the pathway thou hast trod; Go, seek the safe - ty
2. Where sorrow's waves a-round thee roll, The brightest hopes of earth grow dim, But heav'nly light il-
3. Tho' tender ties a - sun - der part, And an-guish deep the bosom thrills; Ce-les - tial com-fort
4. All rich-es, grand-eur, and re - nown Of time and sense at last de - cay; But to his own God
CHORUS.
of the life That's sweetly hid with Christ in God.
lumes the soul That's safely hid com-plete in him. Safely hid . . . with Christ in God! Oh,
warms the heart That God's unbounded fullness fills. Safe - ly hid with Christ in God,
gives a crown That nev-er, nev-er fades a - way.
rapture, rest and peace divine, Hid for aye with Christ in God. Let that pure, peaceful life be thine.
Hid for aye with Christ in God.

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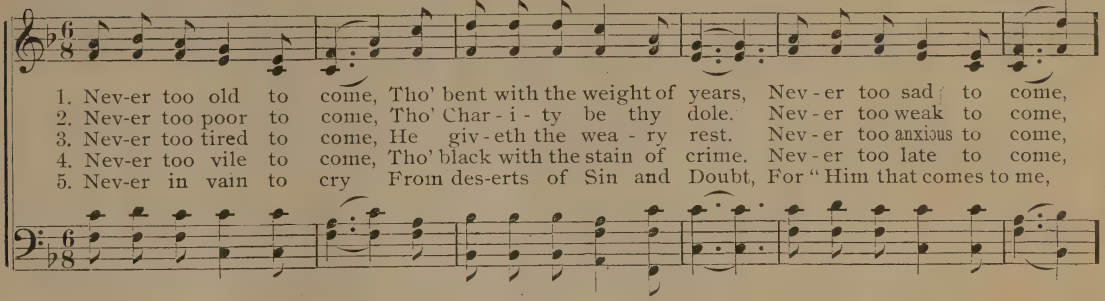
# 73. Come, Wanderer, Come.

*"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."*—Matt. 11: 28.

ANNA ALLISON. I. BALTZELL.


1. Nev-er too old to come, Tho' bent with the weight of years, Nev-er too sad to come,
2. Nev-er too poor to come, Tho' Char-i-ty be thy dole. Nev-er too weak to come,
3. Nev-er too tired to come, He giv-eth the wea-ry rest. Nev-er too anxious to come,
4. Nev-er too vile to come, Tho' black with the stain of crime. Nev-er too late to come,
5. Nev-er in vain to cry From des-erts of Sin and Doubt, For "Him that comes to me,
CHORUS.
Tho' the eyes o'er-flow with tears.
To Christ the strength of the soul. Come, come, wan-der-er, come, Je-sus is wait-ing to
He cheers the care op-pressed. Wanderer, come,
Till e-ter-ni-ty fol-lows time.
I will in no wise cast out."
save you, Come, come, wan-der-er, come; You are nev-er too sin-ful to come.
Wan-der-er come,

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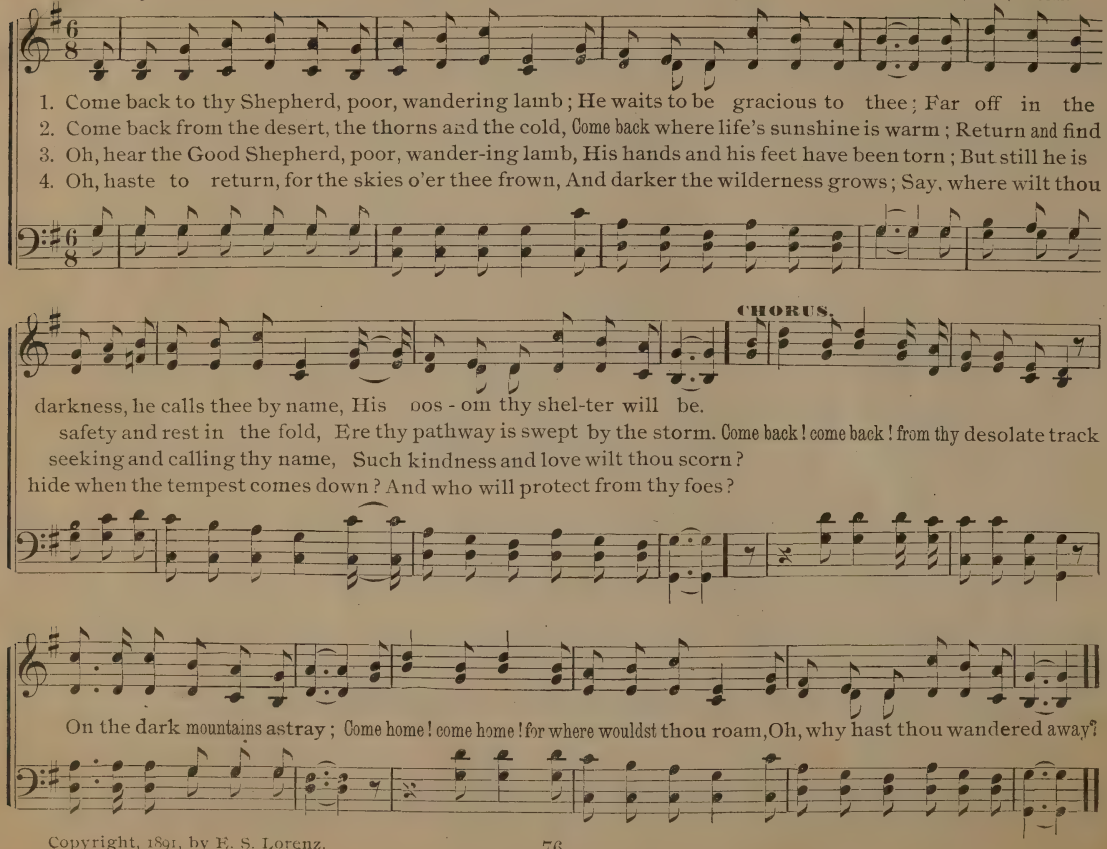
# 74. The Wandering Lamb.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"All we like sheep have gone astray."*—Isa. 53: 6. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Come back to thy Shepherd, poor, wandering lamb; He waits to be gracious to thee; Far off in the
2. Come back from the desert, the thorns and the cold, Come back where life's sunshine is warm; Return and find
3. Oh, hear the Good Shepherd, poor, wander-ing lamb, His hands and his feet have been torn; But still he is
4. Oh, haste to return, for the skies o'er thee frown, And darker the wilderness grows; Say, where wilt thou
CHORUS.
darkness, he calls thee by name, His bos - om thy shel-ter will be.
safety and rest in the fold, Ere thy pathway is swept by the storm. Come back! come back! from thy desolate track
seeking and calling thy name, Such kindness and love wilt thou scorn?
hide when the tempest comes down? And who will protect from thy foes?
On the dark mountains astray; Come home! come home! for where wouldst thou roam, Oh, why hast thou wandered away?

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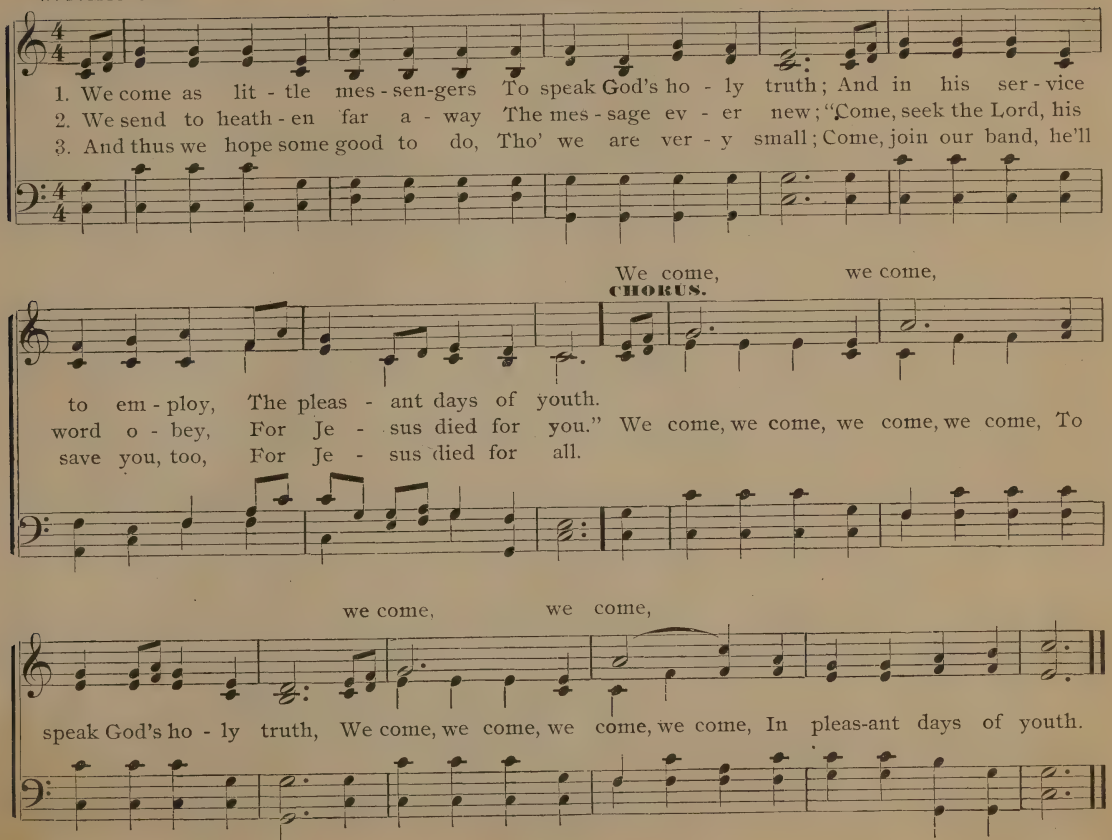
# 75. Little Messengers.

W. F. McCauley. "*Thy work shall be rewarded.*"—Jer. 31: 16. W. F. McCauley.


1. We come as lit - tle mes - sen-gers To speak God's ho - ly truth; And in his ser - vice
2. We send to heath - en far a - way The mes - sage ev - er new; "Come, seek the Lord, his
3. And thus we hope some good to do, Tho' we are ver - y small; Come, join our band, he'll
We come, we come,
CHORUS.
to em - ploy, The pleas - ant days of youth.
word o - bey, For Je - sus died for you." We come, we come, we come, we come, To
save you, too, For Je - sus died for all.
we come, we come,
speak God's ho - ly truth, We come, we come, we come, we come, In pleas-ant days of youth.

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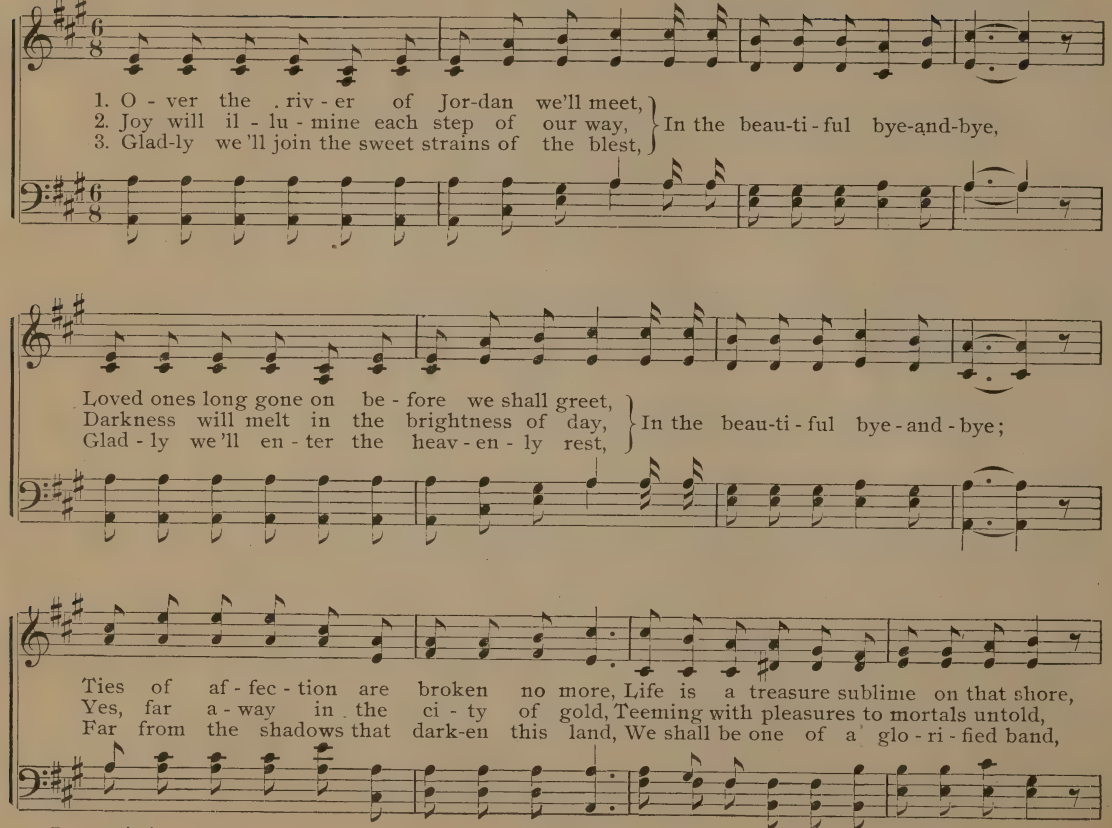
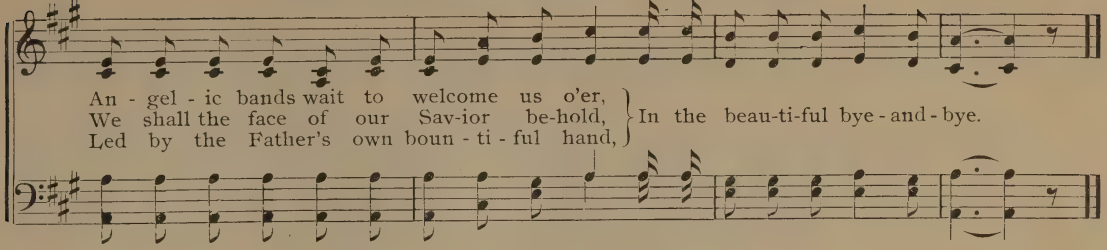
# 76. Beautiful Bye-and-Bye.

FRANK M. DAVIS. *"I go to prepare a place for you."*—JNO. 14: 2. J. M. HAGAN.


1. O - ver the . riv - er of Jor-dan we'll meet,
2. Joy will il - lu - mine each step of our way,
3. Glad-ly we 'll join the sweet strains of the blest,
In the beau-ti - ful bye-and-bye,
Loved ones long gone on be - fore we shall greet,
Darkness will melt in the brightness of day,
Glad - ly we'll en - ter the heav - en - ly rest,
In the beau-ti - ful bye - and - bye;
Ties of af - fec - tion are broken no more, Life is a treasure sublime on that shore,
Yes, far a - way in the ci - ty of gold, Teeming with pleasures to mortals untold,
Far from the shadows that dark-en this land, We shall be one of a glo - ri - fied band,

By permission.

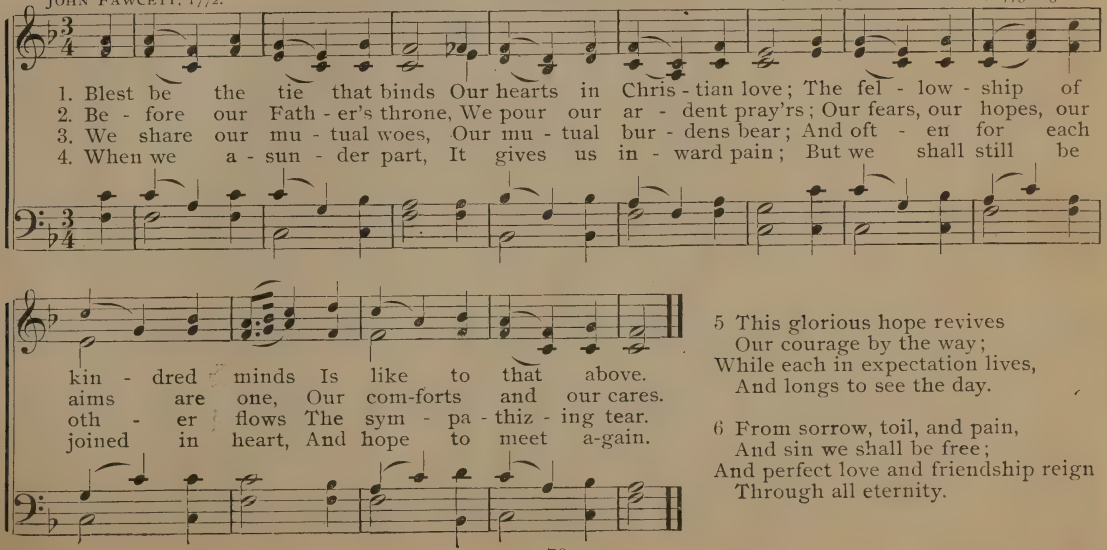
## Beautiful Bye-and-Bye. Concluded.


An - gel - ic bands wait to welcome us o'er,
We shall the face of our Sav-ior be-hold,
Led by the Father's own boun - ti - ful hand,
In the beau-ti-ful bye - and - bye.

## 77. Dennis. S. M.

*"That ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind."*—I. Cor. 1: 10.

John Fawcett, 1772. Hans Georgi Naegeli, 1773-1836.

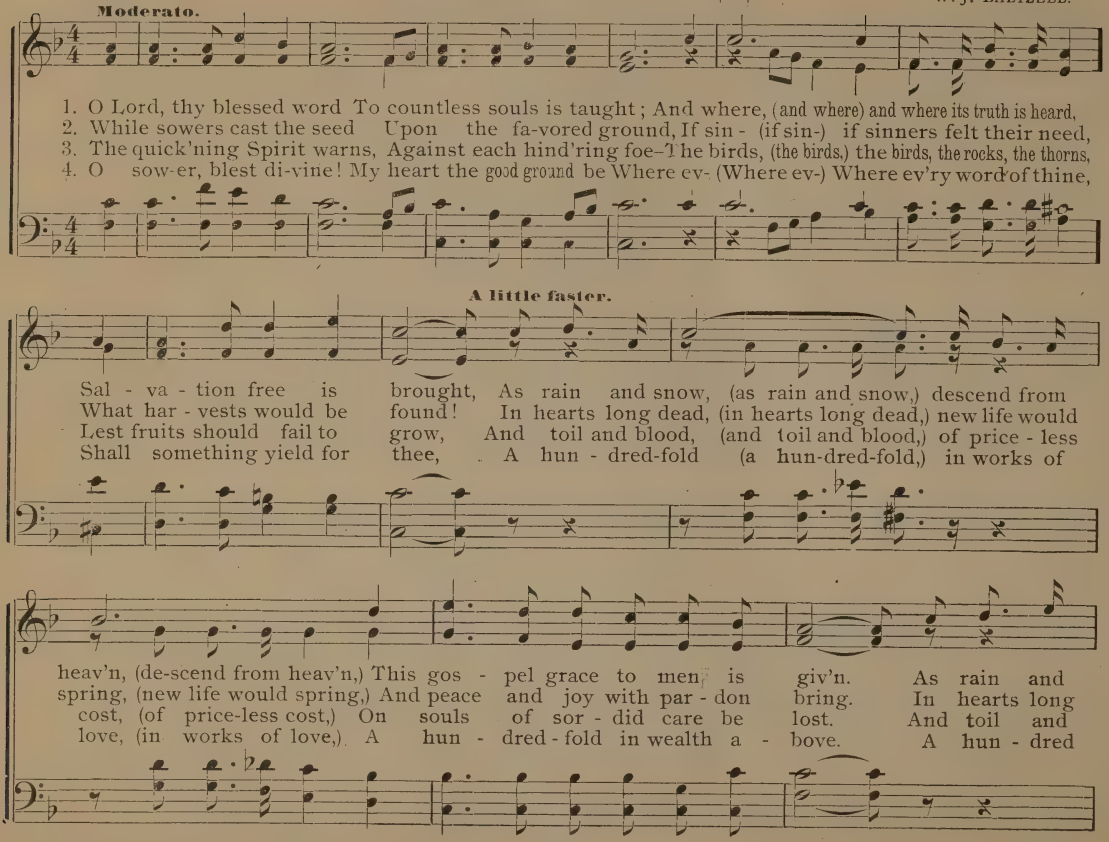

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The fel - low - ship of
2. Be - fore our Fath - er's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be
kin - dred minds Is like to that above.
aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

# 78. Thy Blessed Word.

SELECTED. "The sower soweth the word."—Mark 4: 14. W. J. BALTZELL.


Moderato.
1. O Lord, thy blessed word To countless souls is taught; And where, (and where) and where its truth is heard,
2. While sowers cast the seed Upon the fa-vored ground, If sin- (if sin-) if sinners felt their need,
3. The quick'ning Spirit warns, Against each hind'ring foe–The birds, (the birds,) the birds, the rocks, the thorns,
4. O sow-er, blest di-vine! My heart the good ground be Where ev- (Where ev-) Where ev'ry word of thine,
A little faster.
Sal - va - tion free is brought, As rain and snow, (as rain and snow,) descend from
What har - vests would be found! In hearts long dead, (in hearts long dead,) new life would
Lest fruits should fail to grow, And toil and blood, (and toil and blood,) of price - less
Shall something yield for thee, A hun - dred-fold (a hun-dred-fold,) in works of
heav'n, (de-scend from heav'n,) This gos - pel grace to men is giv'n. As rain and
spring, (new life would spring,) And peace and joy with par - don bring. In hearts long
cost, (of price-less cost,) On souls of sor - did care be lost. And toil and
love, (in works of love,) A hun - dred - fold in wealth a - bove. A hun - dred

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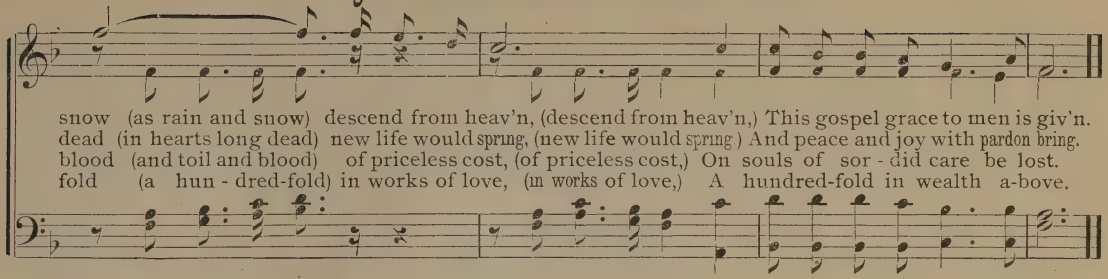
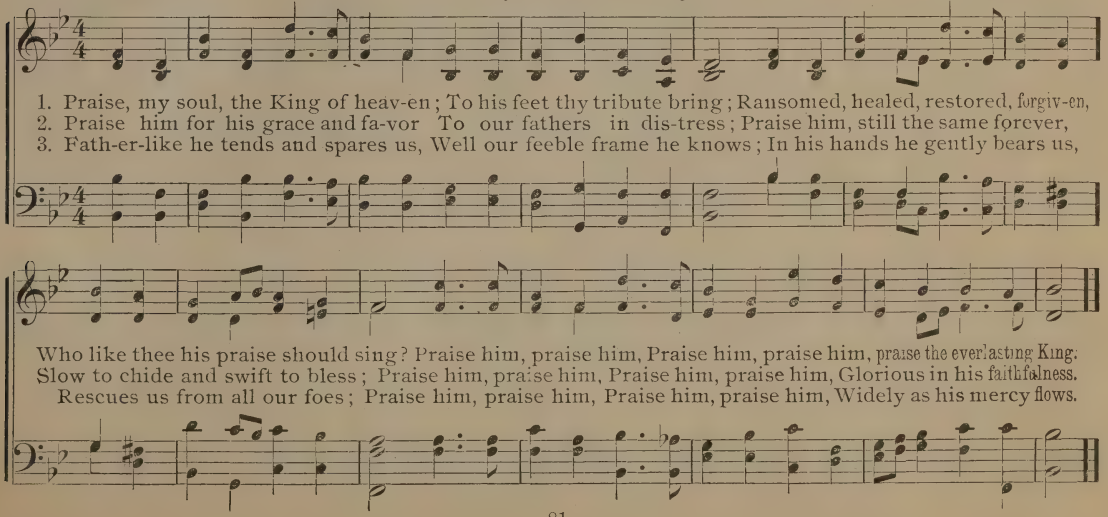
## Thy Blessed Word. Concluded.


snow (as rain and snow) descend from heav'n, (descend from heav'n,) This gospel grace to men is giv'n.
dead (in hearts long dead) new life would spring, (new life would spring) And peace and joy with pardon bring.
blood (and toil and blood) of priceless cost, (of priceless cost,) On souls of sor - did care be lost.
fold (a hun - dred-fold) in works of love, (in works of love,) A hundred-fold in wealth a-bove.

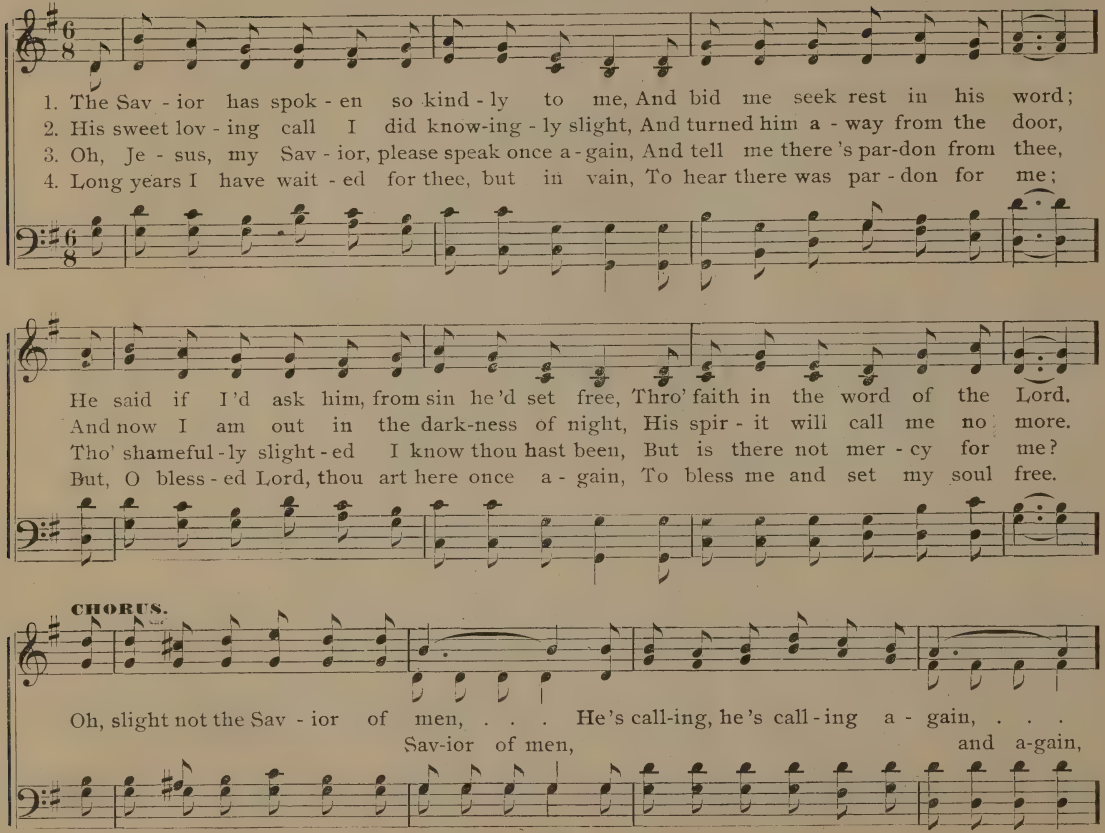
## 79. Praise the Everlasting God.

H. F. LYTE. *"Praise ye the Lord."*—PS. 150:6. HENRY SMART.


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To his feet thy tribute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiv-en,
2. Praise him for his grace and fa-vor To our fathers in dis-tress; Praise him, still the same forever,
3. Fath-er-like he tends and spares us, Well our feeble frame he knows; In his hands he gently bears us,
Who like thee his praise should sing? Praise him, praise him, Praise him, praise him, praise the everlasting King.
Slow to chide and swift to bless; Praise him, praise him, Praise him, praise him, Glorious in his faithfulness.
Rescues us from all our foes; Praise him, praise him, Praise him, praise him, Widely as his mercy flows.

# 80. He's Calling Again.

A. F. B. "*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden.*"—Matt 11: 28. A. F. BRANDENBURG.


1. The Sav - ior has spok - en so kind - ly to me, And bid me seek rest in his word;
2. His sweet lov - ing call I did know-ing - ly slight, And turned him a - way from the door,
3. Oh, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, please speak once a - gain, And tell me there 's par-don from thee,
4. Long years I have wait - ed for thee, but in vain, To hear there was par - don for me;
He said if I'd ask him, from sin he'd set free, Thro' faith in the word of the Lord.
And now I am out in the dark-ness of night, His spir - it will call me no more.
Tho' shameful - ly slight - ed I know thou hast been, But is there not mer - cy for me?
But, O bless - ed Lord, thou art here once a - gain, To bless me and set my soul free.
CHORUS.
Oh, slight not the Sav - ior of men, . . . He's call-ing, he's call - ing a - gain, . . .
Sav-ior of men, and a-gain,

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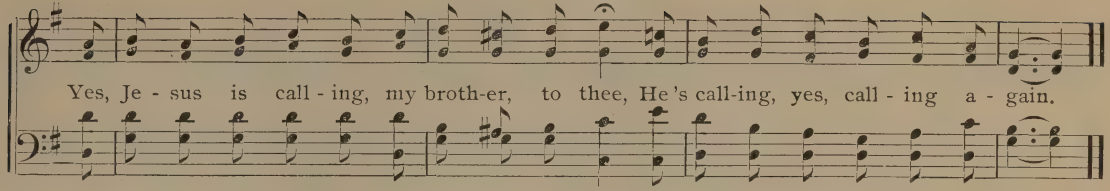
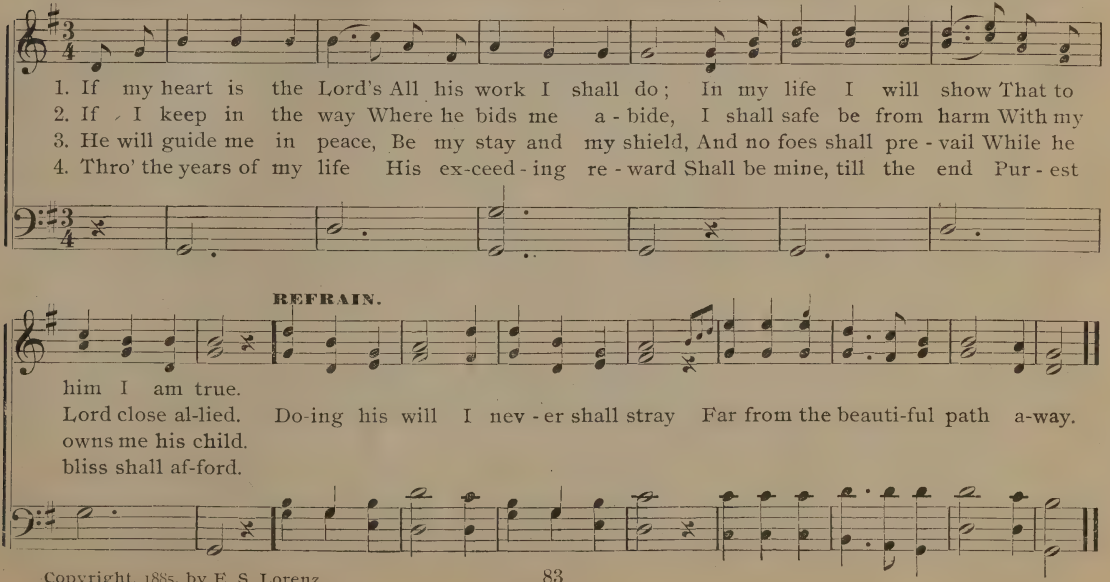
## He's Calling Again. Concluded.




## 81. Doing His Will.

C. R. BLACKALL. *"As the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart."*—Eph. 6: 6. E. S. LORENZ.


1. If my heart is the Lord's All his work I shall do; In my life I will show That to him I am true.
2. If I keep in the way Where he bids me a - bide, I shall safe be from harm With my Lord close al-lied.
3. He will guide me in peace, Be my stay and my shield, And no foes shall pre - vail While he owns me his child.
4. Thro' the years of my life His ex-ceed - ing re - ward Shall be mine, till the end Pur - est bliss shall af-ford.
REFRAIN.
Do-ing his will I nev - er shall stray Far from the beauti-ful path a-way.

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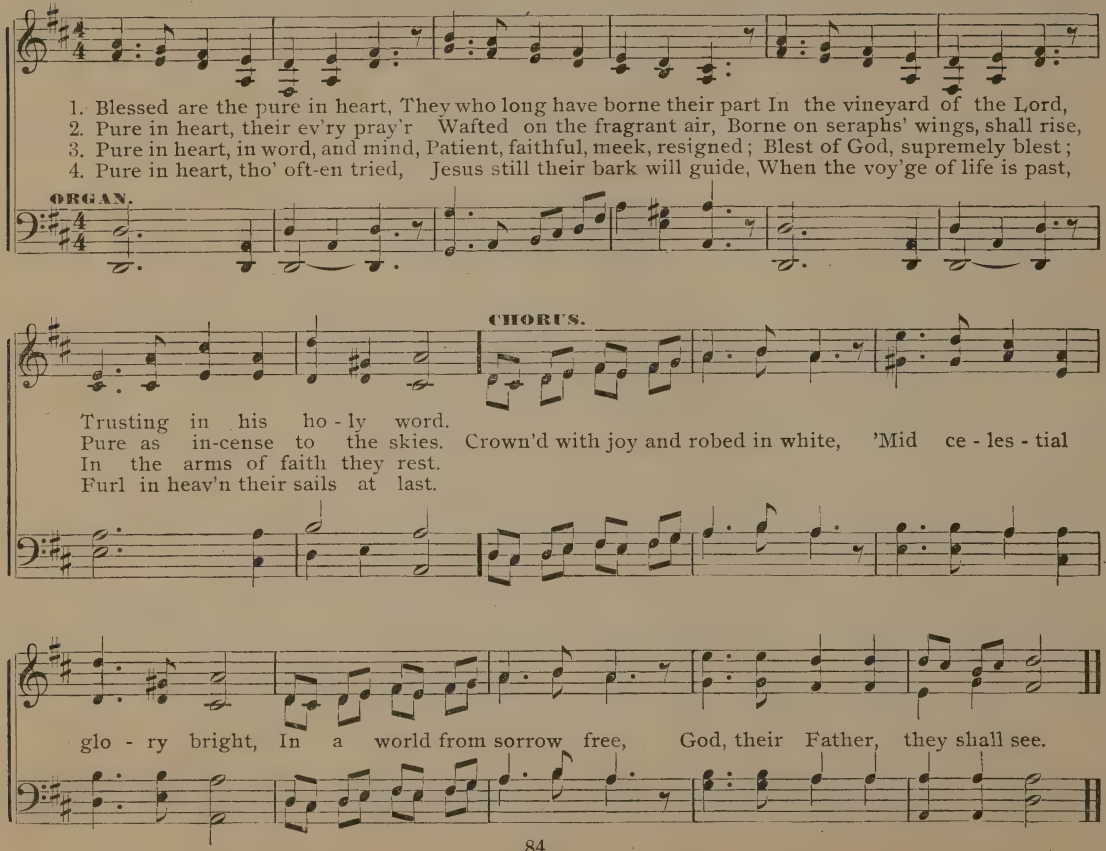
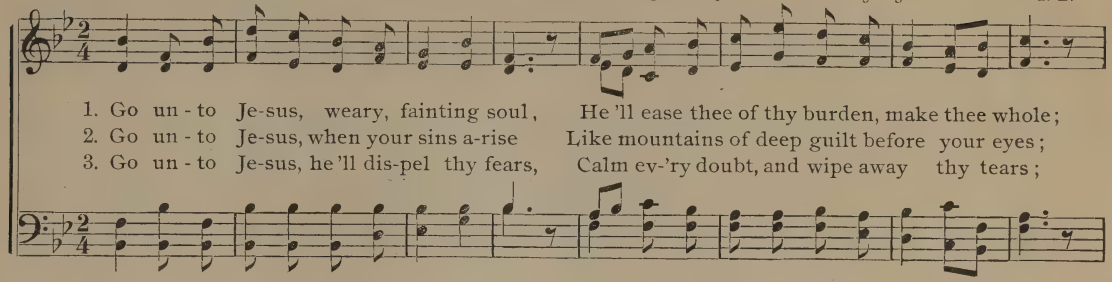
# 82. Pure in Heart.

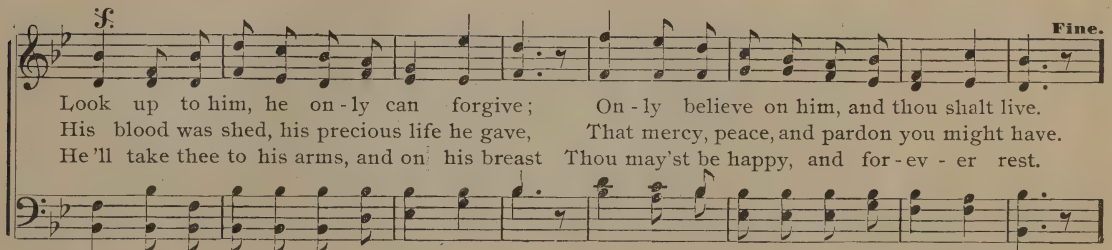
ANON. *"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."*—Matt. 5: 8. DR. VANDER WEYDE.

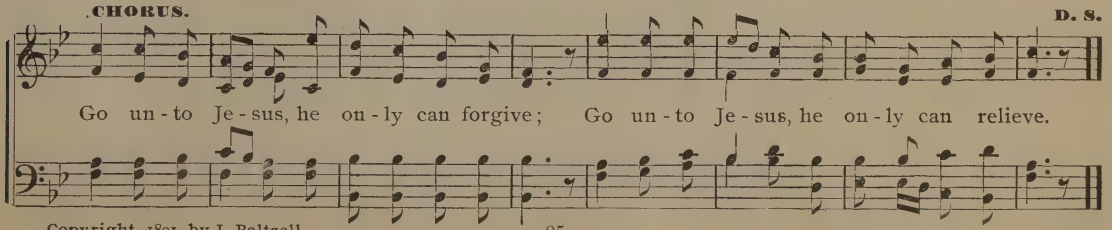

1. Blessed are the pure in heart, They who long have borne their part In the vineyard of the Lord,
2. Pure in heart, their ev'ry pray'r Wafted on the fragrant air, Borne on seraphs' wings, shall rise,
3. Pure in heart, in word, and mind, Patient, faithful, meek, resigned; Blest of God, supremely blest;
4. Pure in heart, tho' oft-en tried, Jesus still their bark will guide, When the voy'ge of life is past,
ORGAN.
CHORUS.
Trusting in his ho - ly word.
Pure as in-cense to the skies.
In the arms of faith they rest.
Furl in heav'n their sails at last.
Crown'd with joy and robed in white, 'Mid ce - les - tial
glo - ry bright, In a world from sorrow free, God, their Father, they shall see.

# 83. Go Unto Jesus.

ADAPTED. *"Let us go forth therefore unto him * * * bearing his reproach."*—Heb. 13: 13. I. B.


1. Go un - to Je-sus, weary, fainting soul, He 'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole;
2. Go un - to Je-sus, when your sins a-rise Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes;
3. Go un - to Je-sus, he 'll dis-pel thy fears, Calm ev-'ry doubt, and wipe away thy tears;


f.
Fine.
Look up to him, he on - ly can forgive; On - ly believe on him, and thou shalt live.
His blood was shed, his precious life he gave, That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have.
He 'll take thee to his arms, and on his breast Thou may'st be happy, and for - ev - er rest.
D. S. *Go un - to Je-sus, weary, burdened soul; Go un - to Je-sus, he will make thee whole.*

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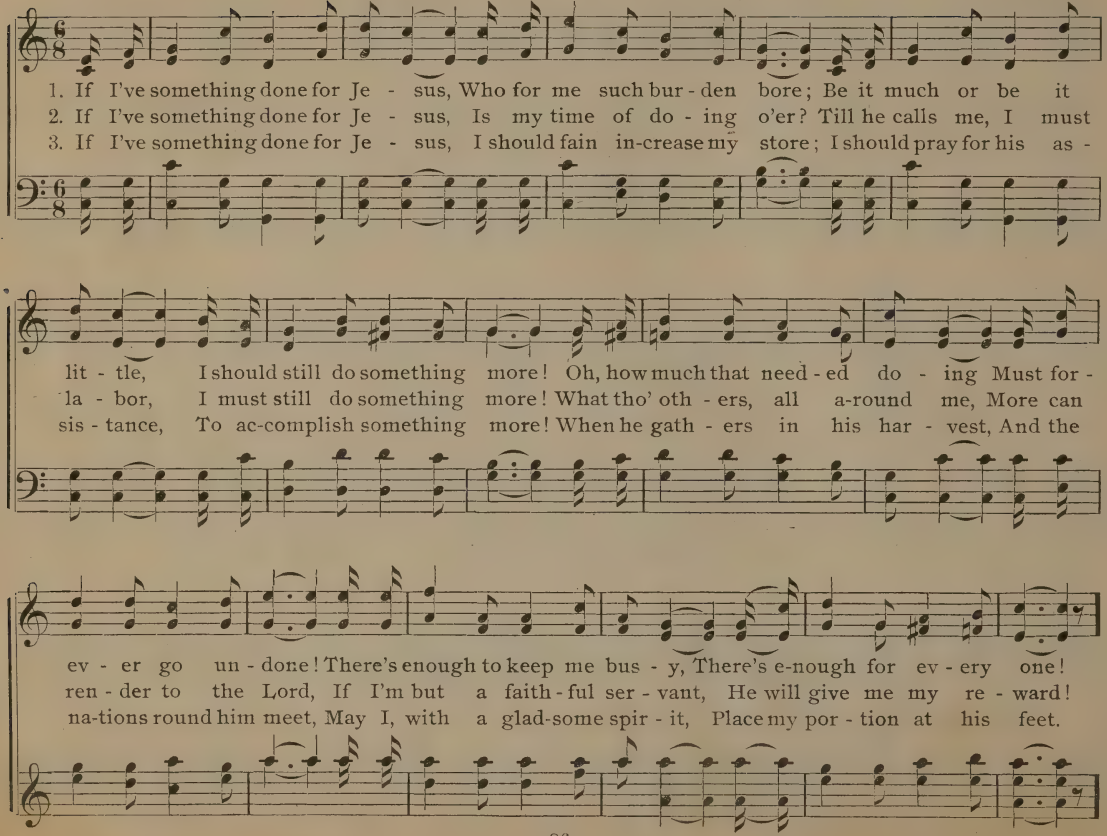
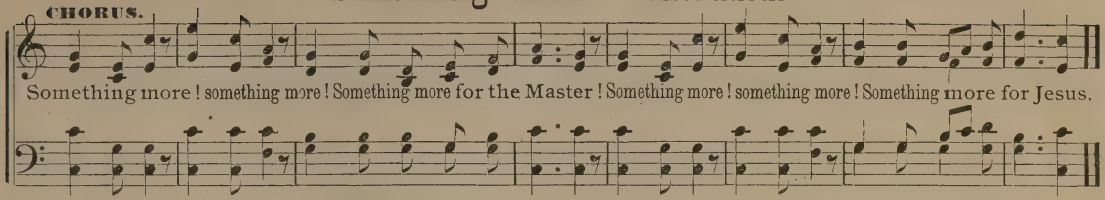
## 84. Something More.

E. R. LATTA. *"Be not weary in well doing."*—II. Thes. 3: 13. E. S. LORENZ.

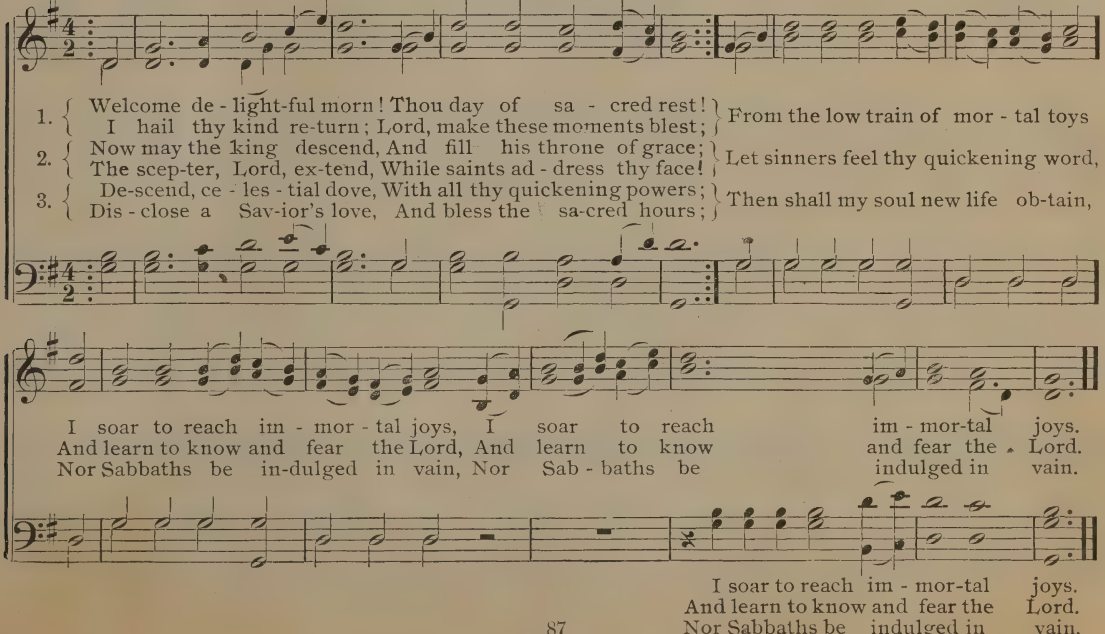

1. If I've something done for Je - sus, Who for me such bur - den bore; Be it much or be it
2. If I've something done for Je - sus, Is my time of do - ing o'er? Till he calls me, I must
3. If I've something done for Je - sus, I should fain in-crease my store; I should pray for his as -
lit - tle, I should still do something more! Oh, how much that need - ed do - ing Must for -
la - bor, I must still do something more! What tho' oth - ers, all a-round me, More can
sis - tance, To ac-complish something more! When he gath - ers in his har - vest, And the
ev - er go un - done! There's enough to keep me bus - y, There's e-nough for ev - ery one!
ren - der to the Lord, If I'm but a faith - ful ser - vant, He will give me my re - ward!
na-tions round him meet, May I, with a glad-some spir - it, Place my por - tion at his feet.

## Something More. Concluded.


CHORUS.
Something more ! something more ! Something more for the Master ! Something more ! something more ! Something more for Jesus.

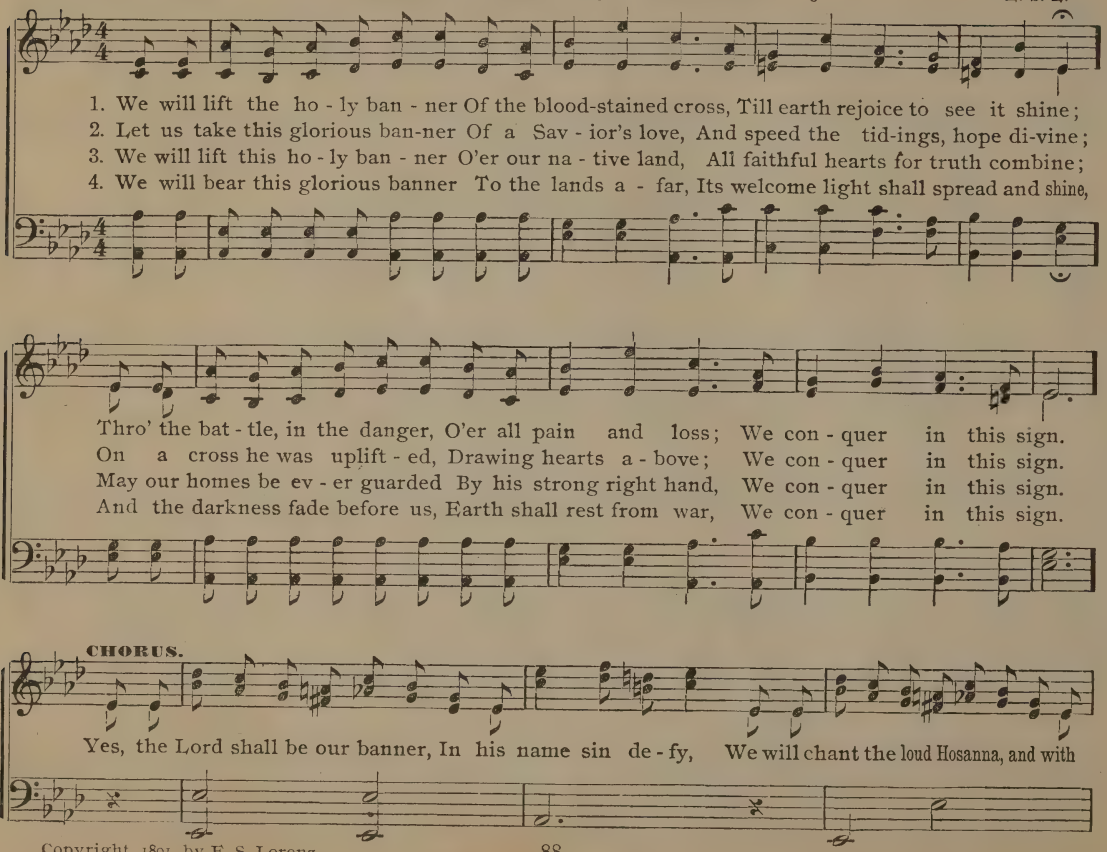
## 85. Welcome, Delightful Morn.

HAYWARD. *"Call the Sabbath a delight."*—Isa. 58: 13. GERMAN.


1. Welcome de - light-ful morn ! Thou day of sa - cred rest ! I hail thy kind re-turn ; Lord, make these moments blest ; From the low train of mor - tal toys
2. Now may the king descend, And fill his throne of grace ; The scep-ter, Lord, ex-tend, While saints ad - dress thy face ! Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
3. De-scend, ce - les - tial dove, With all thy quickening powers ; Dis - close a Sav-ior's love, And bless the sa-cred hours ; Then shall my soul new life ob-tain,
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys.
And learn to know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Nor Sabbaths be in-dulged in vain, Nor Sab - baths be indulged in vain.
I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys.
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

# 86. Lift the Standard High.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"In the name of our God we will set up our banners."*—Ps. 20: 5. E. S. L.


1. We will lift the ho - ly ban - ner Of the blood-stained cross, Till earth rejoice to see it shine;
2. Let us take this glorious ban-ner Of a Sav - ior's love, And speed the tid-ings, hope di-vine;
3. We will lift this ho - ly ban - ner O'er our na - tive land, All faithful hearts for truth combine;
4. We will bear this glorious banner To the lands a - far, Its welcome light shall spread and shine,
Thro' the bat - tle, in the danger, O'er all pain and loss; We con - quer in this sign.
On a cross he was uplift - ed, Drawing hearts a - bove; We con - quer in this sign.
May our homes be ev - er guarded By his strong right hand, We con - quer in this sign.
And the darkness fade before us, Earth shall rest from war, We con - quer in this sign.
CHORUS.
Yes, the Lord shall be our banner, In his name sin de - fy, We will chant the loud Hosanna, and with

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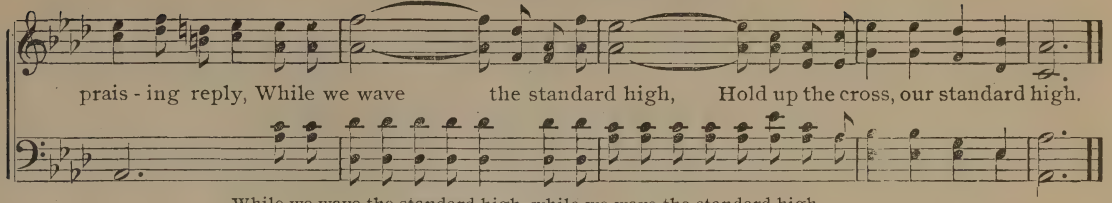
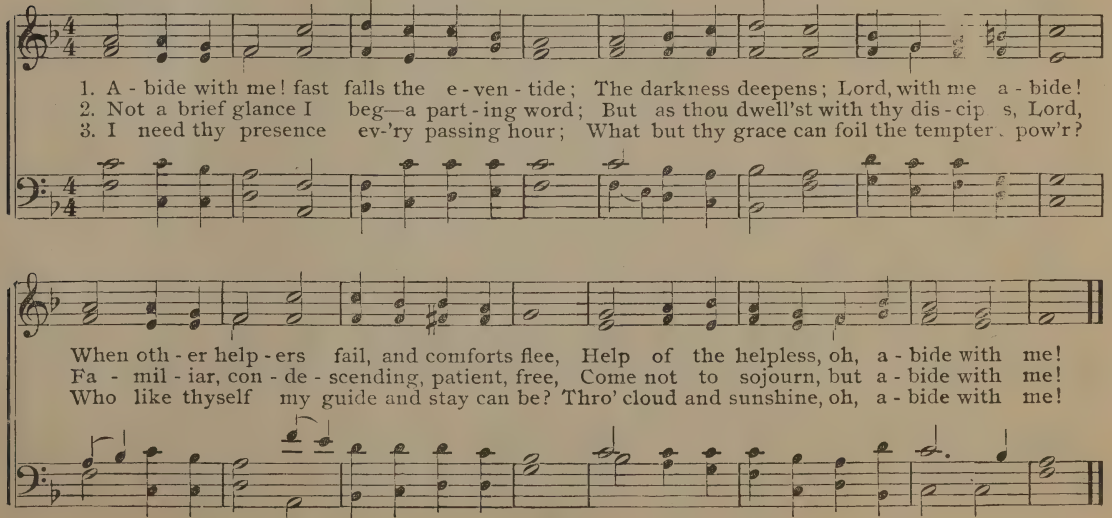
## Lift the Standard High.


prais - ing reply, While we wave the standard high, Hold up the cross, our standard high.
While we wave the standard high, while we wave the standard high,

## 87. Abide With Me.

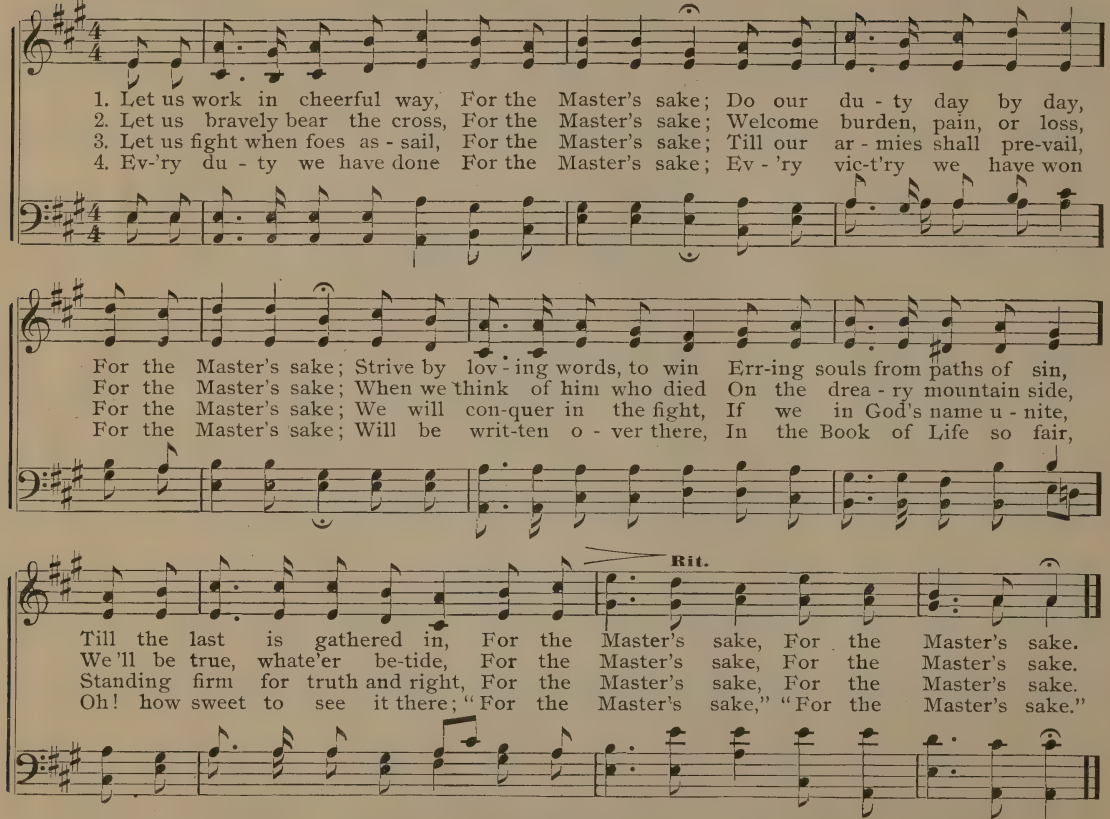
*"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."*—Luke 24: 29.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Not a brief glance I beg—a part - ing word; But as thou dwell'st with thy dis - cip s, Lord,
3. I need thy presence ev-'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter pow'r?
When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scending, patient, free, Come not to sojourn, but a - bide with me!
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!

# 88. For the Master's Sake.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. *"Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake?"*—JNO. 13: 38. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.


1. Let us work in cheerful way, For the Master's sake; Do our du - ty day by day,
2. Let us bravely bear the cross, For the Master's sake; Welcome burden, pain, or loss,
3. Let us fight when foes as - sail, For the Master's sake; Till our ar - mies shall pre-vail,
4. Ev-'ry du - ty we have done For the Master's sake; Ev - 'ry vic-t'ry we have won
For the Master's sake; Strive by lov - ing words, to win Err-ing souls from paths of sin,
For the Master's sake; When we think of him who died On the drea - ry mountain side,
For the Master's sake; We will con-quer in the fight, If we in God's name u - nite,
For the Master's sake; Will be writ-ten o - ver there, In the Book of Life so fair,
Rit.
Till the last is gathered in, For the Master's sake, For the Master's sake.
We 'll be true, whate'er be-tide, For the Master's sake, For the Master's sake.
Standing firm for truth and right, For the Master's sake, For the Master's sake.
Oh! how sweet to see it there; "For the Master's sake," "For the Master's sake."

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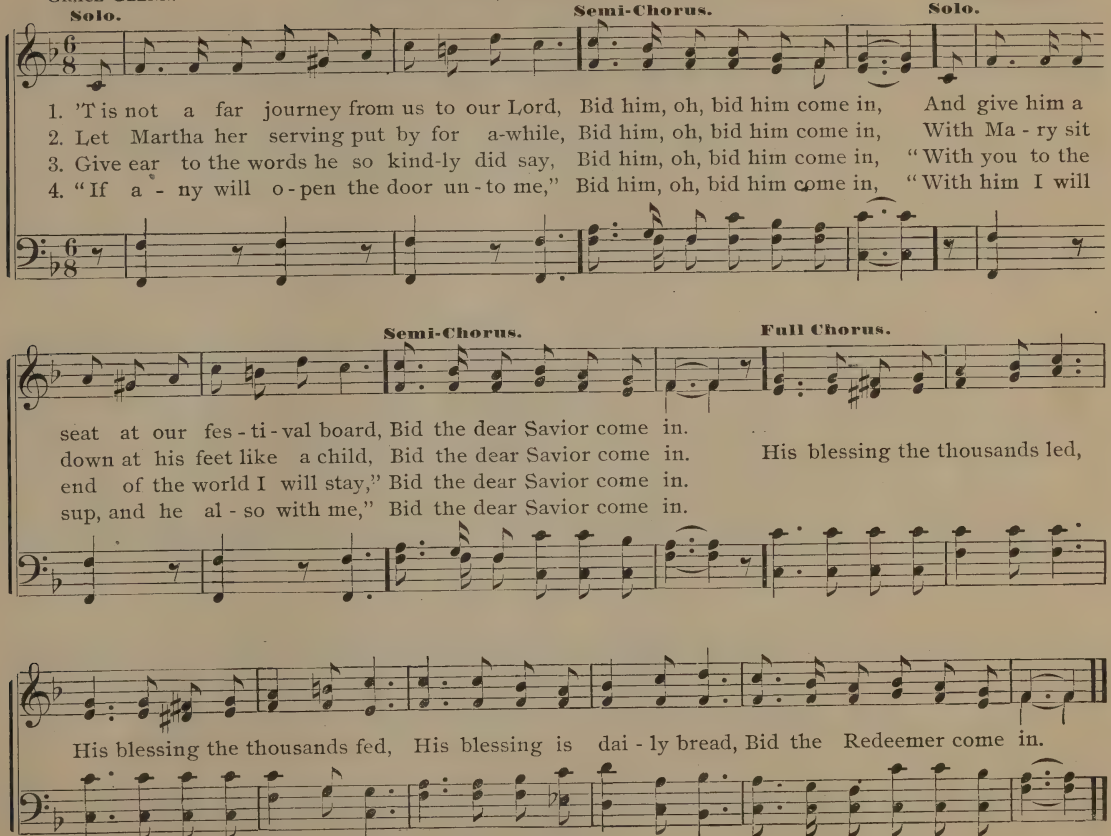
# 89. Bid Him Come In.

GRACE GLENN. *"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."*—John 11 : 28. J. H. ROSECRANS.


Solo.
Semi-Chorus.
Solo.
1. 'T is not a far journey from us to our Lord, Bid him, oh, bid him come in, And give him a
2. Let Martha her serving put by for a-while, Bid him, oh, bid him come in, With Ma - ry sit
3. Give ear to the words he so kind-ly did say, Bid him, oh, bid him come in, "With you to the
4. "If a - ny will o - pen the door un - to me," Bid him, oh, bid him come in, "With him I will
Semi-Chorus.
Full Chorus.
seat at our fes - ti - val board, Bid the dear Savior come in.
down at his feet like a child, Bid the dear Savior come in.
end of the world I will stay," Bid the dear Savior come in.
sup, and he al - so with me," Bid the dear Savior come in.
His blessing the thousands led,
His blessing the thousands fed, His blessing is dai - ly bread, Bid the Redeemer come in.

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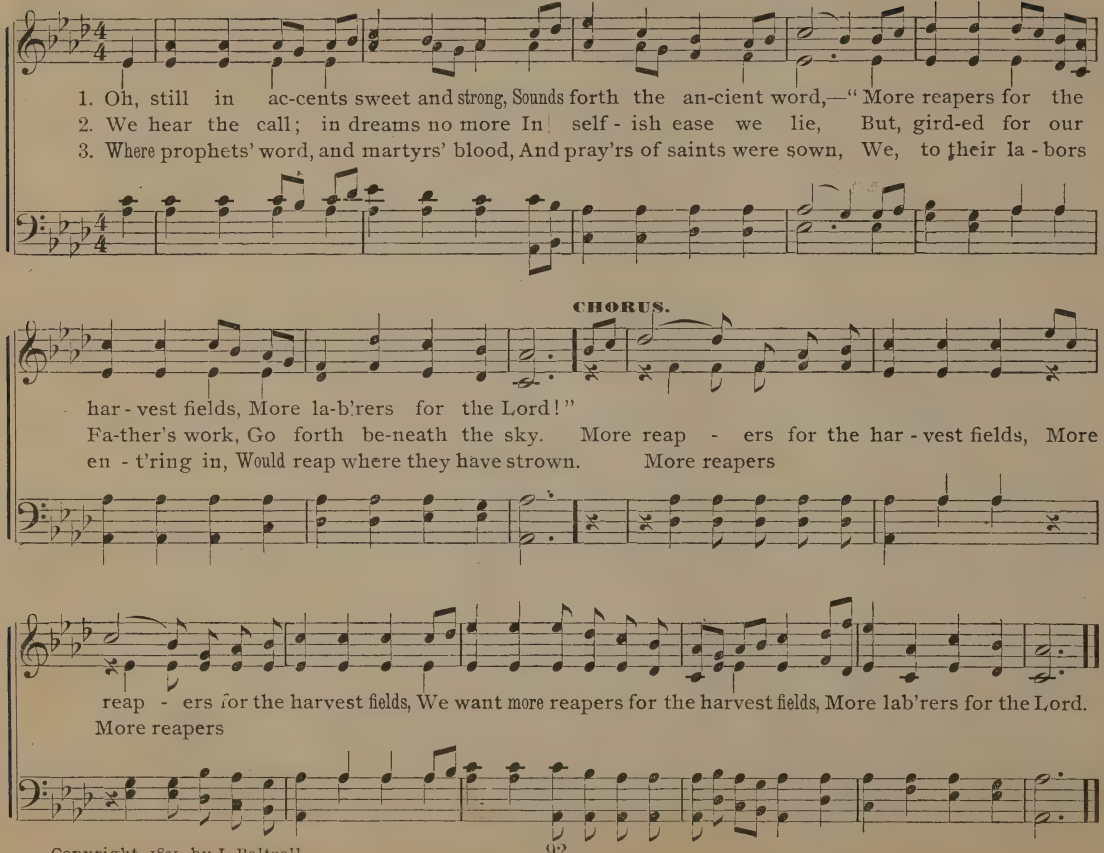
# 90. We Want More Reapers.

S. LONGFELLOW. *"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."*—Matt. 9 : 37. I. B.


1. Oh, still in ac-cents sweet and strong, Sounds forth the an-cient word,—"More reapers for the
2. We hear the call; in dreams no more In self - ish ease we lie, But, gird-ed for our
3. Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood, And pray'rs of saints were sown, We, to their la - bors
CHORUS.
har - vest fields, More la-b'rers for the Lord!"
Fa-ther's work, Go forth be-neath the sky. More reap - ers for the har - vest fields, More
en - t'ring in, Would reap where they have strown. More reapers
reap - ers for the harvest fields, We want more reapers for the harvest fields, More lab'rers for the Lord.
More reapers

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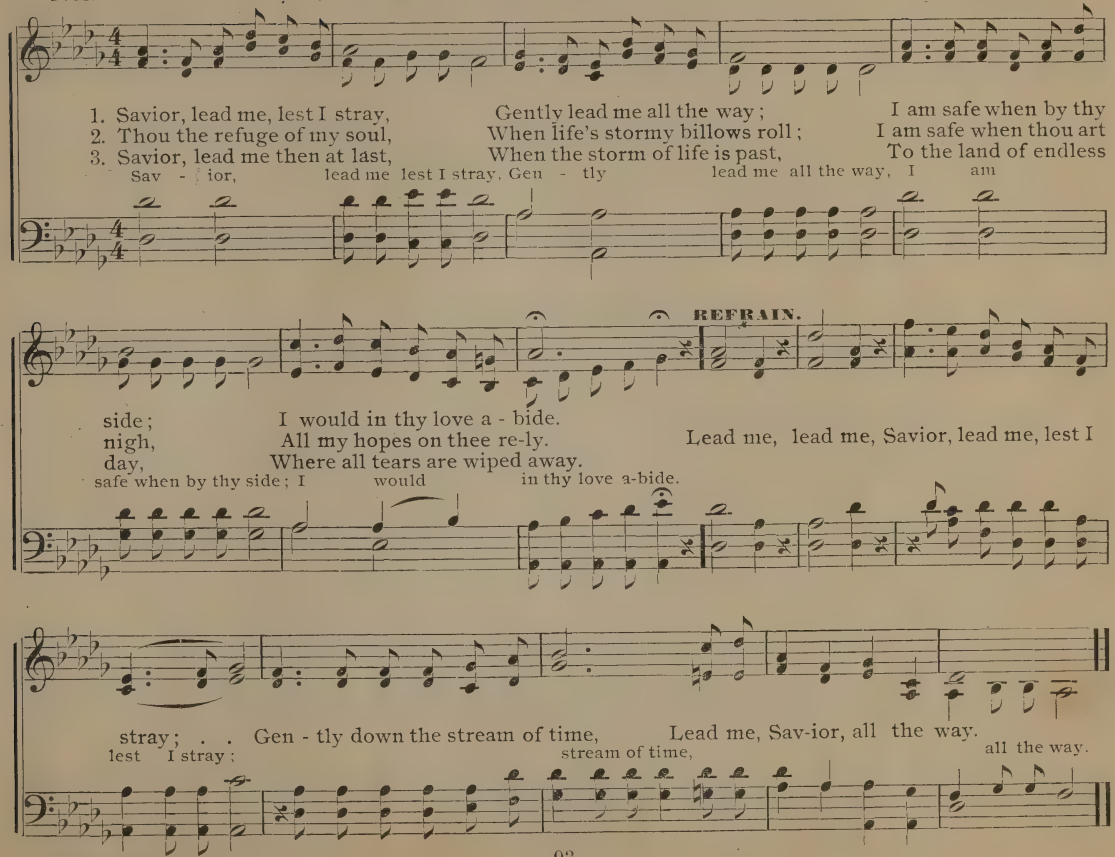
# 91. Lead Me, Savior.

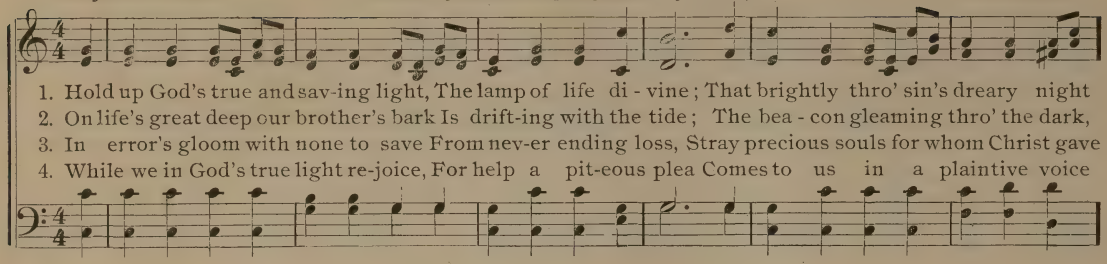
F. M. D. "*I am the Lord . . . which leadeth thee.*"—Isa. 48: 17. FRANK M. DAVIS.

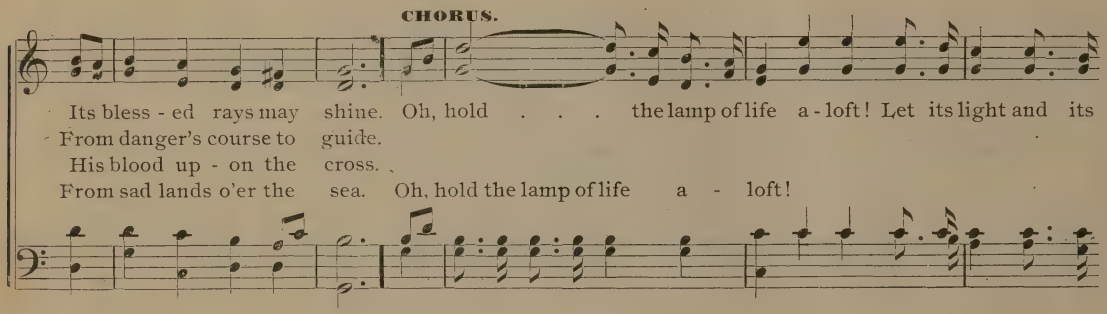

1. Savior, lead me, lest I stray,
2. Thou the refuge of my soul,
3. Savior, lead me then at last,
Gently lead me all the way;
When life's stormy billows roll;
When the storm of life is past,
I am safe when by thy
I am safe when thou art
To the land of endless
Sav - ior, lead me lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way, I am
REFRAIN.
side;
nigh,
day,
I would in thy love a - bide.
All my hopes on thee re-ly.
Where all tears are wiped away.
Lead me, lead me, Savior, lead me, lest I
safe when by thy side; I would in thy love a-bide.
stray; . . Gen - tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.
lest I stray;
stream of time,
all the way.

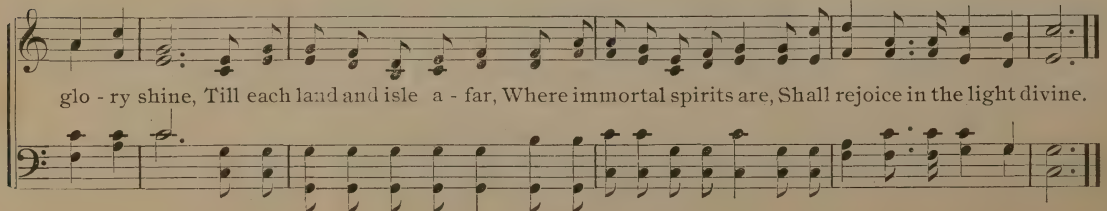
By permission.

# 92. Hold the Lamp of Life Aloft.

MISS JENNIE WILSON. *"And the life was the light of men."*—JNO. 1: 4. E. S. LORENZ.

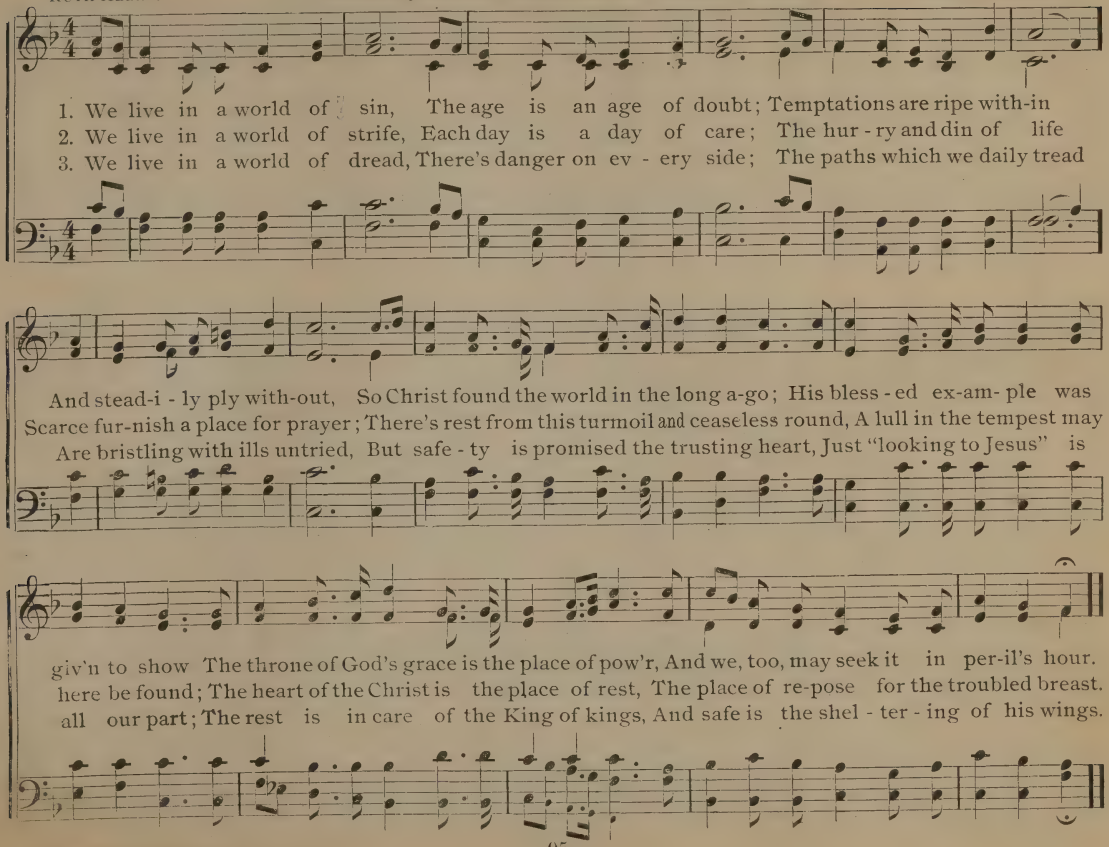

1. Hold up God's true and sav-ing light, The lamp of life di - vine; That brightly thro' sin's dreary night
2. On life's great deep our brother's bark Is drift-ing with the tide; The bea - con gleaming thro' the dark,
3. In error's gloom with none to save From nev-er ending loss, Stray precious souls for whom Christ gave
4. While we in God's true light re-joice, For help a pit-eous plea Comes to us in a plaintive voice


CHORUS.
Its bless - ed rays may shine. Oh, hold . . . the lamp of life a - loft! Let its light and its
From danger's course to guide.
His blood up - on the cross.
From sad lands o'er the sea. Oh, hold the lamp of life a - loft!



93. **Three Secrets.**

RUTH ALLEYN. *"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."*—Ps. 25: 14. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.


1. We live in a world of sin, The age is an age of doubt; Temptations are ripe with-in
2. We live in a world of strife, Each day is a day of care; The hur - ry and din of life
3. We live in a world of dread, There's danger on ev - ery side; The paths which we daily tread
And stead-i - ly ply with-out, So Christ found the world in the long a-go; His bless - ed ex-am- ple was
Scarce fur-nish a place for prayer; There's rest from this turmoil and ceaseless round, A lull in the tempest may
Are bristling with ills untried, But safe - ty is promised the trusting heart, Just "looking to Jesus" is
giv'n to show The throne of God's grace is the place of pow'r, And we, too, may seek it in per-il's hour.
here be found; The heart of the Christ is the place of rest, The place of re-pose for the troubled breast.
all our part; The rest is in care of the King of kings, And safe is the shel - ter - ing of his wings.

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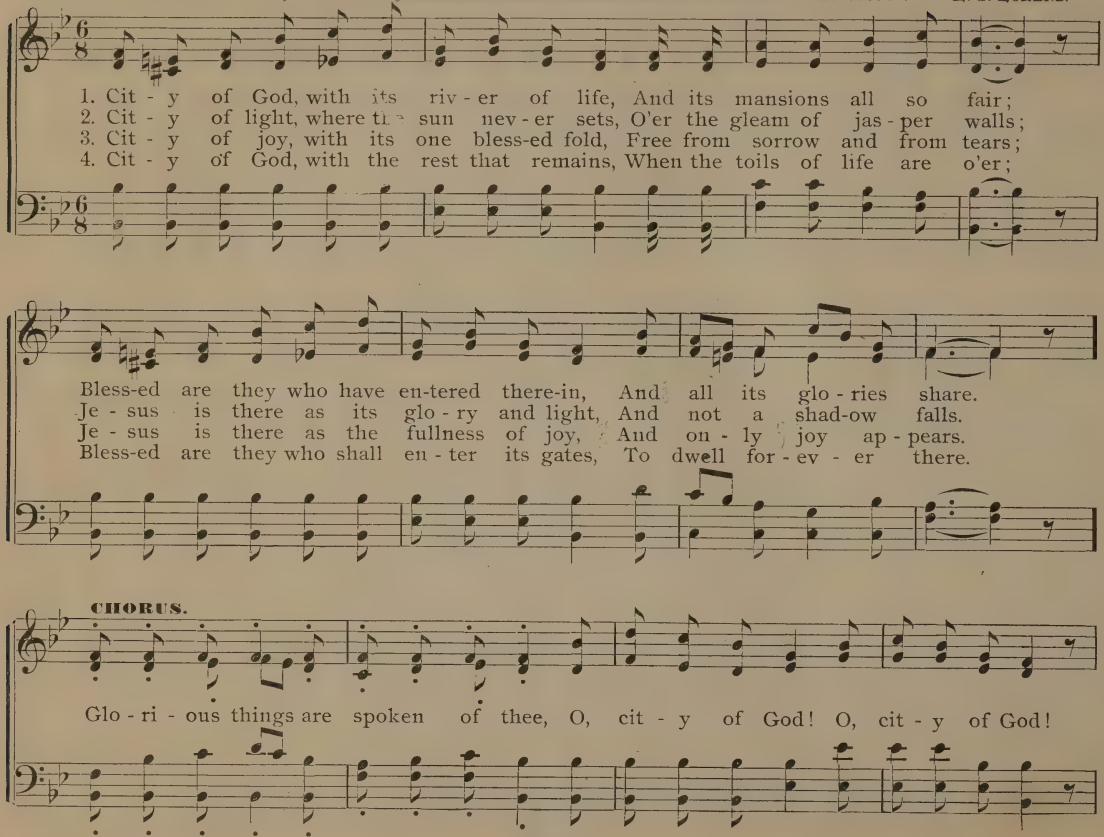
94.

# City of God.

EDWARD A. BARNES. *"A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."*—Heb. 11 : 10. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Cit - y of God, with its riv - er of life, And its mansions all so fair;
2. Cit - y of light, where the sun nev - er sets, O'er the gleam of jas - per walls;
3. Cit - y of joy, with its one bless-ed fold, Free from sorrow and from tears;
4. Cit - y of God, with the rest that remains, When the toils of life are o'er;
Bless-ed are they who have en-tered there-in, And all its glo - ries share.
Je - sus is there as its glo - ry and light, And not a shad-ow falls.
Je - sus is there as the fullness of joy, And on - ly joy ap - pears.
Bless-ed are they who shall en - ter its gates, To dwell for - ev - er there.
CHORUS.
Glo - ri - ous things are spoken of thee, O, cit - y of God! O, cit - y of God!

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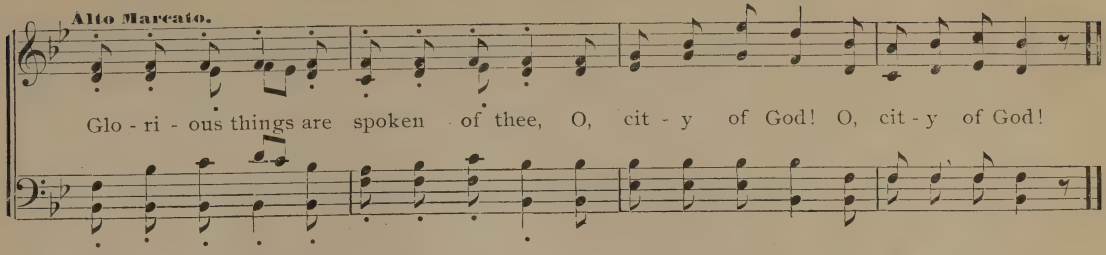
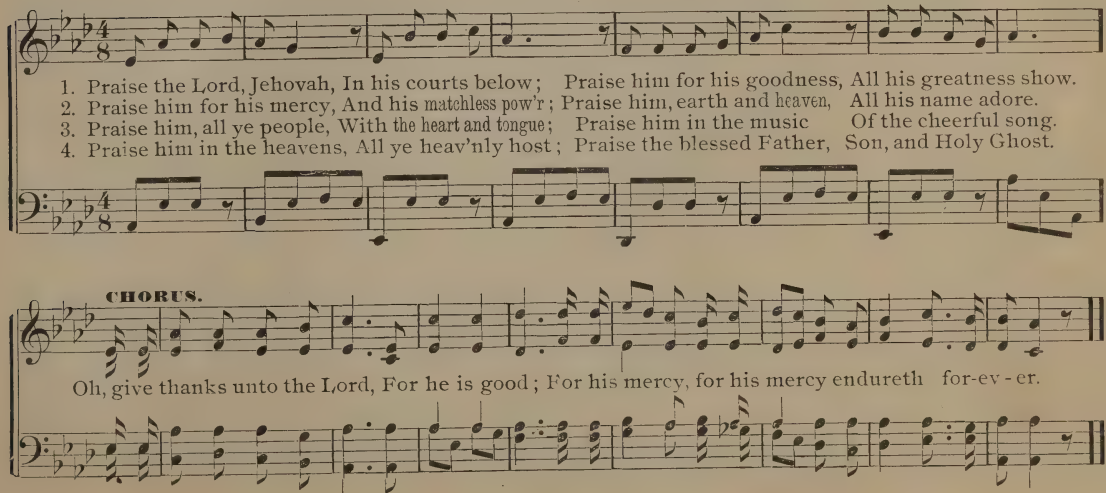
# City of God. Concluded.




## 95. Praise Him.

I. B. *"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."*—Ps. 150: 6. I. B.


1. Praise the Lord, Jehovah, In his courts below; Praise him for his goodness, All his greatness show.
2. Praise him for his mercy, And his matchless pow'r; Praise him, earth and heaven, All his name adore.
3. Praise him, all ye people, With the heart and tongue; Praise him in the music Of the cheerful song.
4. Praise him in the heavens, All ye heav'nly host; Praise the blessed Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
CHORUS.
Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, For he is good; For his mercy, for his mercy endureth for-ev - er.

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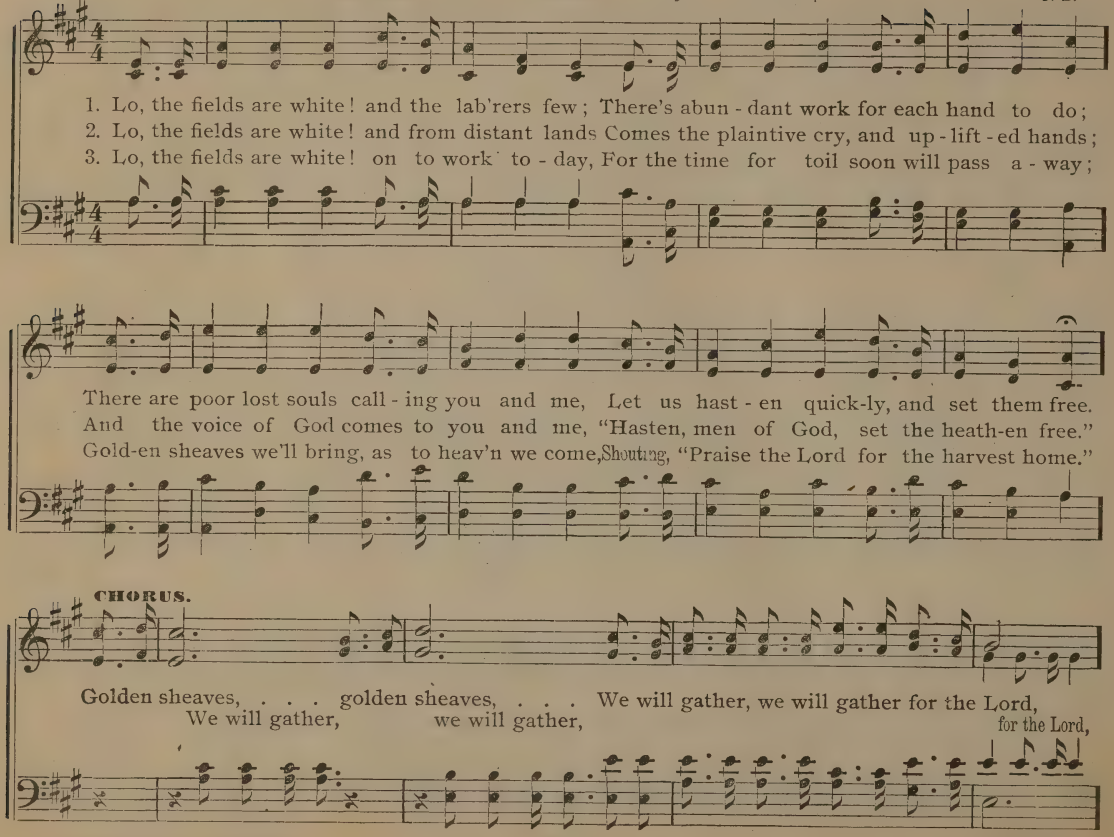
# 96. Golden Sheaves we Will Gather.

"CARLIN." *"He shall gather them as the sheaves into the floor."*—Micah 4 : 12. I. B.


1. Lo, the fields are white! and the lab'rers few; There's abun - dant work for each hand to do;
2. Lo, the fields are white! and from distant lands Comes the plaintive cry, and up - lift - ed hands;
3. Lo, the fields are white! on to work to - day, For the time for toil soon will pass a - way;
There are poor lost souls call - ing you and me, Let us hast - en quick-ly, and set them free.
And the voice of God comes to you and me, "Hasten, men of God, set the heath-en free."
Gold-en sheaves we'll bring, as to heav'n we come, Shouting, "Praise the Lord for the harvest home."
CHORUS.
Golden sheaves, . . . golden sheaves, . . . We will gather, we will gather for the Lord,
We will gather, we will gather, for the Lord,

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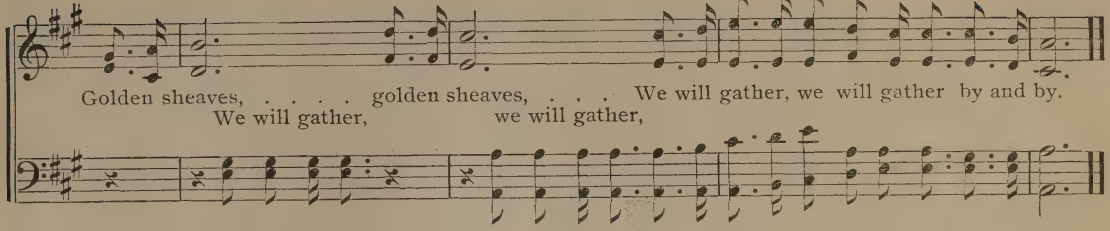
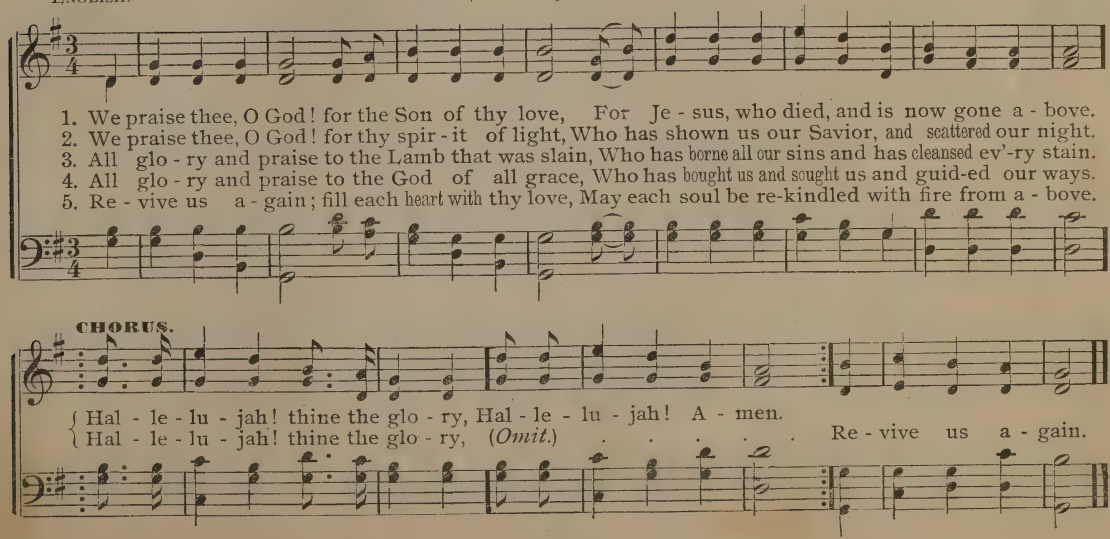
## Golden Sheaves we Will Gather. Concluded.




## 97. We Praise Thee, O God.

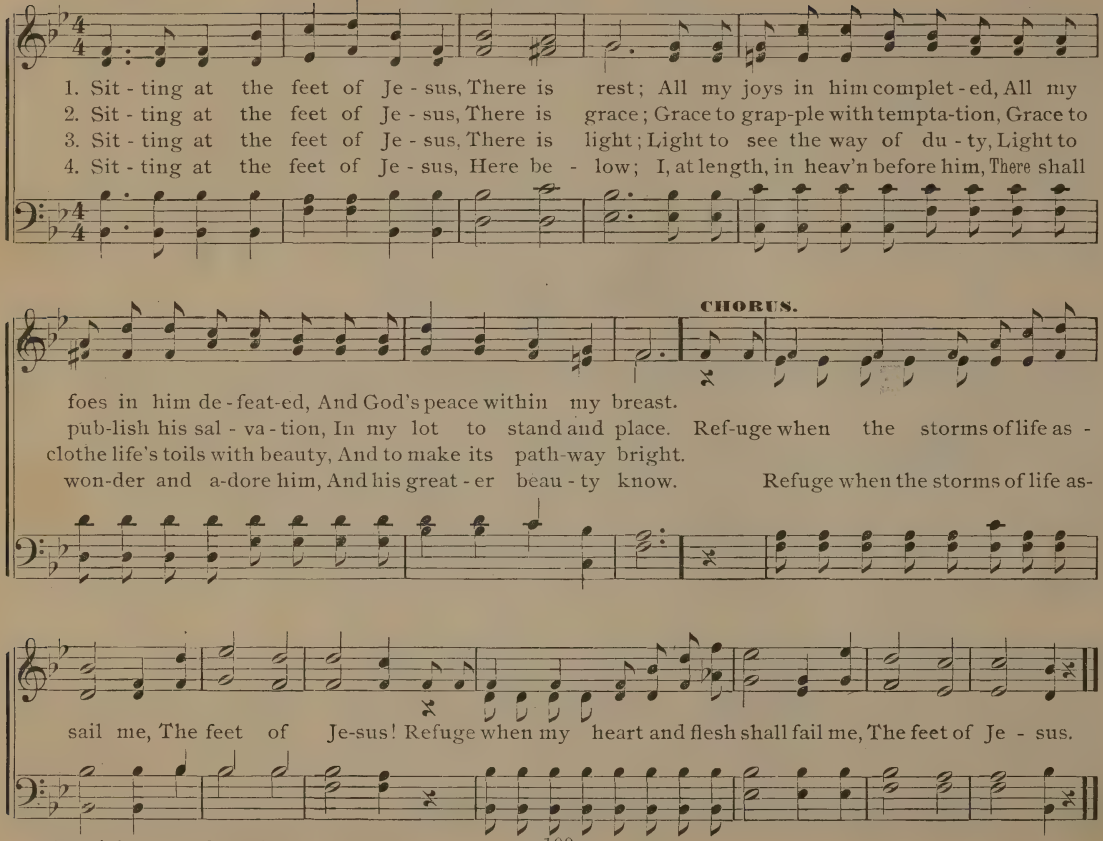
ENGLISH. *"O Lord, revive thy work."*—Hab. 3: 2. ENGLISH.


1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus, who died, and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev'-ry stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and sought us and guid-ed our ways.
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love, May each soul be re-kindled with fire from a - bove.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, (*Omit.*) . . . . . Re - vive us a - gain.

98.

# The Feet of Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. "*A teacher come from God.*"—Jno. 3: 2. E. S. Lorenz.


1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There is rest; All my joys in him complet - ed, All my foes in him de - feat-ed, And God's peace within my breast.
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There is grace; Grace to grap-ple with tempta-tion, Grace to pub-lish his sal - va - tion, In my lot to stand and place.
3. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There is light; Light to see the way of du - ty, Light to clothe life's toils with beauty, And to make its path-way bright.
4. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Here be - low; I, at length, in heav'n before him, There shall won-der and a-dore him, And his great - er beau - ty know.
CHORUS.
Ref-uge when the storms of life as - sail me, The feet of Je-sus!
Refuge when the storms of life as-
Refuge when my heart and flesh shall fail me, The feet of Je - sus.

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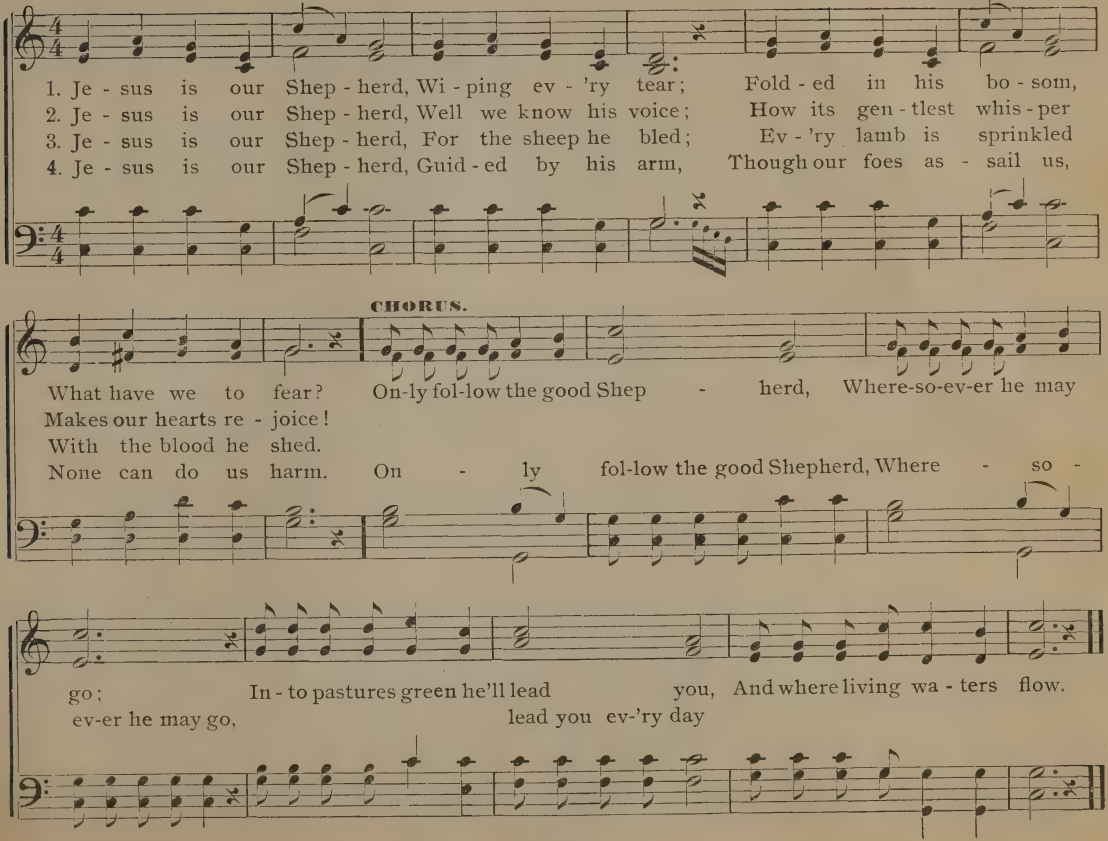
# 99. Jesus is our Shepherd.

ANON. *"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."*—Ps. 23: 1. FRANK M. DAVIS.

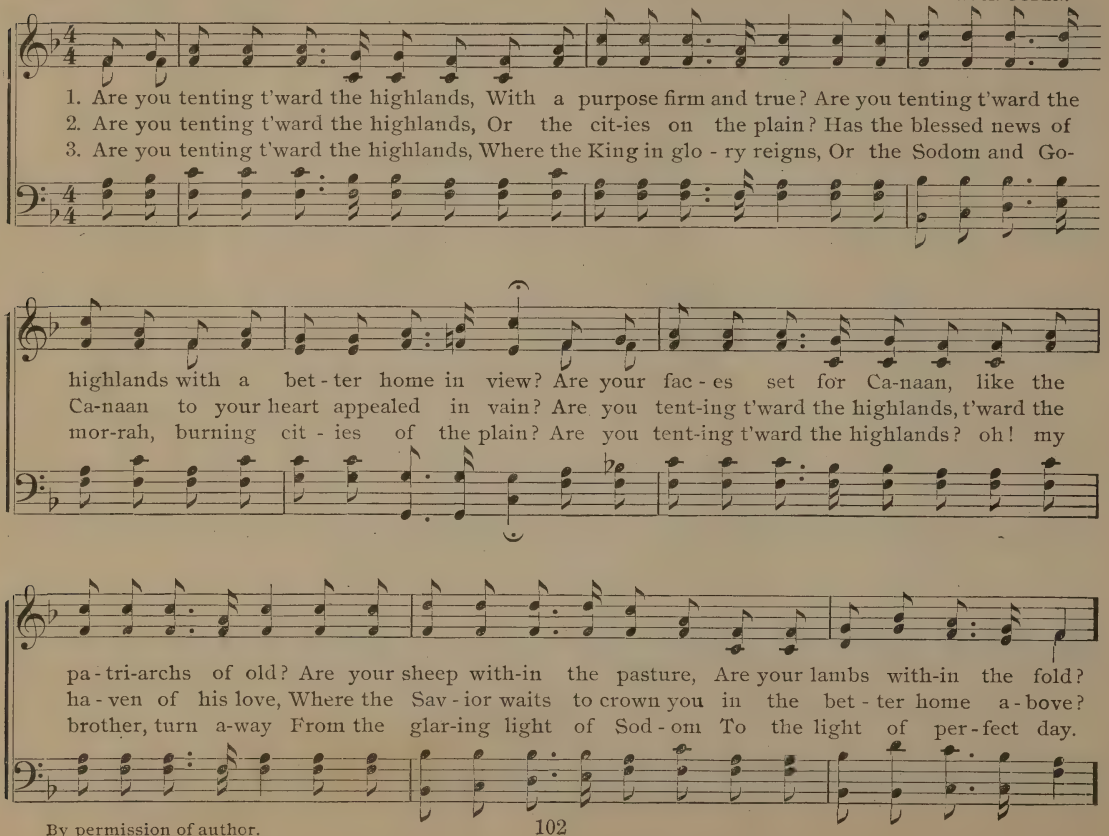

1. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Wi - ping ev - 'ry tear; Fold - ed in his bo - som,
2. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Well we know his voice; How its gen - tlest whis - per
3. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, For the sheep he bled; Ev - 'ry lamb is sprinkled
4. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Guid - ed by his arm, Though our foes as - sail us,
CHORUS.
What have we to fear? On-ly fol-low the good Shep - herd, Where-so-ev-er he may
Makes our hearts re - joice!
With the blood he shed.
None can do us harm. On - ly fol-low the good Shepherd, Where - so -
go; In - to pastures green he'll lead you, And where living wa - ters flow.
ev-er he may go, lead you ev-'ry day

By permission.

# 100. Tenting Toward the Highlands.

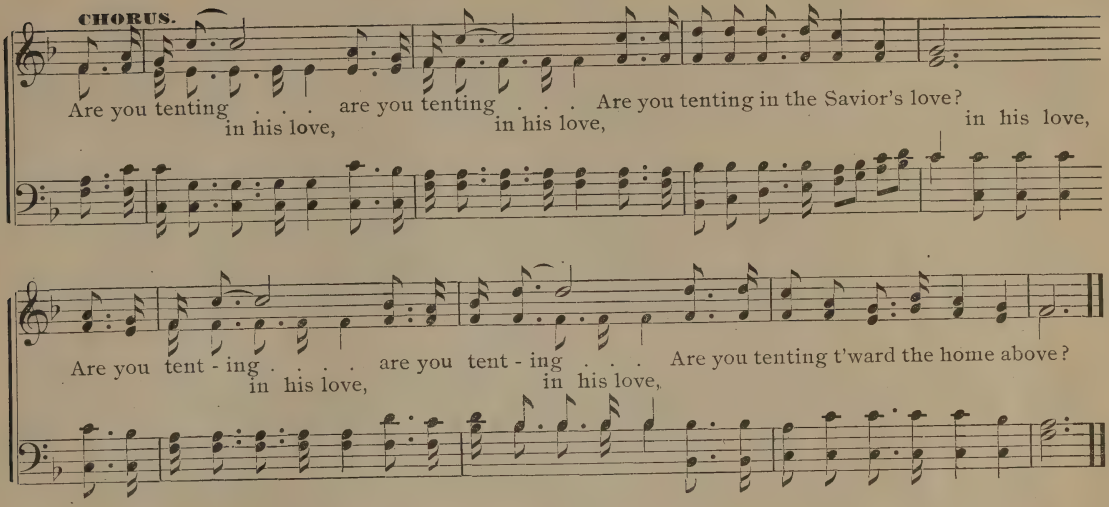
*"Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right."*—Genesis 13: 9.

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN.


1. Are you tenting t'ward the highlands, With a purpose firm and true? Are you tenting t'ward the highlands with a bet-ter home in view? Are your fac-es set for Ca-naan, like the pa-tri-archs of old? Are your sheep with-in the pasture, Are your lambs with-in the fold?
2. Are you tenting t'ward the highlands, Or the cit-ies on the plain? Has the blessed news of Ca-naan to your heart appealed in vain? Are you tent-ing t'ward the highlands, t'ward the ha-ven of his love, Where the Sav-ior waits to crown you in the bet-ter home a-bove?
3. Are you tenting t'ward the highlands, Where the King in glo-ry reigns, Or the Sodom and Go-mor-rah, burning cit-ies of the plain? Are you tent-ing t'ward the highlands? oh! my brother, turn a-way From the glar-ing light of Sod-om To the light of per-fect day.

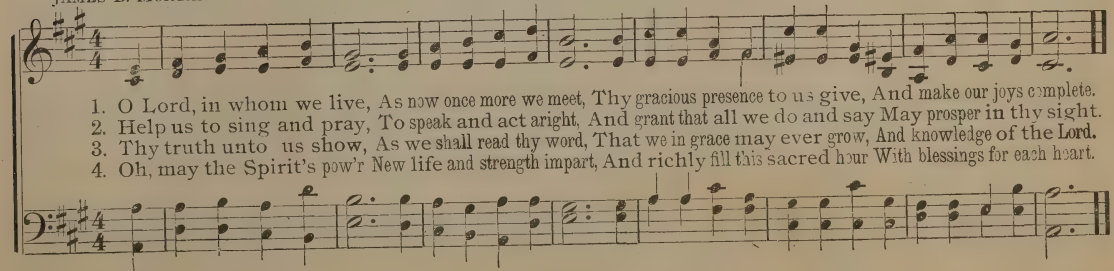
By permission of author.

# Tenting Toward the Highlands. Concluded.


CHORUS.
Are you tenting . . . are you tenting . . . Are you tenting in the Savior's love?
in his love, in his love, in his love,
Are you tent - ing . . . . are you tent - ing . . . Are you tenting t'ward the home above?
in his love, in his love,

## 101. Opening Invocation.

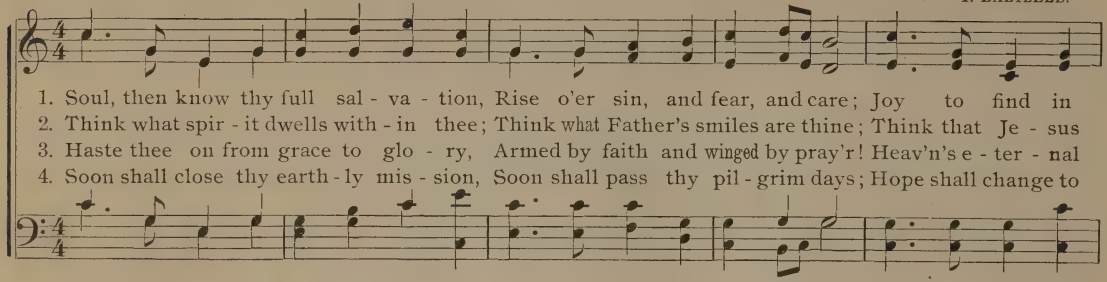
JAMES B. MORGAN. *"It is the spirit that quickeneth."*—Jno. 6: 63. E. S. L.


1. O Lord, in whom we live, As now once more we meet, Thy gracious presence to us give, And make our joys complete.
2. Help us to sing and pray, To speak and act aright, And grant that all we do and say May prosper in thy sight.
3. Thy truth unto us show, As we shall read thy word, That we in grace may ever grow, And knowledge of the Lord.
4. Oh, may the Spirit's pow'r New life and strength impart, And richly fill this sacred hour With blessings for each heart.

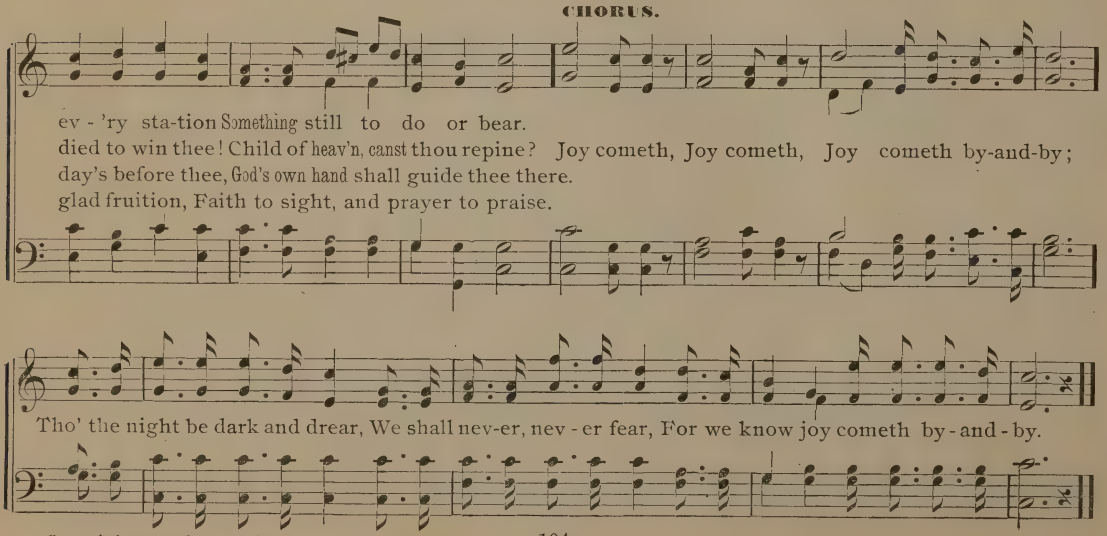
# 102. Joy Cometh By-and-By.

*"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."*—Ps. 30: 5.

H. F. LYTE. I. BALTZELL.


1. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in
2. Think what spir - it dwells with - in thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think that Je - sus
3. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by pray'r! Heav'n's e - ter - nal
4. Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days; Hope shall change to

CHORUS.


ev - 'ry sta-tion Something still to do or bear.
died to win thee! Child of heav'n, canst thou repine? Joy cometh, Joy cometh, Joy cometh by-and-by;
day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
Tho' the night be dark and drear, We shall nev-er, nev - er fear, For we know joy cometh by - and - by.

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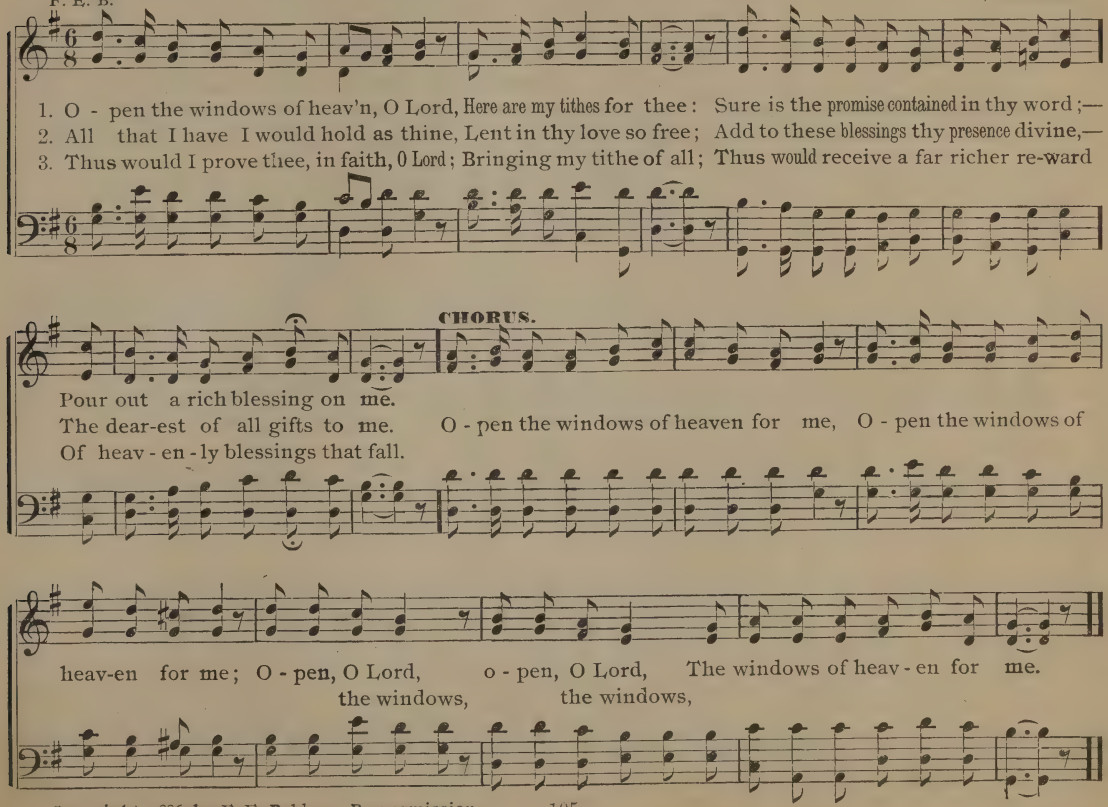
# 103. Open the Windows of Heaven.

*"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse * * and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."*—Mal. 3: 10.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.


1. O - pen the windows of heav'n, O Lord, Here are my tithes for thee: Sure is the promise contained in thy word;—
2. All that I have I would hold as thine, Lent in thy love so free; Add to these blessings thy presence divine,—
3. Thus would I prove thee, in faith, O Lord; Bringing my tithe of all; Thus would receive a far richer re-ward
CHORUS.
Pour out a rich blessing on me.
The dear-est of all gifts to me.
Of heav - en - ly blessings that fall.
O - pen the windows of heaven for me, O - pen the windows of
heav-en for me; O - pen, O Lord, o - pen, O Lord, The windows of heav - en for me.
the windows, the windows,

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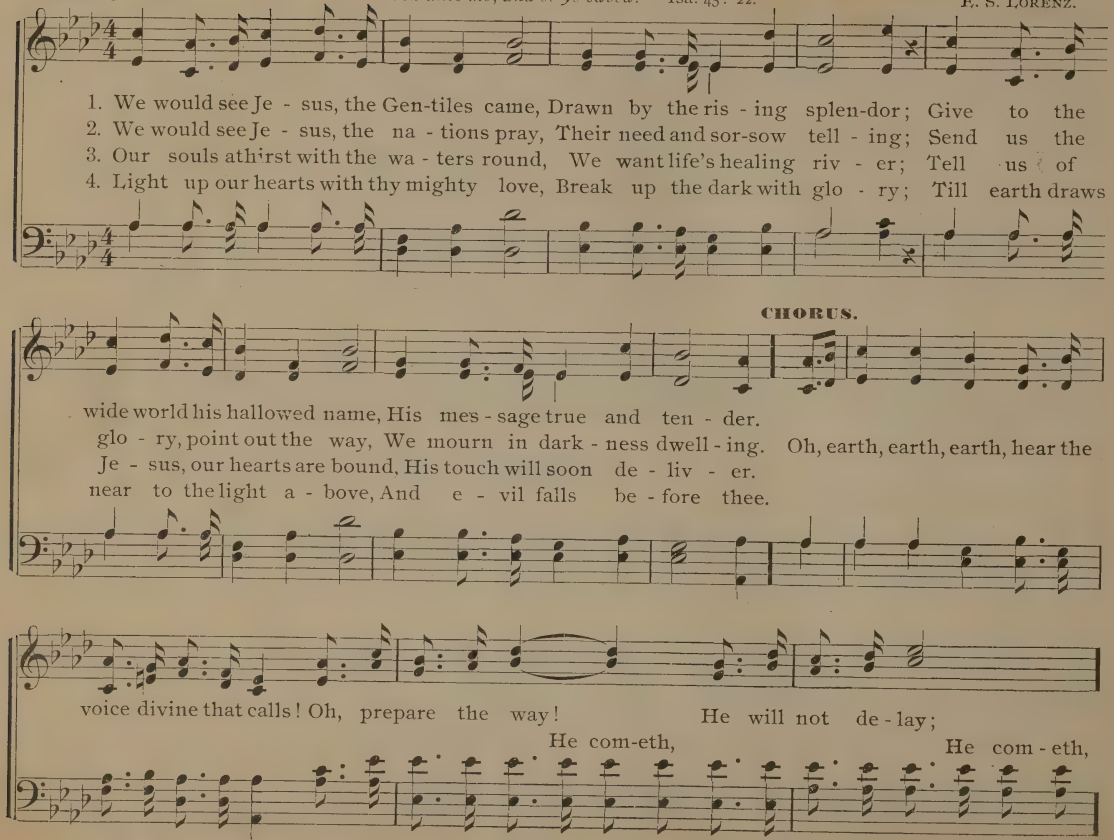
# 104. We Would See Jesus.

MISS P. J. OWENS. *"Look unto me, and be ye saved."*—Isa. 45: 22. E. S. LORENZ.


1. We would see Je - sus, the Gen-tiles came, Drawn by the ris - ing splen-dor; Give to the
2. We would see Je - sus, the na - tions pray, Their need and sor-sow tell - ing; Send us the
3. Our souls athirst with the wa - ters round, We want life's healing riv - er; Tell us of
4. Light up our hearts with thy mighty love, Break up the dark with glo - ry; Till earth draws
CHORUS.
wide world his hallowed name, His mes - sage true and ten - der.
glo - ry, point out the way, We mourn in dark - ness dwell - ing. Oh, earth, earth, earth, hear the
Je - sus, our hearts are bound, His touch will soon de - liv - er.
near to the light a - bove, And e - vil falls be - fore thee.
voice divine that calls! Oh, prepare the way! He will not de - lay;
He com-eth, He com - eth,

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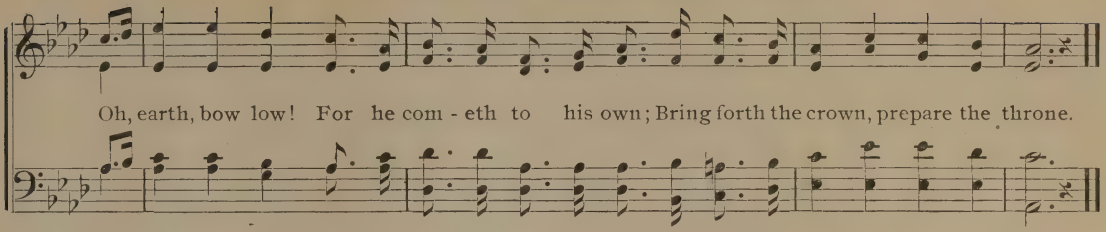
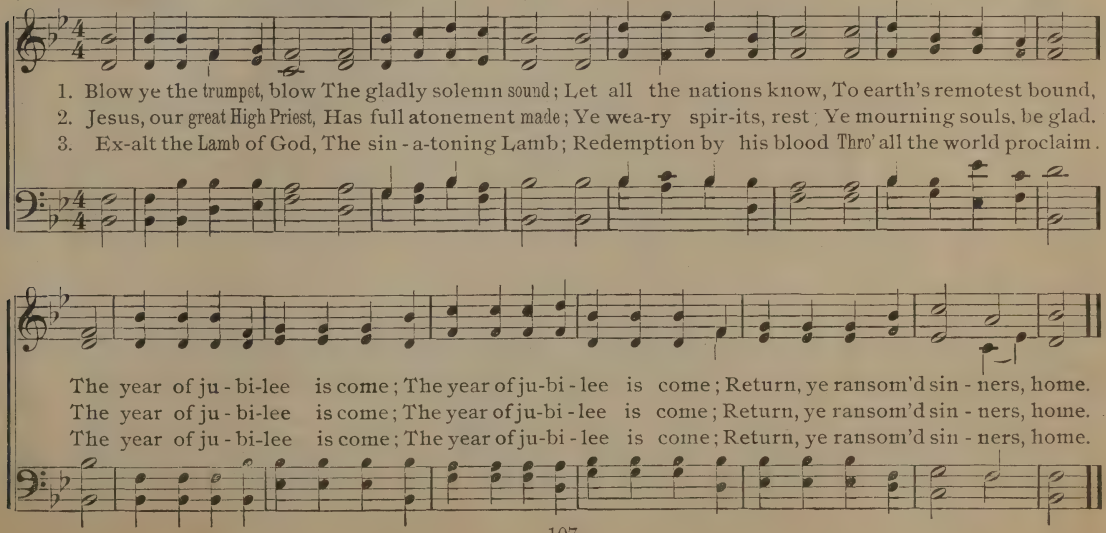
## We Would See Jesus. Concluded.



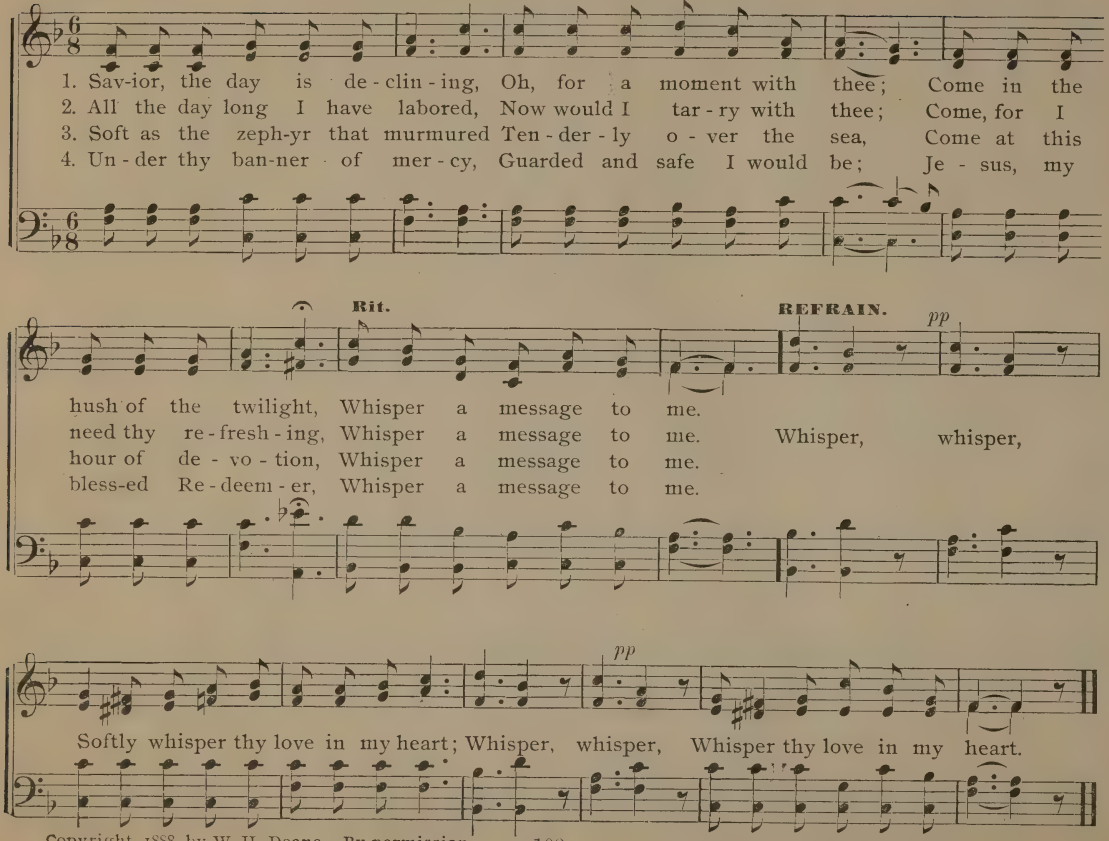

## 105. Lenox. H. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. *"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound."*—Lev. 25: 9. LEWIS EDSON.


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Has full atonement made; Ye wea-ry spir-its, rest; Ye mourning souls, be glad.
3. Ex-alt the Lamb of God, The sin - a-toning Lamb; Redemption by his blood Thro' all the world proclaim.
The year of ju - bi-lee is come; The year of ju-bi - lee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.
The year of ju - bi-lee is come; The year of ju-bi - lee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.
The year of ju - bi-lee is come; The year of ju-bi - lee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

# 106. Whisper a Message.

MYRA JUDSON. *"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."*—PS. 25: 14. W. H. DOANE.


1. Sav-ior, the day is de-clin-ing, Oh, for a moment with thee; Come in the
2. All the day long I have labored, Now would I tar-ry with thee; Come, for I
3. Soft as the zeph-yr that murmured Ten-der-ly o-ver the sea, Come at this
4. Un-der thy ban-ner of mer-cy, Guarded and safe I would be; Je-sus, my
Rit.
REFRAIN.
pp
hush of the twilight, Whisper a message to me.
need thy re-fresh-ing, Whisper a message to me.
hour of de-vo-tion, Whisper a message to me.
bless-ed Re-deem-er, Whisper a message to me.
Whisper, whisper,
pp
Softly whisper thy love in my heart; Whisper, whisper, Whisper thy love in my heart.

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# 107. The Church-Bell.

*"And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."*—Eph. 2 : 6.

C. R. BLACKALL. E. S. LORENZ.

Not too fast.
1. Bim, bome! bim, bome! Rings the church-bell from the steeple; Bim, bome! bim, bome! Calling to
2. Bim, bome! bim, bome! Rings the bell out from the steeple, Bim, bome! bim, bome! Welcome it
3. Bim, bome! bim, bome! Loud rings the bell from the steeple; Bim, bome! bim, bome! Cheer-i - ly
Fine.
meeting the peo-ple; Min - is - ter there, Read-y for pray'r, Looking for all of his
gives all the peo-ple; We must be there, Blessing to share, Room there for all lit - tle
call - ing the peo-ple; Christians are there, Free from all care; They are the hap - pi - est
D. C.
peo-ple; Singers in place, Fill-ing their space, While rings the bell in the steeple.
peo-ple; Songs we may raise, Full of sweet praise; Rings the church-bell from the steeple.
peo-ple; Praises they sing, Worship they bring; Rings the church-bell from the steeple.

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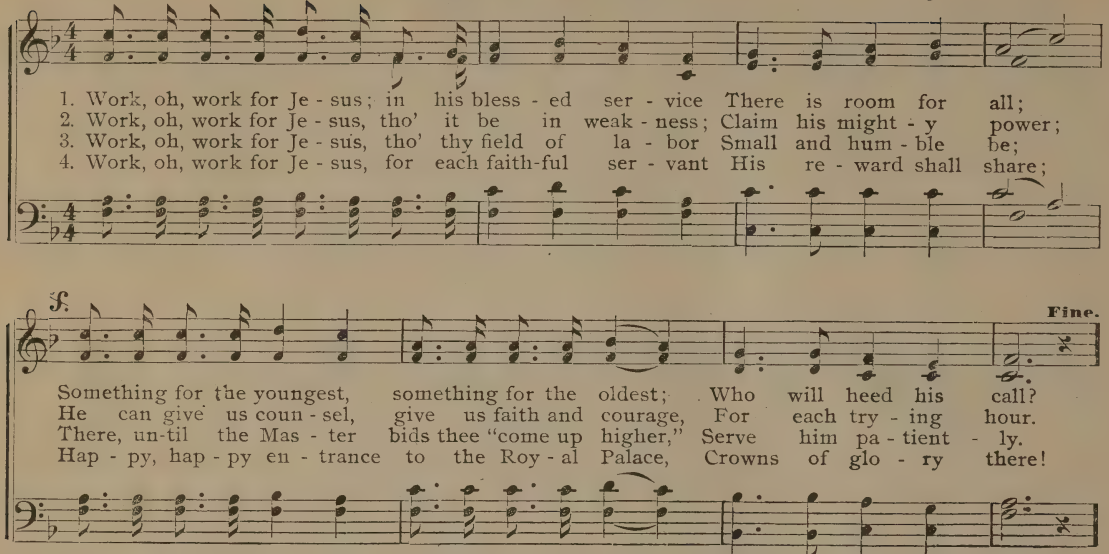
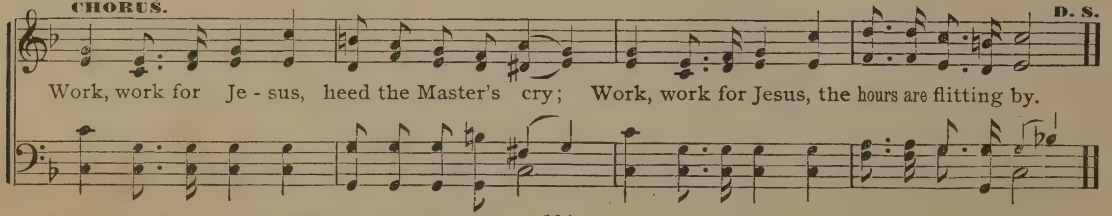
# 108. Work, oh, Work for Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. "*Go work to-day in my vineyard.*"—Matt. 21 : 28. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Work, oh, work for Je - sus; in his bless - ed ser - vice There is room for all;
2. Work, oh, work for Je - sus, tho' it be in weak - ness; Claim his might - y power;
3. Work, oh, work for Je - sus, tho' thy field of la - bor Small and hum - ble be;
4. Work, oh, work for Je - sus, for each faith-ful ser - vant His re - ward shall share;
f.
Fine.
Something for the youngest, something for the oldest; Who will heed his call?
He can give us coun - sel, give us faith and courage, For each try - ing hour.
There, un-til the Mas - ter bids thee "come up higher," Serve him pa - tient - ly.
Hap - py, hap - py en - trance to the Roy - al Palace, Crowns of glo - ry there!
D. S. *Broad the fields of harvest, see how white they lie: Work, go work to - day.*

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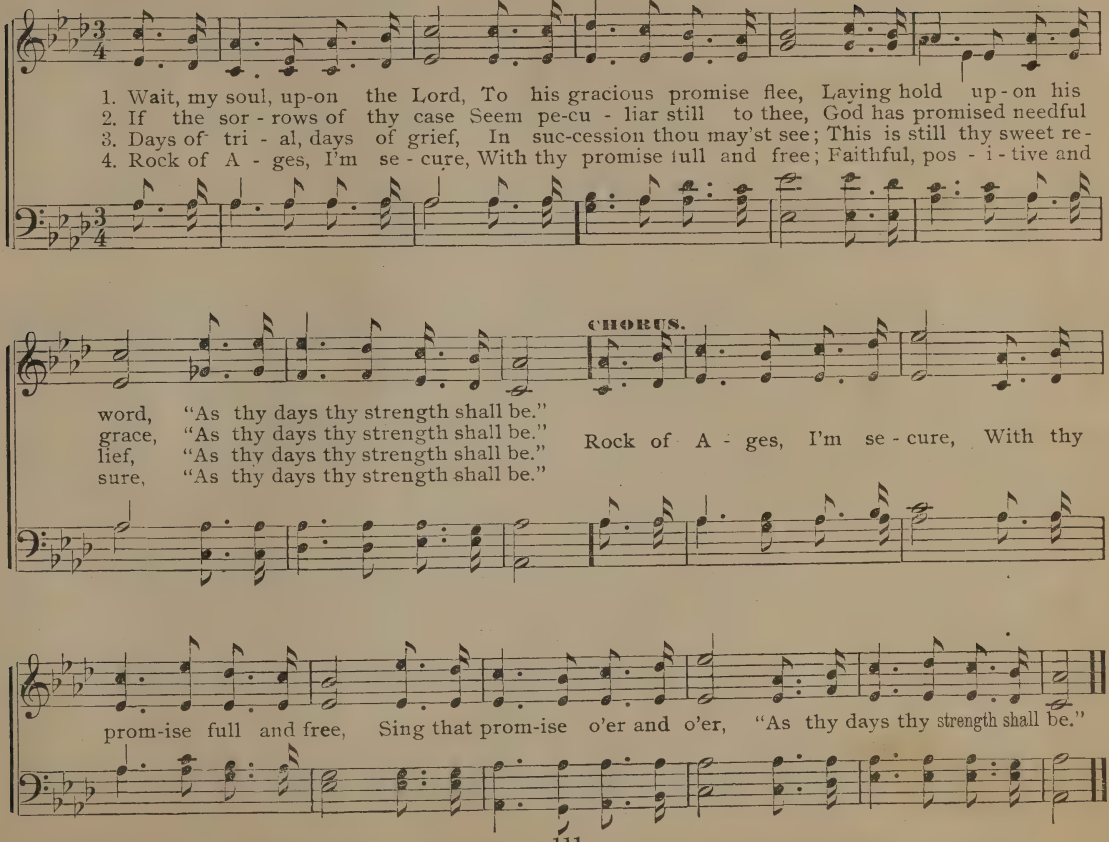
# 109. "As Thy Days."

W. F. LLOYD. *"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."*—Deut. 33:25. I. BALTZELL.


1. Wait, my soul, up-on the Lord, To his gracious promise flee, Laying hold up-on his
2. If the sor-rows of thy case Seem pe-cu-liar still to thee, God has promised needful
3. Days of tri-al, days of grief, In suc-cession thou may'st see; This is still thy sweet re-
4. Rock of A-ges, I'm se-cure, With thy promise full and free; Faithful, pos-i-tive and
CHORUS.
word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
grace, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
sure, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
Rock of A-ges, I'm se-cure, With thy
prom-ise full and free, Sing that prom-ise o'er and o'er, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

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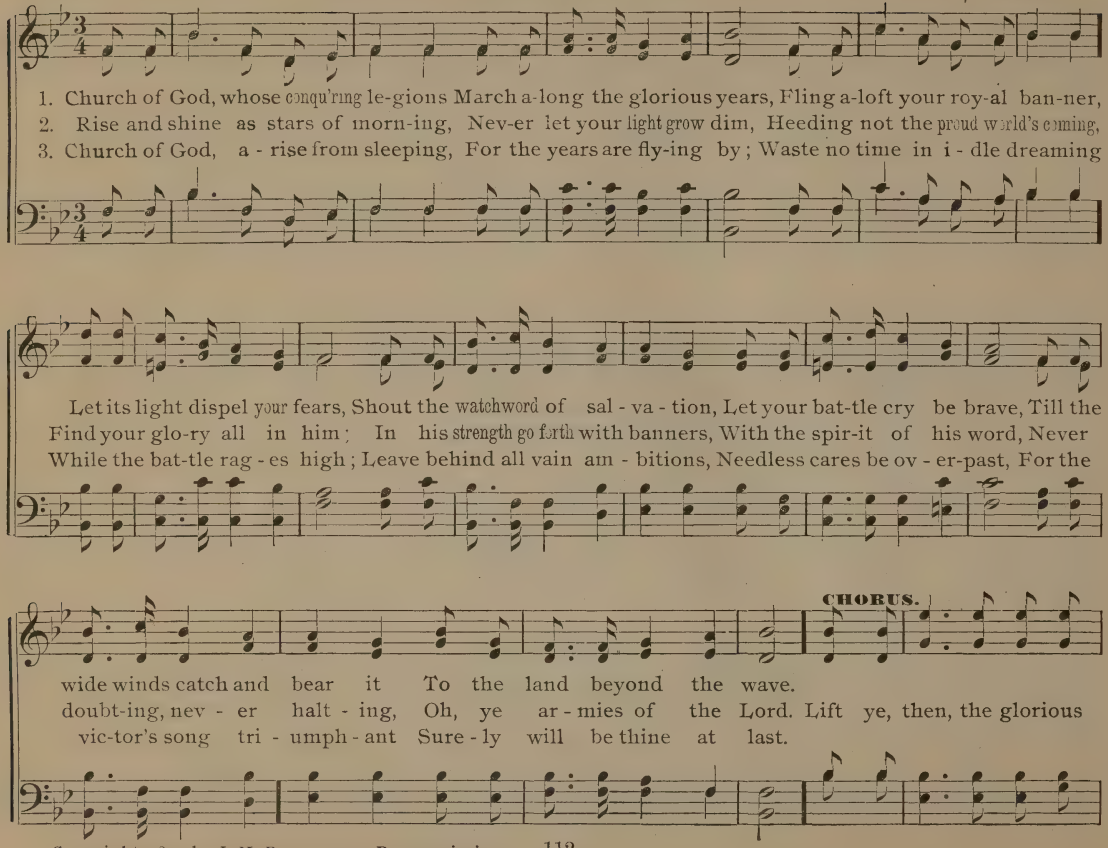
# 110. On to Victory.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. *"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion."*—Isa. 52: 1. J. H. ROSECRANS.


1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring le-gions March a-long the glorious years, Fling a-loft your roy-al ban-ner,
2. Rise and shine as stars of morn-ing, Nev-er let your light grow dim, Heeding not the proud world's coming,
3. Church of God, a - rise from sleeping, For the years are fly-ing by; Waste no time in i - dle dreaming
Let its light dispel your fears, Shout the watchword of sal - va - tion, Let your bat-tle cry be brave, Till the
Find your glo-ry all in him; In his strength go forth with banners, With the spir-it of his word, Never
While the bat-tle rag - es high; Leave behind all vain am - bitions, Needless cares be ov - er-past, For the
CHORUS.
wide winds catch and bear it To the land beyond the wave.
doubt-ing, nev - er halt - ing, Oh, ye ar - mies of the Lord. Lift ye, then, the glorious
vic-tor's song tri - umph - ant Sure - ly will be thine at last.

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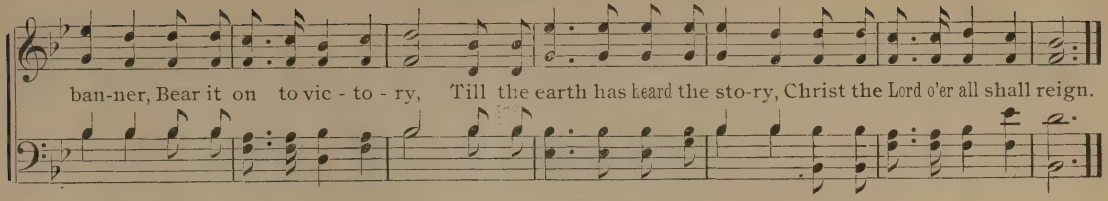
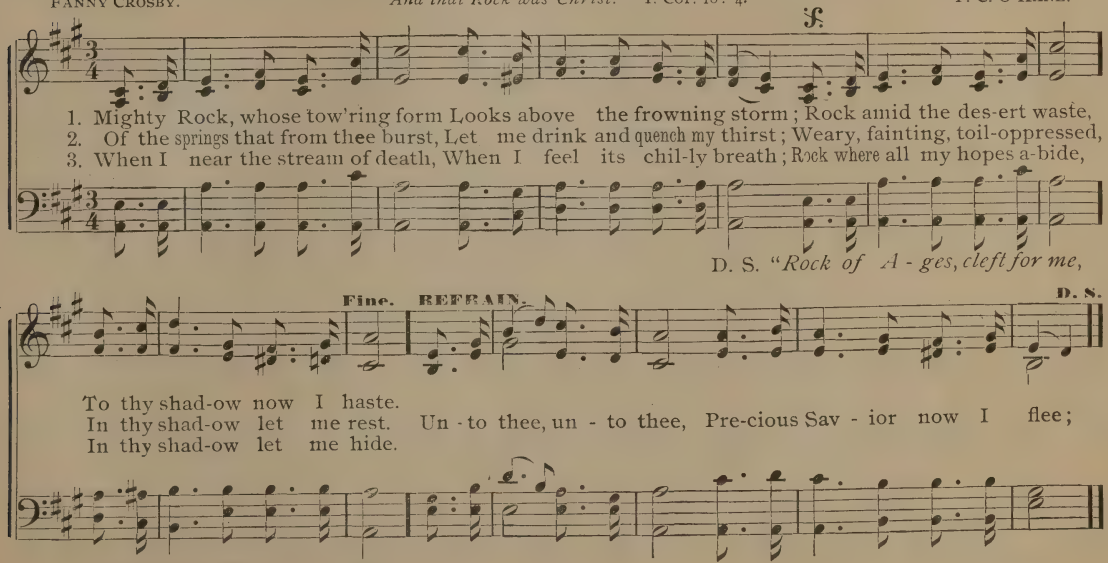
## On to Victory. Concluded.




## 111. Cleft for Me.

FANNY CROSBY. *"And that Rock was Christ."*—I. Cor. 10: 4. T. C. O'KANE.


1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks above the frowning storm; Rock amid the des-ert waste,
2. Of the springs that from thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst; Weary, fainting, toil-oppressed,
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chil-ly breath; Rock where all my hopes a-bide,
D. S. "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
Fine. REFRAIN. D. S.
To thy shad-ow now I haste.
In thy shad-ow let me rest. Un - to thee, un - to thee, Pre-cious Sav - ior now I flee;
In thy shad-ow let me hide.
Let me hide my - self in thee."

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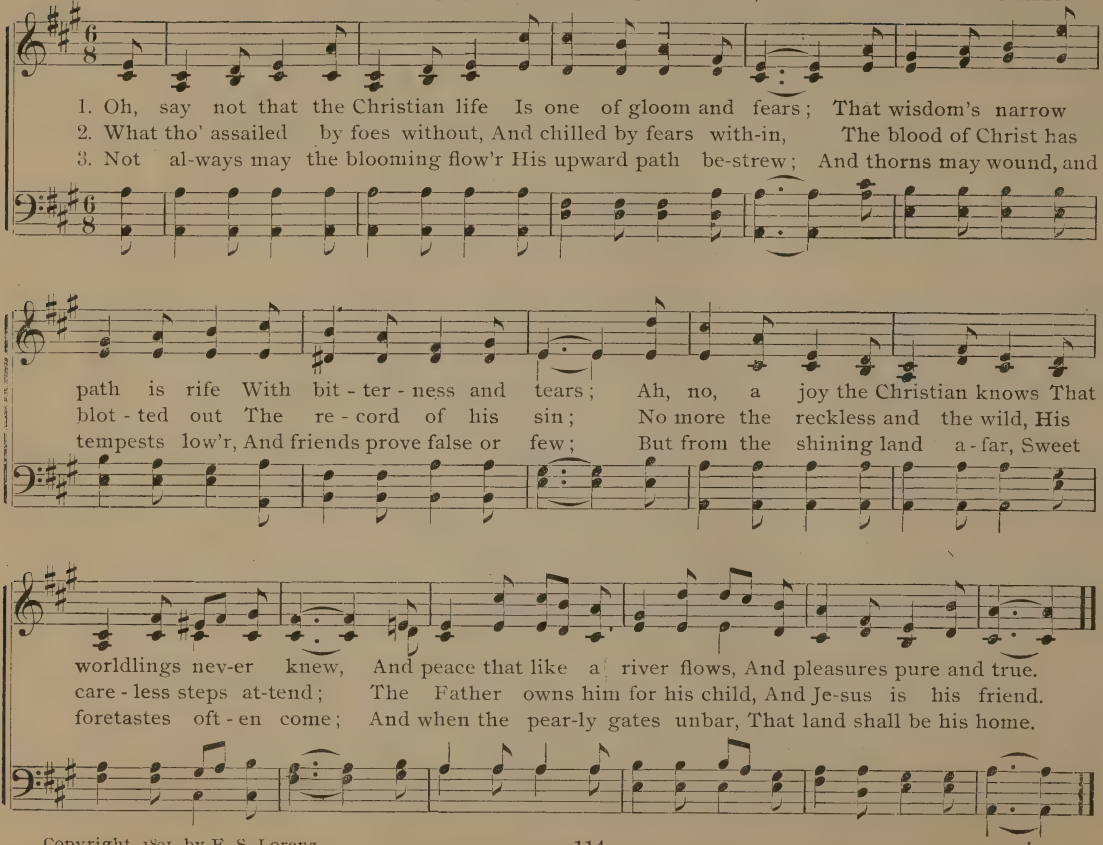
# 112. Godliness, Great Gain.

A. A. G. *"Godliness is profitable unto all things."*—I. Tim. 4: 8. REV. A. A. GRALEY.


1. Oh, say not that the Christian life Is one of gloom and fears; That wisdom's narrow
2. What tho' assailed by foes without, And chilled by fears with-in, The blood of Christ has
3. Not al-ways may the blooming flow'r His upward path be-strew; And thorns may wound, and
path is rife With bit-ter-ness and tears; Ah, no, a joy the Christian knows That
blot-ted out The re-cord of his sin; No more the reckless and the wild, His
tempests low'r, And friends prove false or few; But from the shining land a-far, Sweet
worldlings nev-er knew, And peace that like a river flows, And pleasures pure and true.
care-less steps at-tend; The Father owns him for his child, And Je-sus is his friend.
foretastes oft-en come; And when the pear-ly gates unbar, That land shall be his home.

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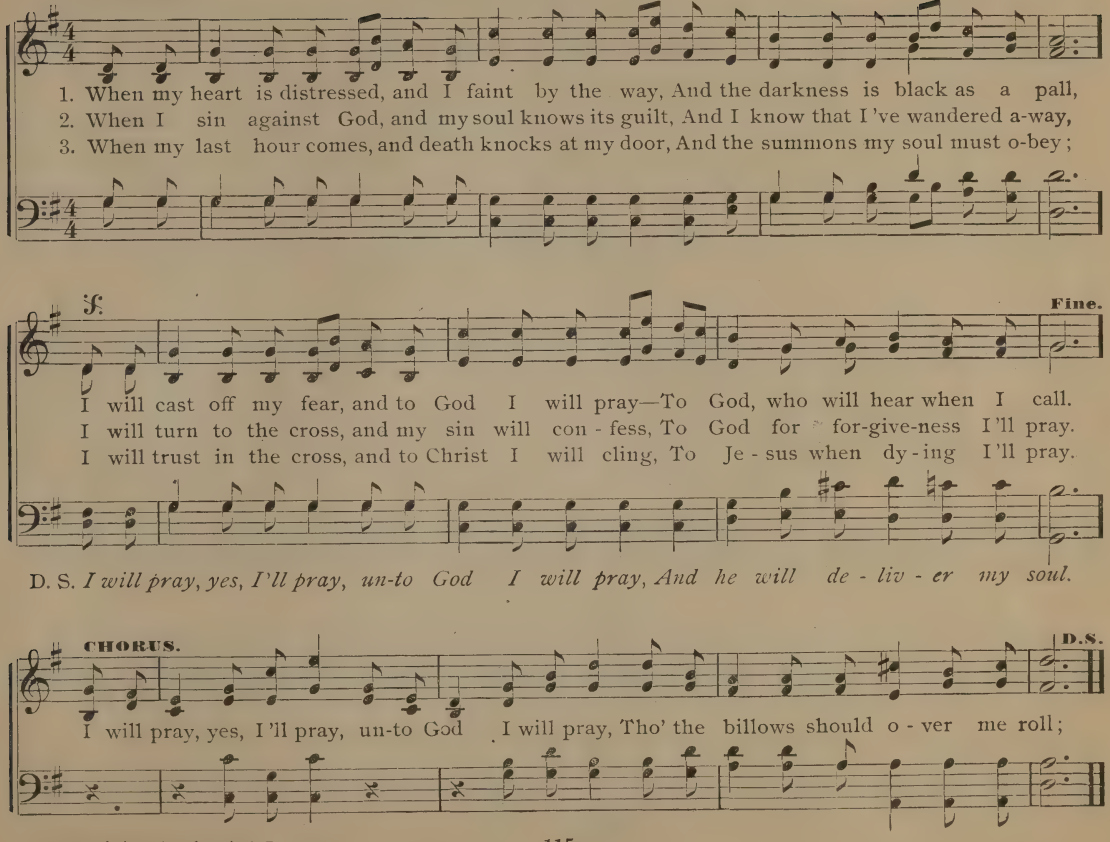
# 113. I'll Pray Unto God.

H. R. TRICKETT. *"Unto thee will I pray."*—Ps. 5: 2. E. S. LORENZ.


1. When my heart is distressed, and I faint by the way, And the darkness is black as a pall,
2. When I sin against God, and my soul knows its guilt, And I know that I've wandered a-way,
3. When my last hour comes, and death knocks at my door, And the summons my soul must o-bey;
f:
Fine.
I will cast off my fear, and to God I will pray—To God, who will hear when I call.
I will turn to the cross, and my sin will con - fess, To God for for-give-ness I'll pray.
I will trust in the cross, and to Christ I will cling, To Je - sus when dy - ing I'll pray.
D. S. I will pray, yes, I'll pray, un-to God I will pray, And he will de - liv - er my soul.
CHORUS.
D.S.
I will pray, yes, I'll pray, un-to God I will pray, Tho' the billows should o - ver me roll;

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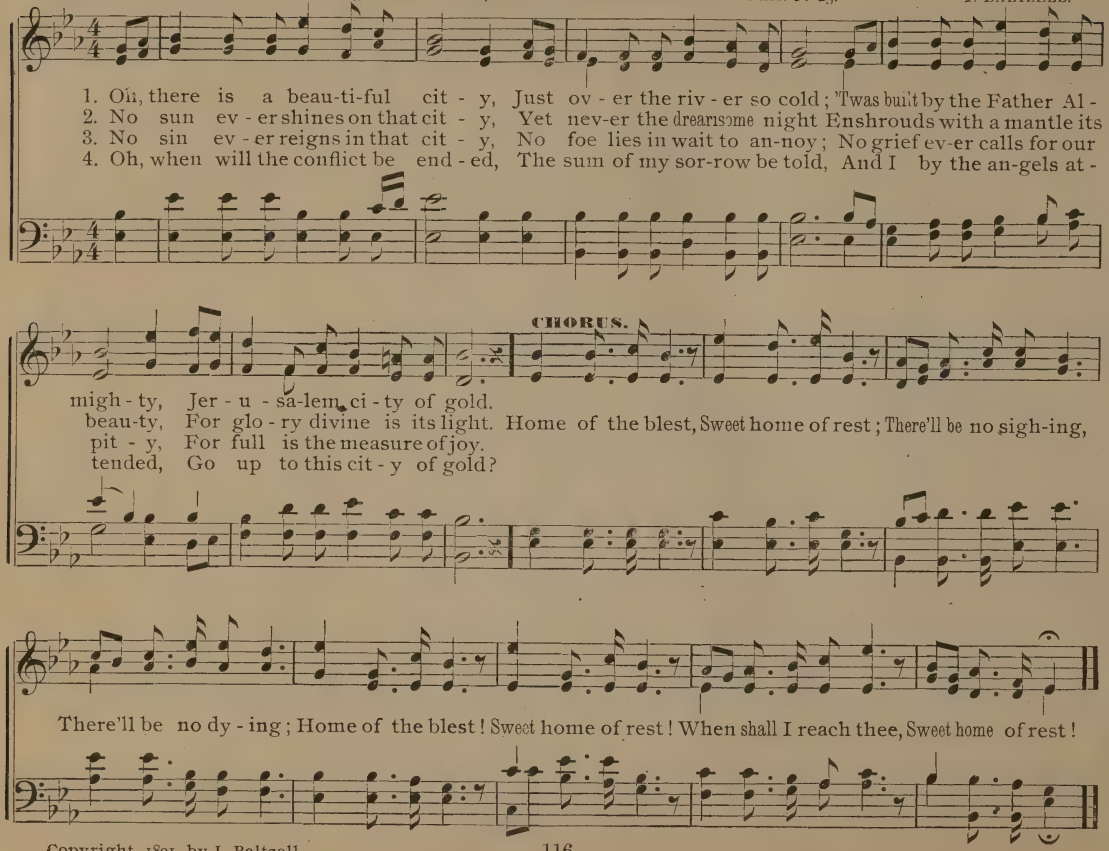
# 114. Sweet Home of Rest.

REV. A. A. GRALEY. *"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."*—Phil. 1: 23. I. BALTZELL.


1. Oh, there is a beau-ti-ful cit - y, Just ov - er the riv - er so cold; 'Twas built by the Father Al -
2. No sun ev - er shines on that cit - y, Yet nev-er the drearisome night Enshrouds with a mantle its
3. No sin ev - er reigns in that cit - y, No foe lies in wait to an-noy; No grief ev-er calls for our
4. Oh, when will the conflict be end - ed, The sum of my sor-row be told, And I by the an-gels at -
CHORUS.
migh - ty, Jer - u - sa-lem ci - ty of gold.
beau-ty, For glo - ry divine is its light. Home of the blest, Sweet home of rest; There'll be no sigh-ing,
pit - y, For full is the measure of joy.
tended, Go up to this cit - y of gold?
There'll be no dy - ing; Home of the blest! Sweet home of rest! When shall I reach thee, Sweet home of rest!

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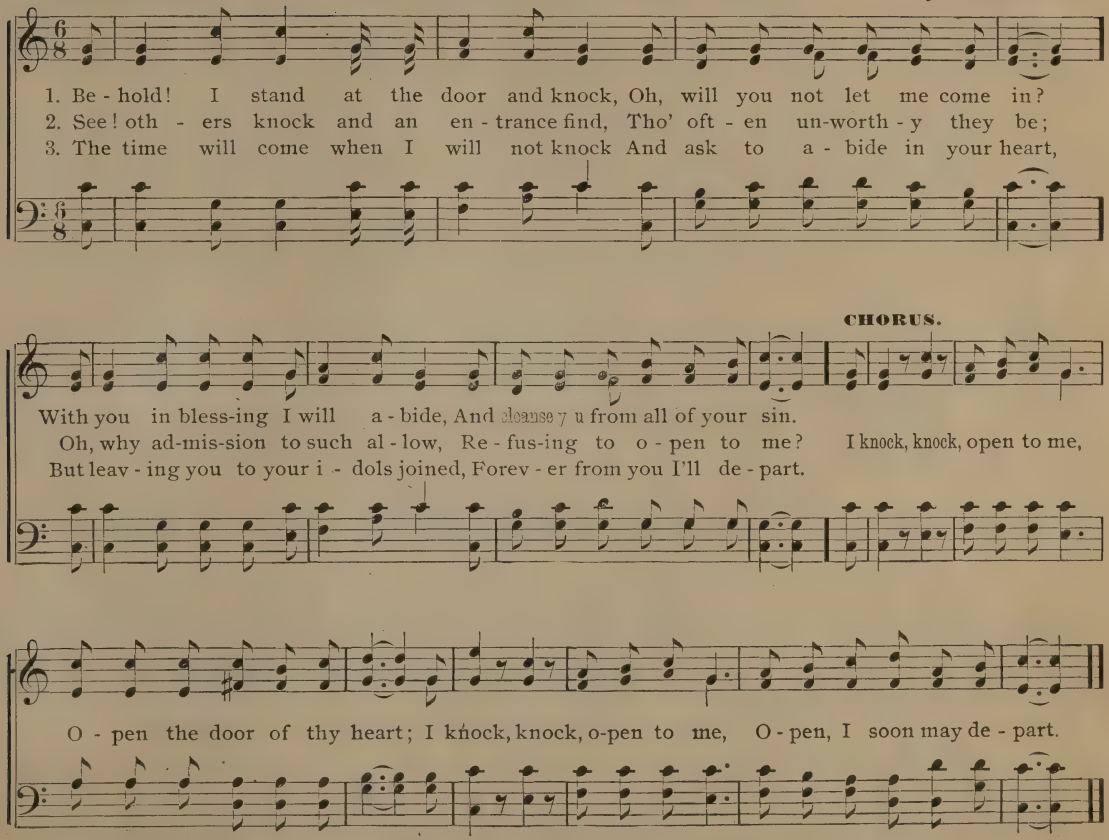
# 115. Behold! I Stand and Knock.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. *"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."*—Rev. 3: 20. J. H. ROSECRANS.


1. Be - hold! I stand at the door and knock, Oh, will you not let me come in?
2. See! oth - ers knock and an en - trance find, Tho' oft - en un-worth - y they be;
3. The time will come when I will not knock And ask to a - bide in your heart,
CHORUS.
With you in bless-ing I will a - bide, And cleanse you from all of your sin.
Oh, why ad-mis-sion to such al - low, Re - fus-ing to o - pen to me? I knock, knock, open to me,
But leav - ing you to your i - dols joined, Forev - er from you I'll de - part.
O - pen the door of thy heart; I knock, knock, o-pen to me, O - pen, I soon may de - part.

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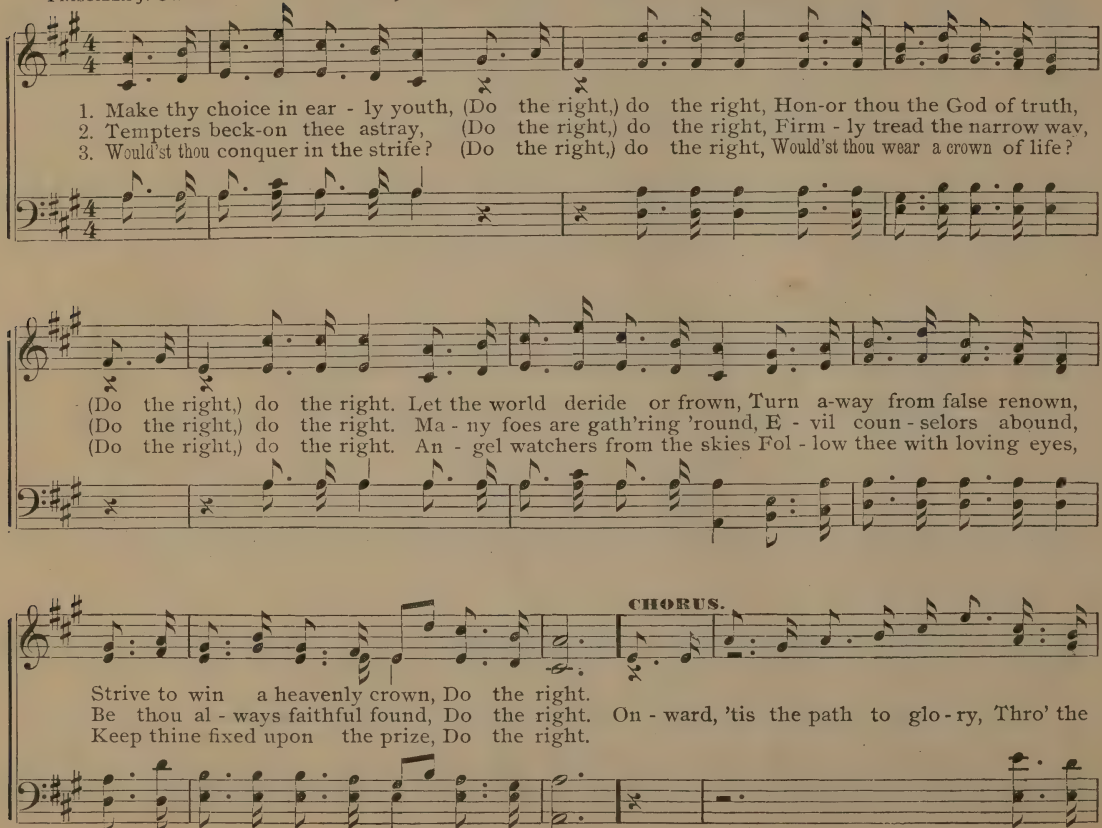
# 116. Do the Right.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"I will teach you the good and the right way."*—I. Sam. 12: 23. E. S. L.


1. Make thy choice in ear - ly youth, (Do the right,) do the right, Hon-or thou the God of truth,
2. Tempters beck-on thee astray, (Do the right,) do the right, Firm - ly tread the narrow way,
3. Would'st thou conquer in the strife? (Do the right,) do the right, Would'st thou wear a crown of life?
(Do the right,) do the right. Let the world deride or frown, Turn a-way from false renown,
(Do the right,) do the right. Ma - ny foes are gath'ring 'round, E - vil coun - selors abound,
(Do the right,) do the right. An - gel watchers from the skies Fol - low thee with loving eyes,
CHORUS.
Strive to win a heavenly crown, Do the right.
Be thou al - ways faithful found, Do the right.
Keep thine fixed upon the prize, Do the right.
On - ward, 'tis the path to glo - ry, Thro' the

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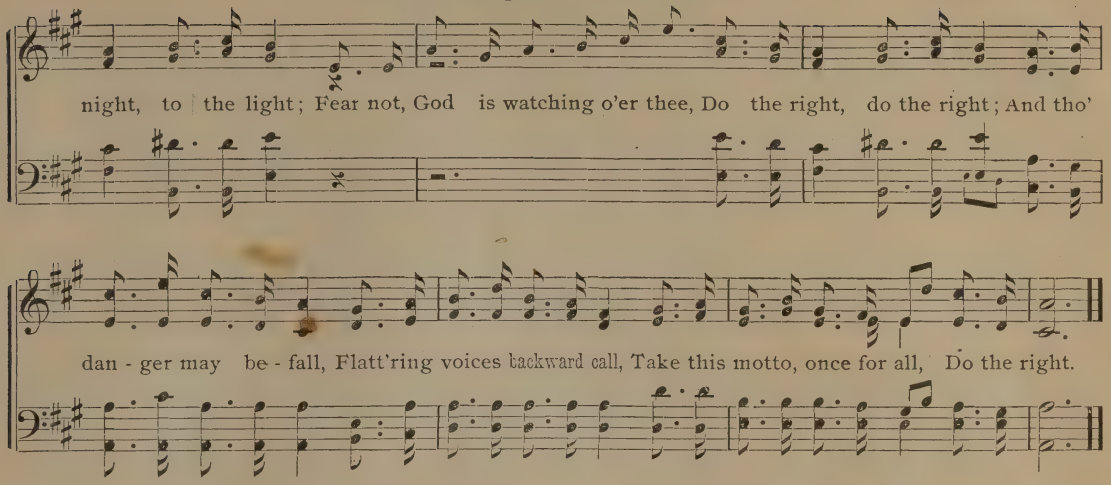
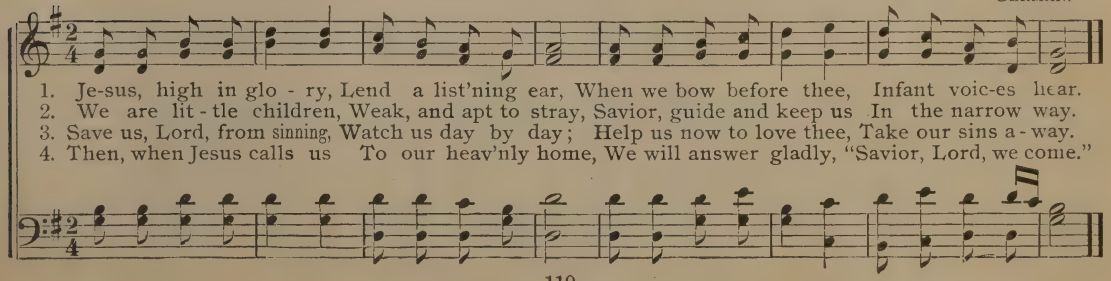
## Do the Right. Concluded.


night, to the light; Fear not, God is watching o'er thee, Do the right, do the right; And tho'
dan - ger may be - fall, Flatt'ring voices backward call, Take this motto, once for all, Do the right.

## 117. A Child's Prayer.

*"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."*—Matt. 18: 10.

GERMAN.


1. Je-sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear, When we bow before thee, Infant voic-es hear.
2. We are lit - tle children, Weak, and apt to stray, Savior, guide and keep us In the narrow way.
3. Save us, Lord, from sinning, Watch us day by day; Help us now to love thee, Take our sins a - way.
4. Then, when Jesus calls us To our heav'nly home, We will answer gladly, "Savior, Lord, we come."

# 118. The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER. *"The Lord is my light."*—Ps. 27: 1. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light;
2. We who know our sins forgiv'n, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light;
3. As we journey here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light;
4. We will sing his pow'r to save, We are walking in the light, We are walking in the light;
Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
REFRAIN.
We are walk - - ing in the light, . . . . We are walk - - ing in the light, . . . . .
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light, beautiful light of God.

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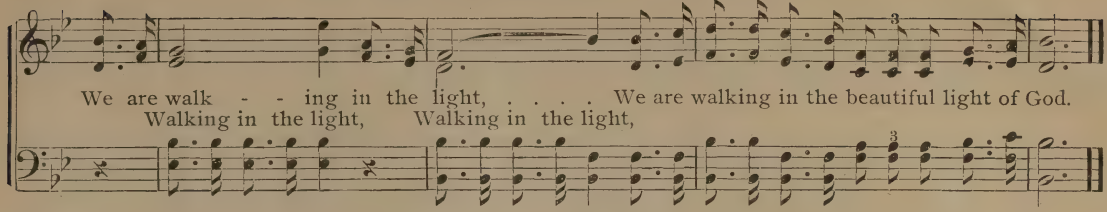
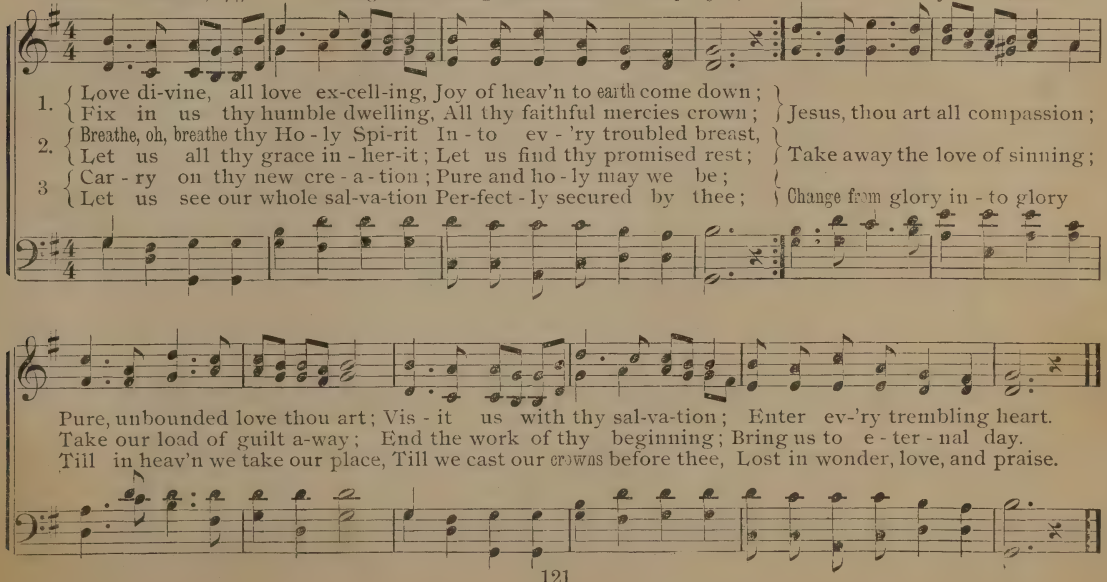
## The Beautiful Light. Concluded.



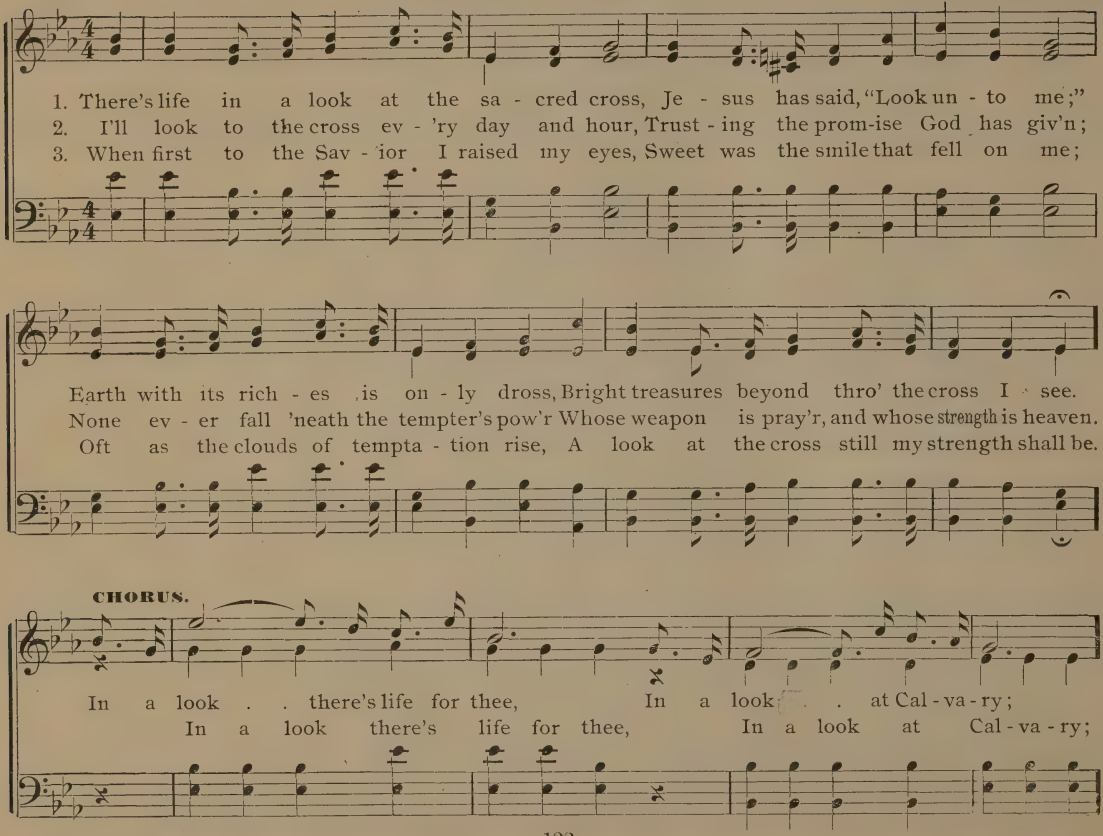

## 119. Geinsheim. 8s & 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1747. *"Being rooted and grounded in love."*—Eph. 3 : 17. VOLKSLIED. Arr. by E. S. LORENZ.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown ; Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy Ho - ly Spi-rit In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast,
Let us all thy grace in - her-it ; Let us find thy promised rest ; Take away the love of sinning ;
3 Car - ry on thy new cre - a - tion ; Pure and ho - ly may we be ;
Let us see our whole sal-va-tion Per-fect - ly secured by thee ; Change from glory in - to glory
Pure, unbounded love thou art ; Vis - it us with thy sal-va-tion ; Enter ev-'ry trembling heart.
Take our load of guilt a-way ; End the work of thy beginning ; Bring us to e - ter - nal day.
Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

# 120. There's Life in a Look.

F. E. B. *"Look unto me, and be ye saved."*—Isa. 45: 22. F. E. BELDEN.


1. There's life in a look at the sa - cred cross, Je - sus has said, "Look un - to me;"
2. I'll look to the cross ev - 'ry day and hour, Trust - ing the prom-ise God has giv'n;
3. When first to the Sav - ior I raised my eyes, Sweet was the smile that fell on me;
Earth with its rich - es is on - ly dross, Bright treasures beyond thro' the cross I see.
None ev - er fall 'neath the tempter's pow'r Whose weapon is pray'r, and whose strength is heaven.
Oft as the clouds of tempta - tion rise, A look at the cross still my strength shall be.
CHORUS.
In a look . . there's life for thee, In a look . . at Cal - va - ry;
In a look there's life for thee, In a look at Cal - va - ry;

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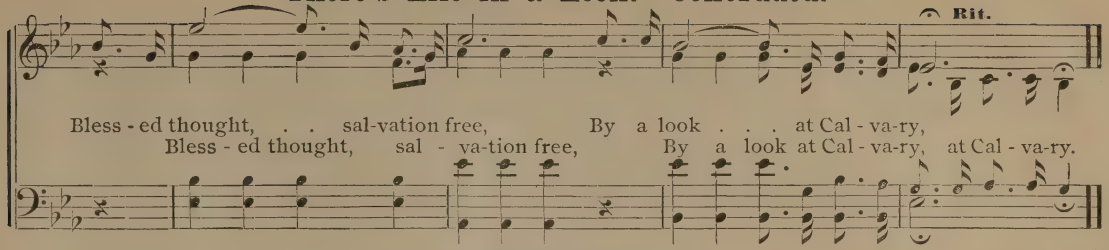
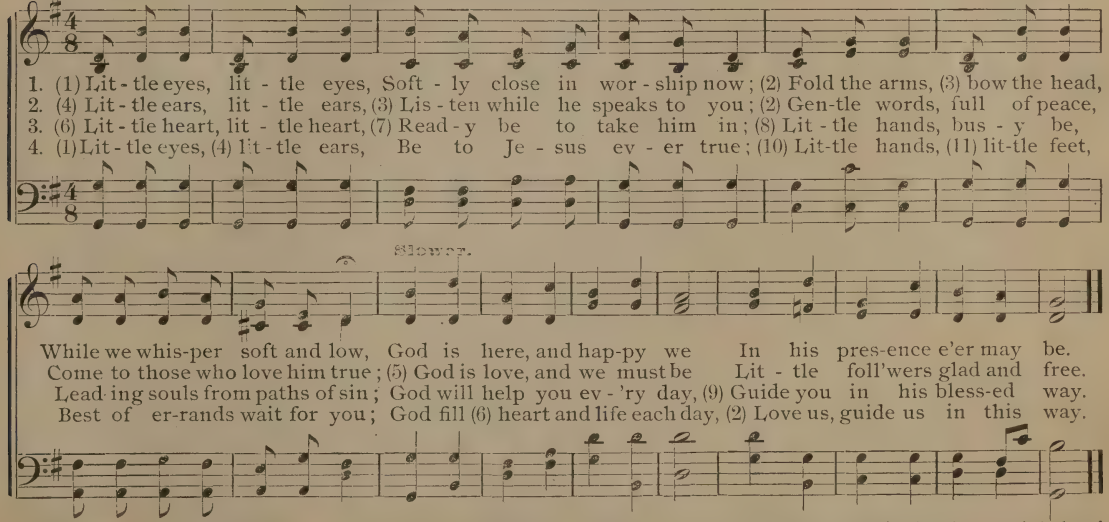
## There's Life in a Look. Concluded.




## 121. Little Eyes.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. *"Suffer little children to come unto me."*—Luke 18: 16. W. H. DOANE.


1. (1) Lit - tle eyes, lit - tle eyes, Soft - ly close in wor - ship now; (2) Fold the arms, (3) bow the head,
2. (4) Lit - tle ears, lit - tle ears, (3) Lis - ten while he speaks to you; (2) Gen-tle words, full of peace,
3. (6) Lit - tle heart, lit - tle heart, (7) Read - y be to take him in; (8) Lit - tle hands, bus - y be,
4. (1) Lit - tle eyes, (4) lit - tle ears, Be to Je - sus ev - er true; (10) Lit-tle hands, (11) lit-tle feet,
Slower.
While we whis-per soft and low, God is here, and hap-py we In his pres-ence e'er may be.
Come to those who love him true; (5) God is love, and we must be Lit - tle foll'wers glad and free.
Lead ing souls from paths of sin; God will help you ev - 'ry day, (9) Guide you in his bless-ed way.
Best of er-rands wait for you; God fill (6) heart and life each day, (2) Love us, guide us in this way.

MOTIONS FOR OPENING SONG:—(1) Touch eyes. (2) Fold arms. (3) Bow head. (4) Touch ears. (5) Raise hands. (6) Right hand over heart. (7) Spread hands and arms. (8) Wave hands from side to side. (9) Point upward with forefinger of right hand. (10) Raise hands and move them. (11) Raise feet alternately as in walking.

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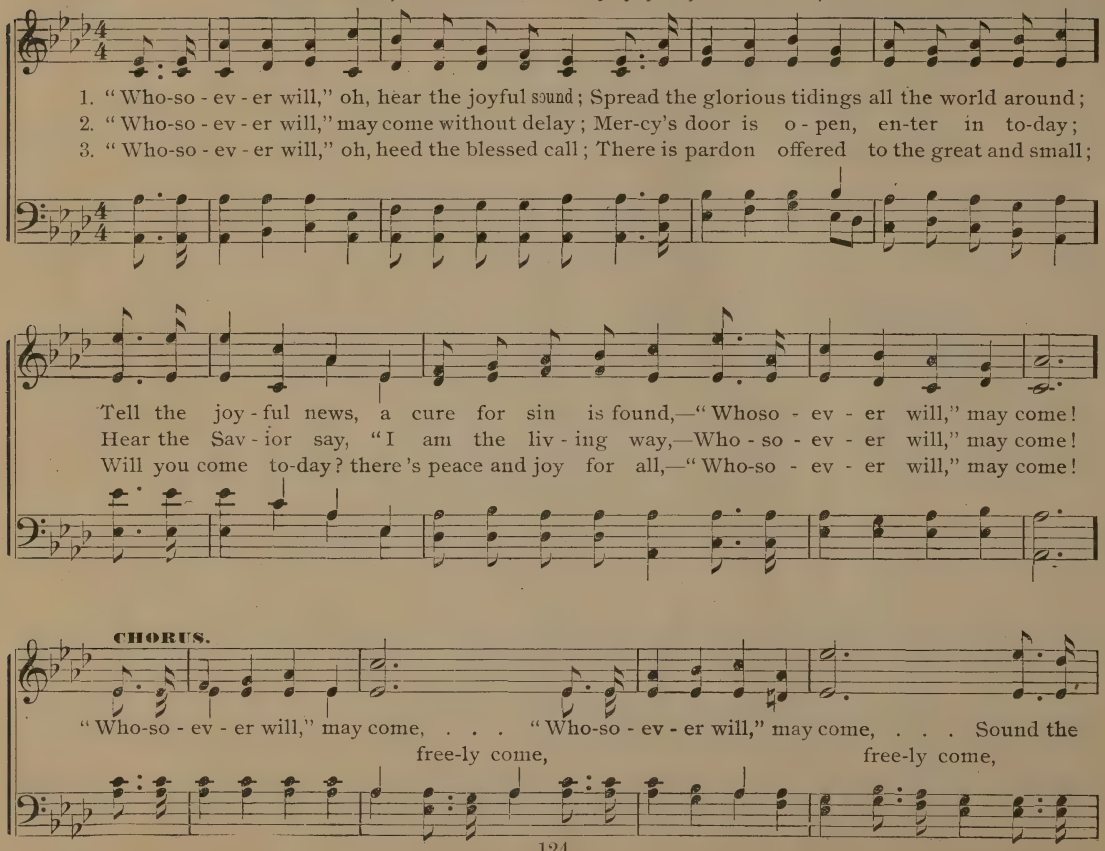
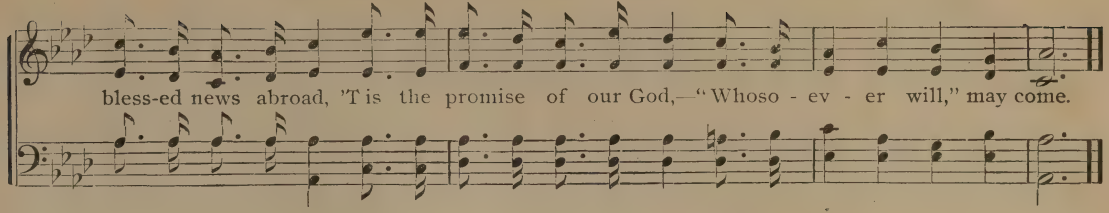
# 122. "Whosoever Will, May Come."

AMICUS. *"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."*—Rev. 22: 17. I. BALTZELL.

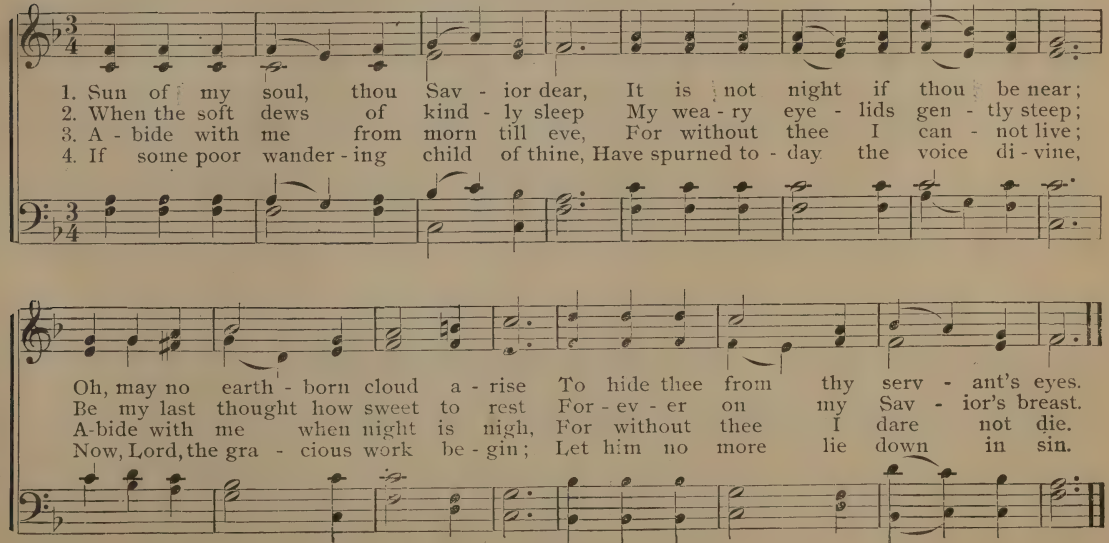

1. "Who-so - ev - er will," oh, hear the joyful sound; Spread the glorious tidings all the world around;
2. "Who-so - ev - er will," may come without delay; Mer-cy's door is o - pen, en-ter in to-day;
3. "Who-so - ev - er will," oh, heed the blessed call; There is pardon offered to the great and small;
Tell the joy - ful news, a cure for sin is found,—"Whoso - ev - er will," may come!
Hear the Sav - ior say, "I am the liv - ing way,—Who - so - ev - er will," may come!
Will you come to-day? there's peace and joy for all,—"Who-so - ev - er will," may come!
CHORUS.
"Who-so - ev - er will," may come, . . . "Who-so - ev - er will," may come, . . . Sound the
free-ly come, free-ly come,

## "Whosoever Will, May Come." Concluded.



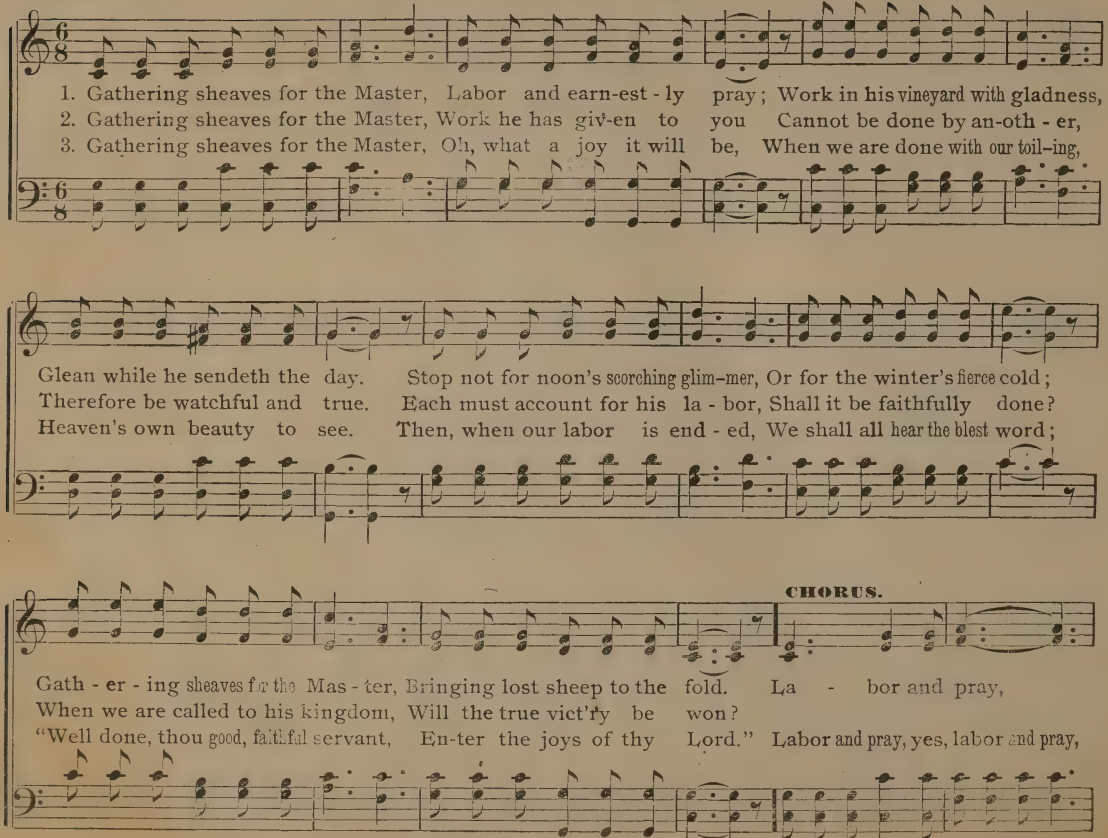

## 123. Hursley. L. M.

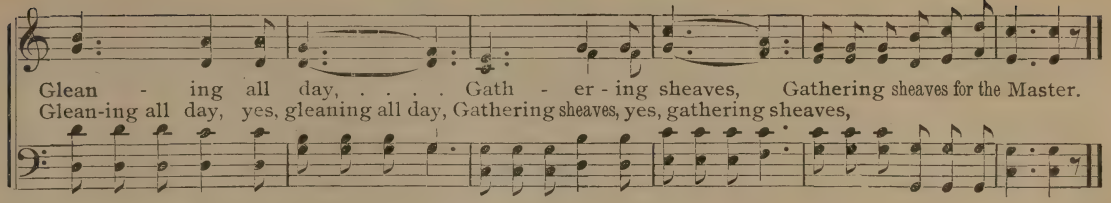
J. KEBLE, 1827. *"For the Lord God is a sun and shield."*—PS. 84: 11. PETER RITTER, 1792.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep;
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wander - ing child of thine, Have spurned to - day the voice di - vine,
Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes.
Be my last thought how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

# 124. Gathering Sheaves for the Master.

Arr. by J. H. K. *"The harvest is truly plenteous."*—Matt. 9:37. J. H. KISSINGER.

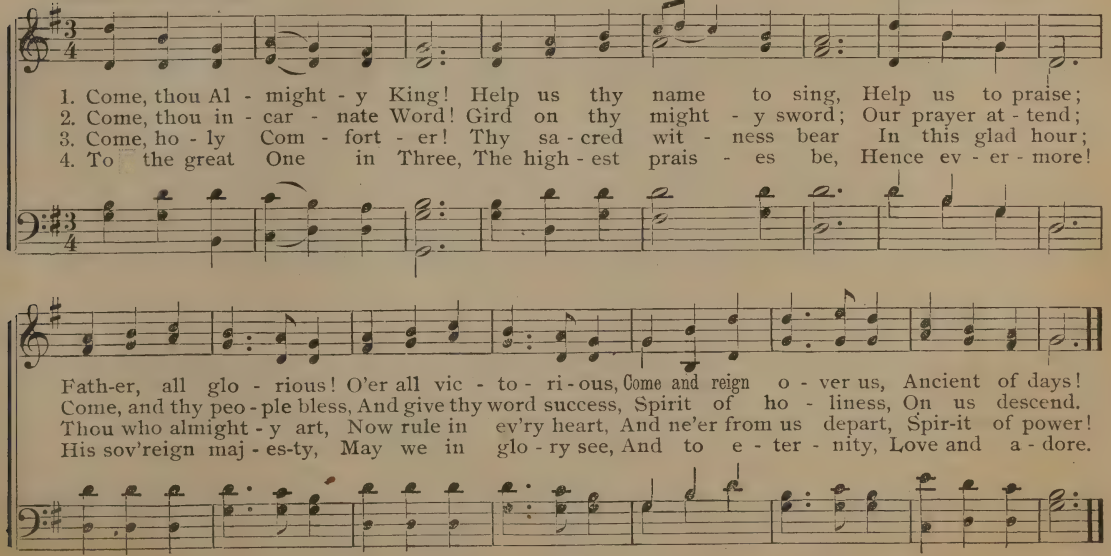

1. Gathering sheaves for the Master, Labor and earn-est - ly pray; Work in his vineyard with gladness,
2. Gathering sheaves for the Master, Work he has giv-en to you Cannot be done by an-oth - er,
3. Gathering sheaves for the Master, Oh, what a joy it will be, When we are done with our toil-ing,
Glean while he sendeth the day. Stop not for noon's scorching glim-mer, Or for the winter's fierce cold;
Therefore be watchful and true. Each must account for his la - bor, Shall it be faithfully done?
Heaven's own beauty to see. Then, when our labor is end - ed, We shall all hear the blest word;
CHORUS.
Gath - er - ing sheaves for the Mas - ter, Bringing lost sheep to the fold. La - bor and pray,
When we are called to his kingdom, Will the true vict'ry be won?
"Well done, thou good, faithful servant, En-ter the joys of thy Lord." Labor and pray, yes, labor and pray,


Glean - ing all day, . . . . Gath - er - ing sheaves, Gathering sheaves for the Master.
Glean-ing all day, yes, gleaning all day, Gathering sheaves, yes, gathering sheaves,

## 125. Italy. 6s & 4s.

*"But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, etc."*—Jno. 15:26.

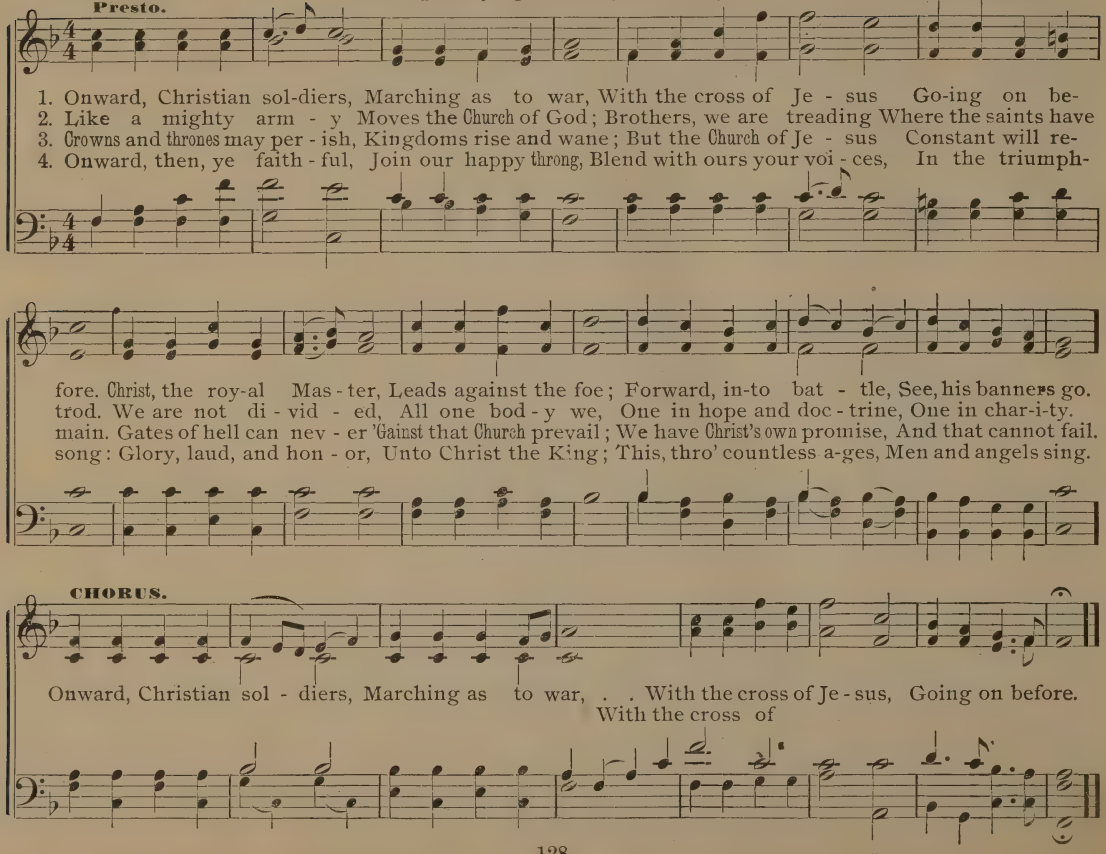
CHARLES WESLEY, 1757. FELICE GIARDINI, 1760.


1. Come, thou Al - might - y King! Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
2. Come, thou in - car - nate Word! Gird on thy might - y sword; Our prayer at - tend;
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour;
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more!
Fath-er, all glo - rious! O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days!
Come, and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy word success, Spirit of ho - liness, On us descend.
Thou who almight - y art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of power!
His sov'reign maj - es-ty, May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - nity, Love and a - dore.

# 126. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

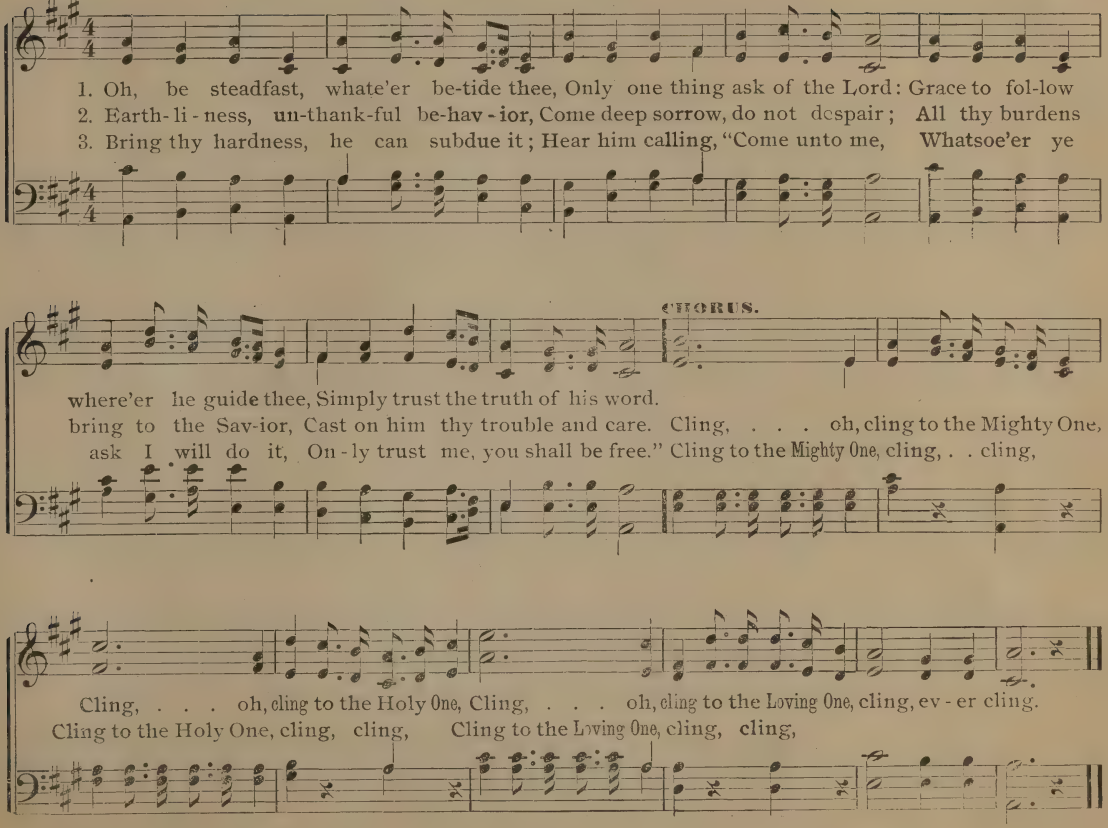
S. BARING-GOULD. *"Be strong and of a good courage."*—Deut. 31 : 6. A. S. SULLIVAN.

**Presto.**


1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-
2. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Je - sus Constant will re-
4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces, In the triumph-
fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward, in-to bat - tle, See, his banners go.
trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i-ty.
main. Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
song: Glory, laud, and hon - or, Unto Christ the King; This, thro' countless a-ges, Men and angels sing.
CHORUS.
Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, . . With the cross of Je - sus, Going on before.
With the cross of

# 127. Cling, Ever Cling.

ANON. *"I have laid help upon one that is mighty."*—Ps. 89: 19. I. BALTZELL.


1. Oh, be steadfast, whate'er be-tide thee, Only one thing ask of the Lord: Grace to fol-low
2. Earth-li-ness, un-thank-ful be-hav-ior, Come deep sorrow, do not despair; All thy burdens
3. Bring thy hardness, he can subdue it; Hear him calling, "Come unto me, Whatsoe'er ye
where'er he guide thee, Simply trust the truth of his word.
bring to the Sav-ior, Cast on him thy trouble and care. Cling, . . . oh, cling to the Mighty One,
ask I will do it, On-ly trust me, you shall be free." Cling to the Mighty One, cling, . . cling,
CHORUS.
Cling, . . . oh, cling to the Holy One, Cling, . . . oh, cling to the Loving One, cling, ev-er cling.
Cling to the Holy One, cling, cling, Cling to the Loving One, cling, cling,

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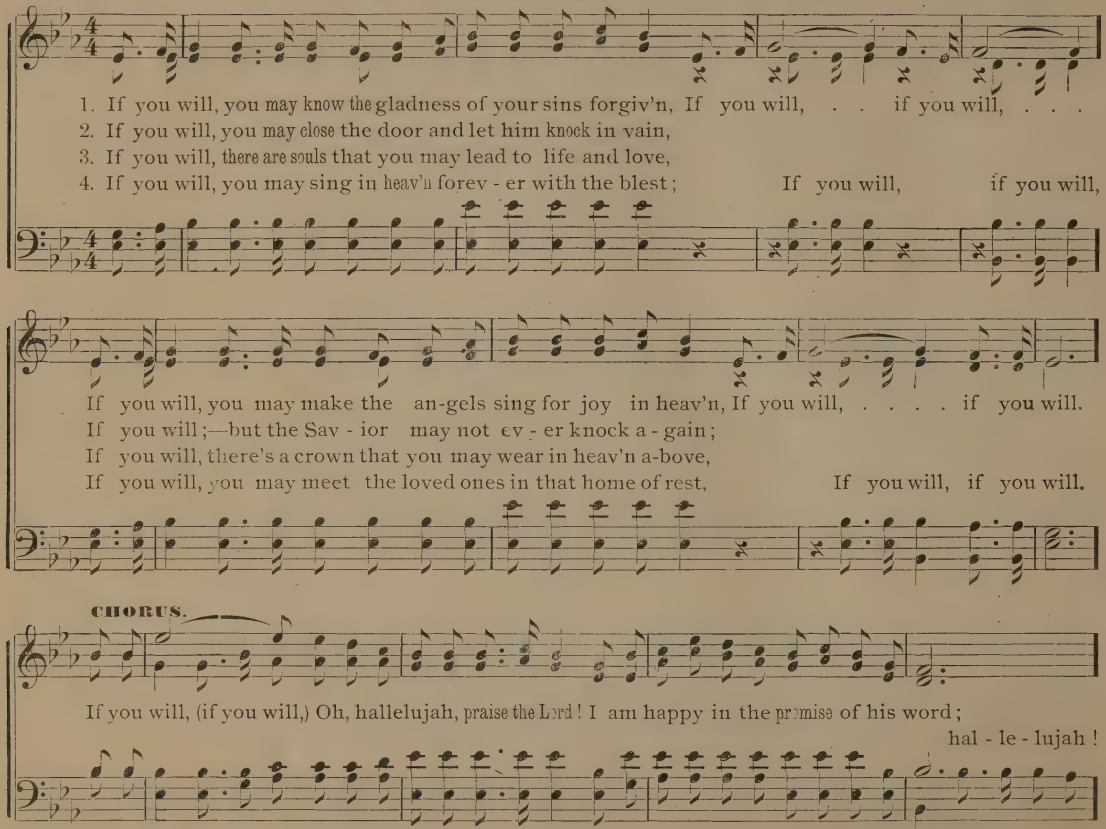
# 128. You May, if You Will.

C. H. G. *"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."*—Rev. 22: 17. CHAS H. GABRIEL.


1. If you will, you may know the gladness of your sins forgiv'n, If you will, . . if you will, . . .
2. If you will, you may close the door and let him knock in vain,
3. If you will, there are souls that you may lead to life and love,
4. If you will, you may sing in heav'n forev - er with the blest; If you will, if you will,
If you will, you may make the an-gels sing for joy in heav'n, If you will, . . . . if you will.
If you will;—but the Sav - ior may not ev - er knock a - gain;
If you will, there's a crown that you may wear in heav'n a-bove,
If you will, you may meet the loved ones in that home of rest, If you will, if you will.
CHORUS.
If you will, (if you will,) Oh, hallelujah, praise the Lord! I am happy in the promise of his word;
hal - le - lujah!

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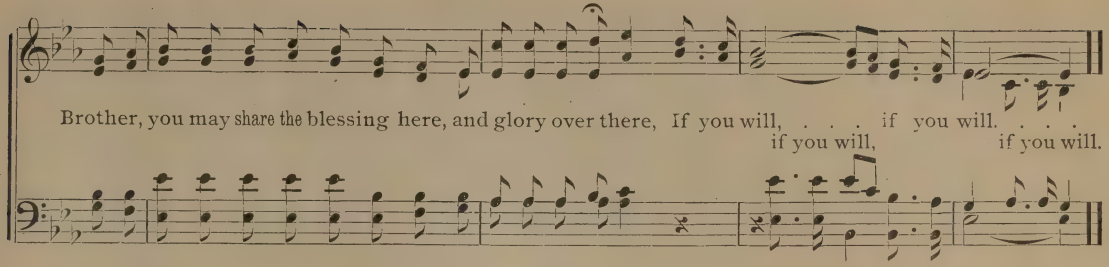
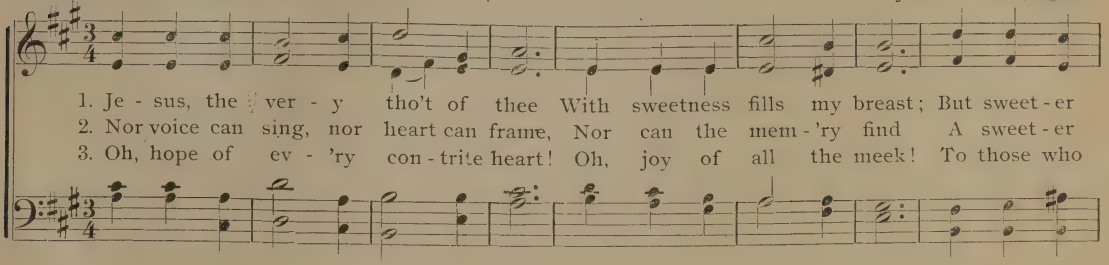
## You May, if You Will.

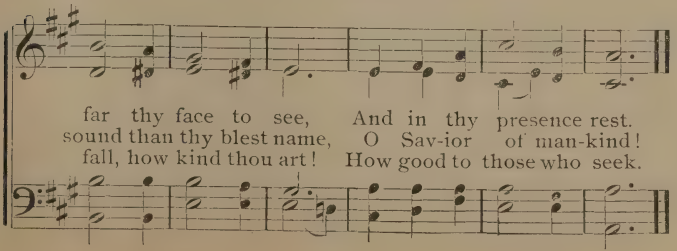



## 129. St. Agnes. C. M.

*"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."*—I. Pet. 2: 7.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140. TR. E. CASWALL. 1848. JOHN B. DYKES, 1858.


1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweet - er
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find A sweet - er
3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek! To those who

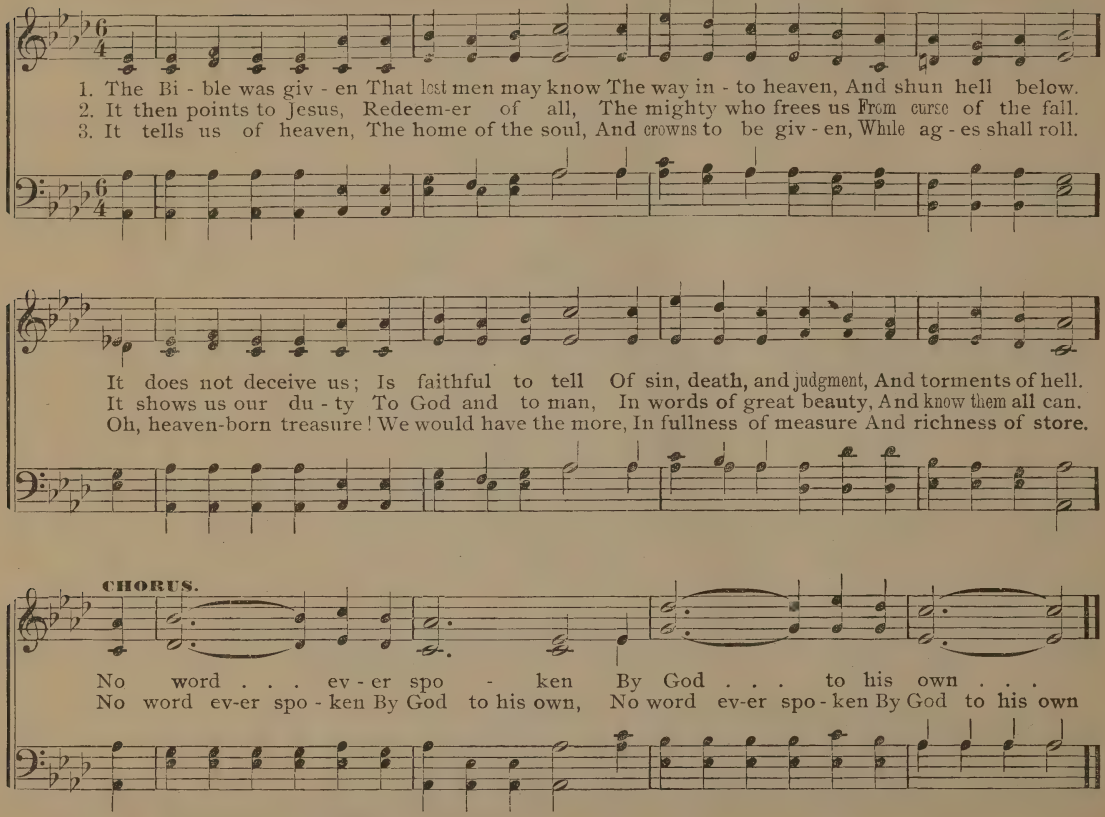

far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.
sound than thy blest name, O Sav-ior of man-kind!
fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek.

4. And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5. Jesus! our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

# 130. God's Word.

L. W. MUNHALL. *"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."*—Ps. 119: 105. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. The Bi - ble was giv - en That lost men may know The way in - to heaven, And shun hell below.
2. It then points to Jesus, Redeem-er of all, The mighty who frees us From curse of the fall.
3. It tells us of heaven, The home of the soul, And crowns to be giv - en, While ag - es shall roll.
It does not deceive us; Is faithful to tell Of sin, death, and judgment, And torments of hell.
It shows us our du - ty To God and to man, In words of great beauty, And know them all can.
Oh, heaven-born treasure! We would have the more, In fullness of measure And richness of store.
CHORUS.
No word . . . ev - er spo - ken By God . . . to his own . . .
No word ev-er spo - ken By God to his own, No word ev-er spo - ken By God to his own

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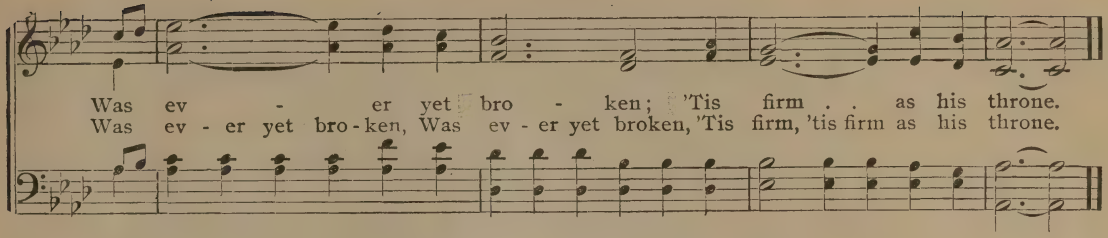
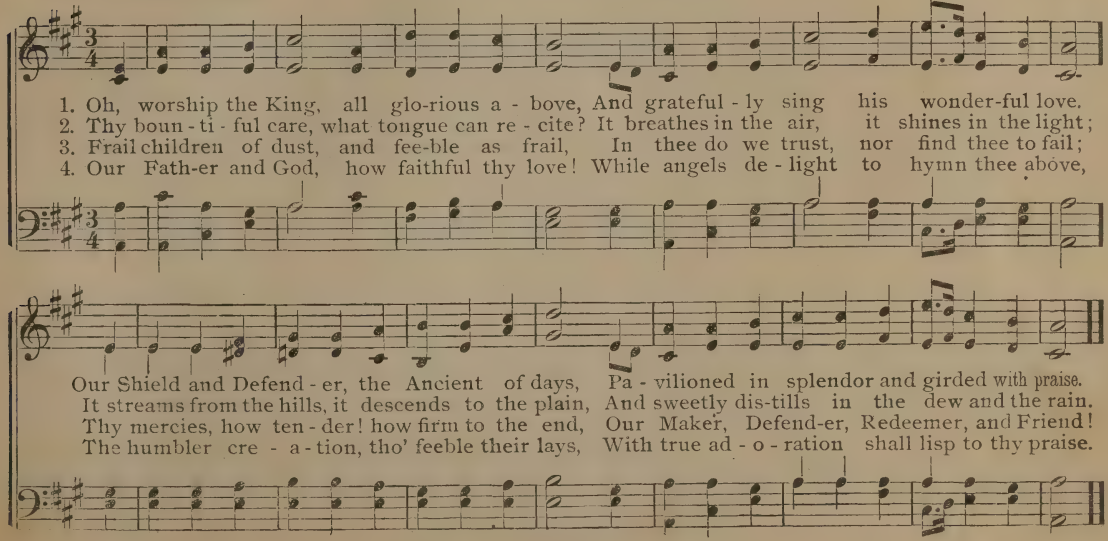
## God's Word. Concluded.



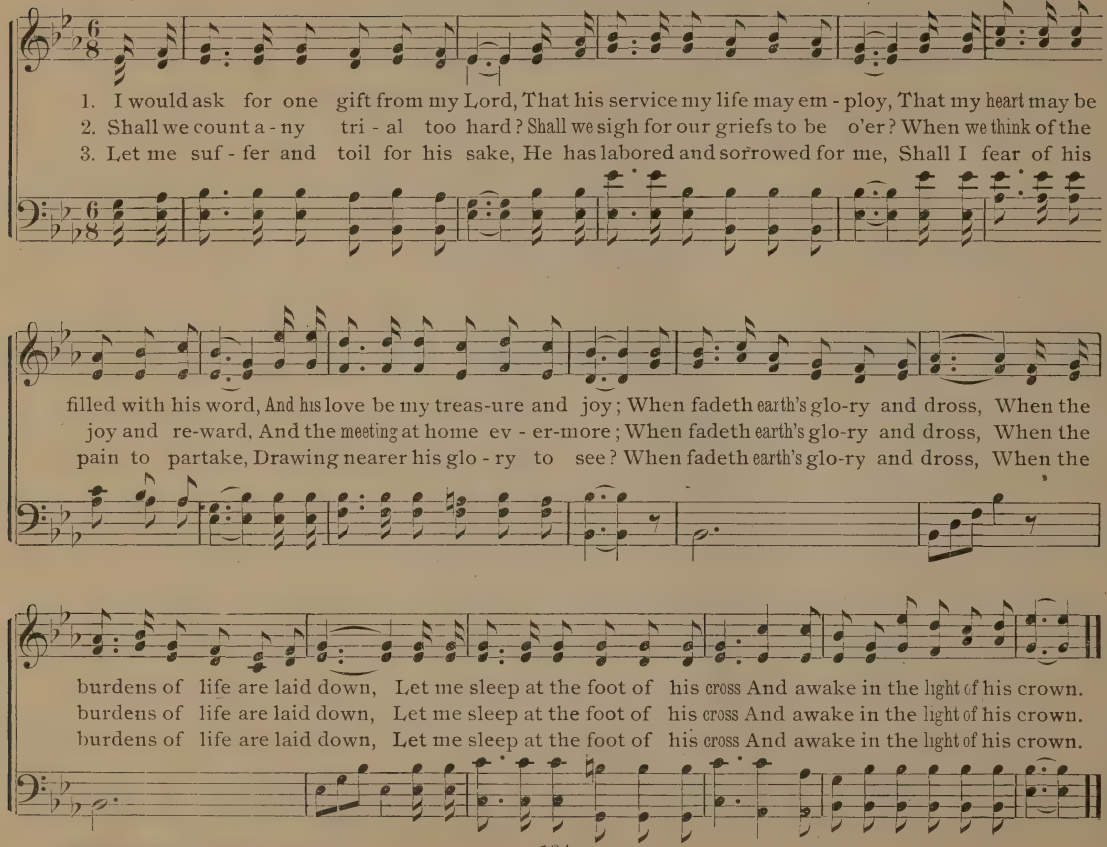

## 131. Lyons. 10s & 11s.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1839. *"Let us worship and bow down."*—PS. 95 : 6. F. J. HAYDN.


1. Oh, worship the King, all glo-rious a - bove, And grateful - ly sing his wonder-ful love.
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
3. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
4. Our Fath-er and God, how faithful thy love! While angels de - light to hymn thee above,
Our Shield and Defend - er, the Ancient of days, Pa - vilioned in splendor and girded with praise.
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
Thy mercies, how ten - der! how firm to the end, Our Maker, Defend-er, Redeemer, and Friend!
The humbler cre - a - tion, tho' feeble their lays, With true ad - o - ration shall lisp to thy praise.

# 132. Sleeping or Waking.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"For me to live is Christ."*—Phil. 1: 21. E. S. LORENZ.


1. I would ask for one gift from my Lord, That his service my life may em - ploy, That my heart may be
2. Shall we count a - ny tri - al too hard? Shall we sigh for our griefs to be o'er? When we think of the
3. Let me suf - fer and toil for his sake, He has labored and sorrowed for me, Shall I fear of his
filled with his word, And his love be my treas-ure and joy; When fadeth earth's glo-ry and dross, When the
joy and re-ward, And the meeting at home ev - er-more; When fadeth earth's glo-ry and dross, When the
pain to partake, Drawing nearer his glo - ry to see? When fadeth earth's glo-ry and dross, When the
burdens of life are laid down, Let me sleep at the foot of his cross And awake in the light of his crown.
burdens of life are laid down, Let me sleep at the foot of his cross And awake in the light of his crown.
burdens of life are laid down, Let me sleep at the foot of his cross And awake in the light of his crown.

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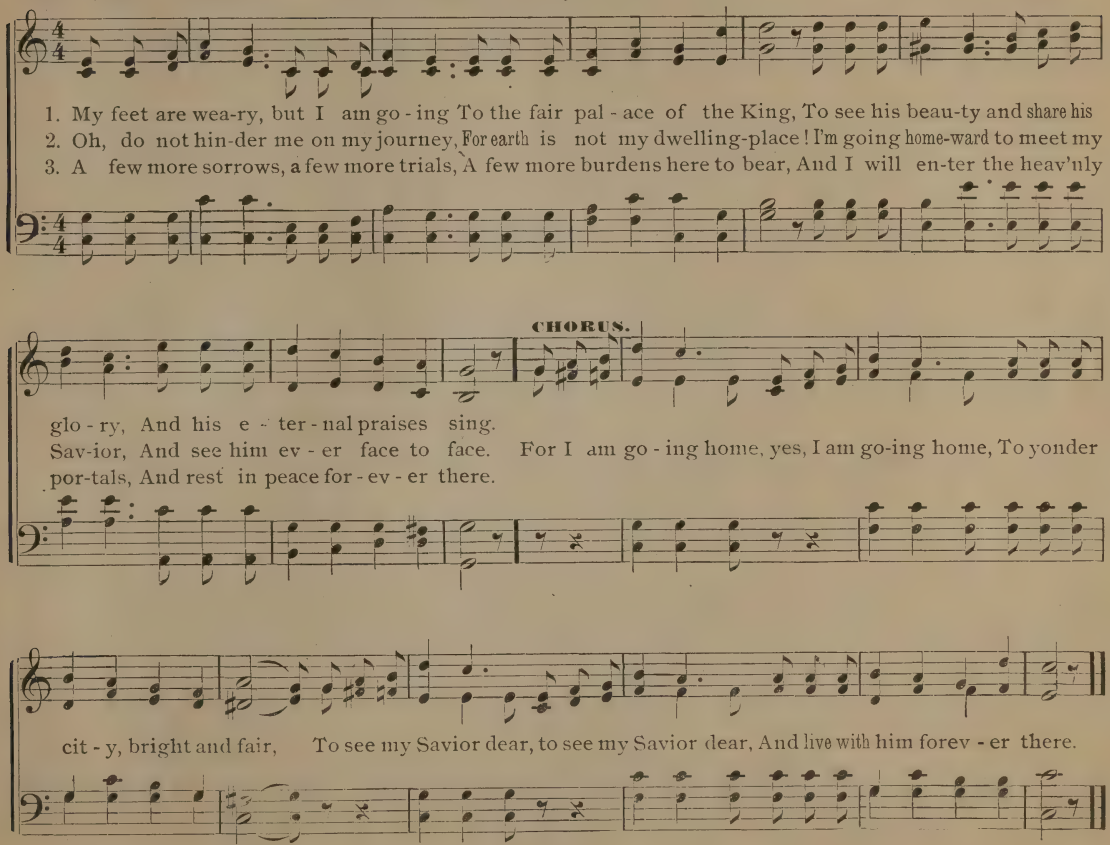
# 133. I'm On My Journey Home.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. *"To be with Christ: which is far better."*—Phil. 1: 23. IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.


1. My feet are wea-ry, but I am go-ing To the fair pal-ace of the King, To see his beau-ty and share his
2. Oh, do not hin-der me on my journey, For earth is not my dwelling-place! I'm going home-ward to meet my
3. A few more sorrows, a few more trials, A few more burdens here to bear, And I will en-ter the heav'nly
CHORUS.
glo-ry, And his e-ter-nal praises sing.
Sav-ior, And see him ev-er face to face. For I am go-ing home, yes, I am go-ing home, To yonder
por-tals, And rest in peace for-ev-er there.
cit-y, bright and fair, To see my Savior dear, to see my Savior dear, And live with him forev-er there.

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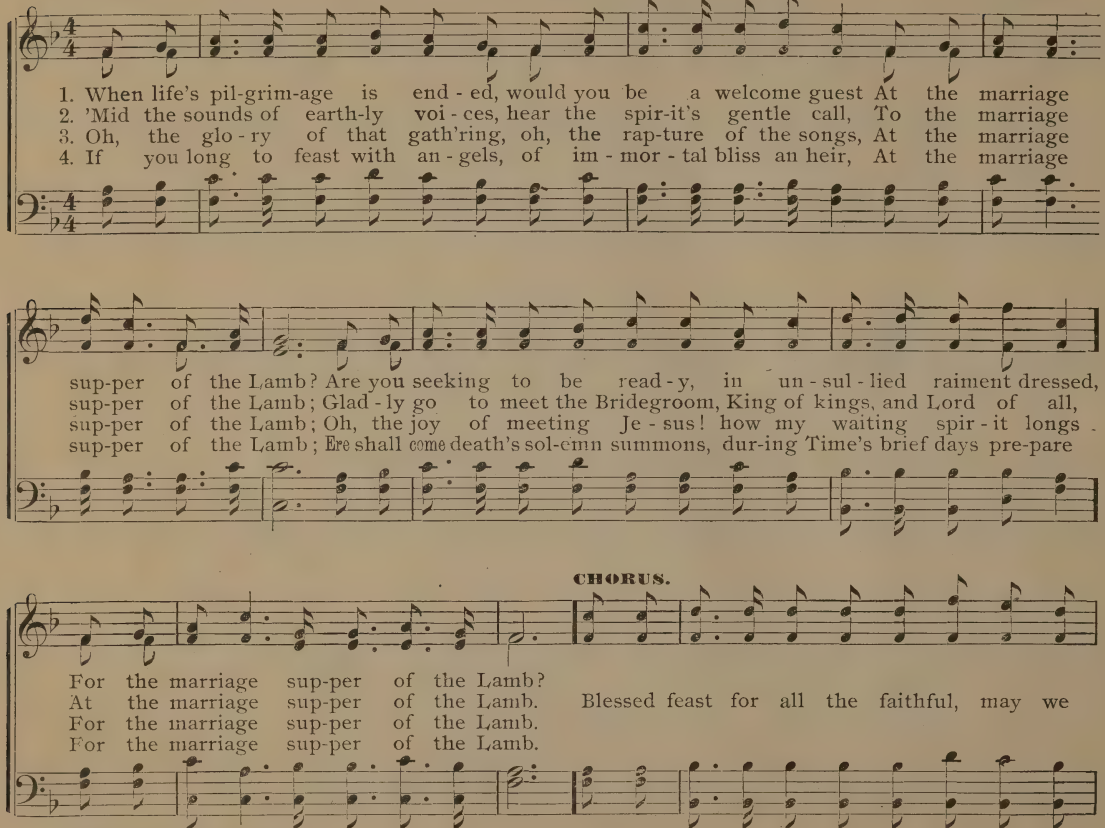
# 134. The Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

JENNIE WILSON. *"Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb."*—Rev. 19: 9. I. BALTZELL.


1. When life's pil-grim-age is end - ed, would you be a welcome guest At the marriage
2. 'Mid the sounds of earth-ly voi - ces, hear the spir-it's gentle call, To the marriage
3. Oh, the glo - ry of that gath'ring, oh, the rap-ture of the songs, At the marriage
4. If you long to feast with an - gels, of im - mor - tal bliss an heir, At the marriage
sup-per of the Lamb? Are you seeking to be read - y, in un - sul - lied raiment dressed,
sup-per of the Lamb; Glad - ly go to meet the Bridegroom, King of kings, and Lord of all,
sup-per of the Lamb; Oh, the joy of meeting Je - sus! how my waiting spir - it longs
sup-per of the Lamb; Ere shall come death's sol-emn summons, dur-ing Time's brief days pre-pare
CHORUS.
For the marriage sup-per of the Lamb?
At the marriage sup-per of the Lamb.
For the marriage sup-per of the Lamb.
For the marriage sup-per of the Lamb.
Blessed feast for all the faithful, may we

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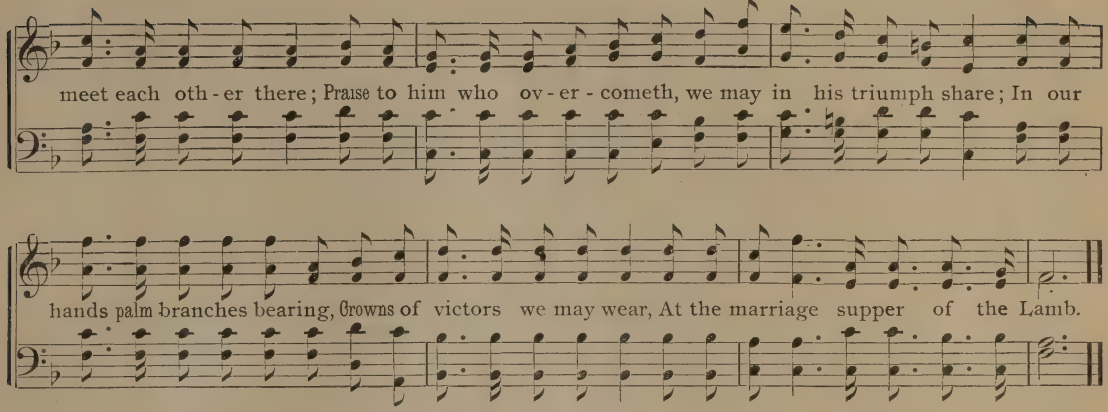
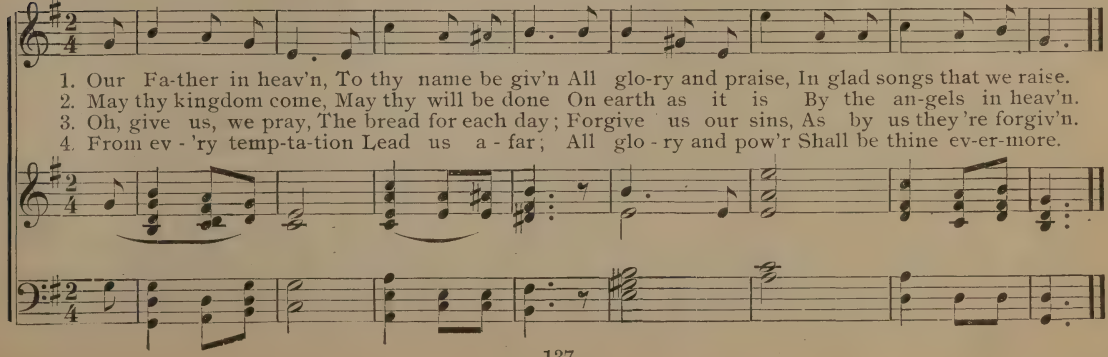
## The Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Concluded.


meet each oth - er there; Praise to him who ov - er - cometh, we may in his triumph share; In our
hands palm-branches bearing, Crowns of victors we may wear, At the marriage supper of the Lamb.

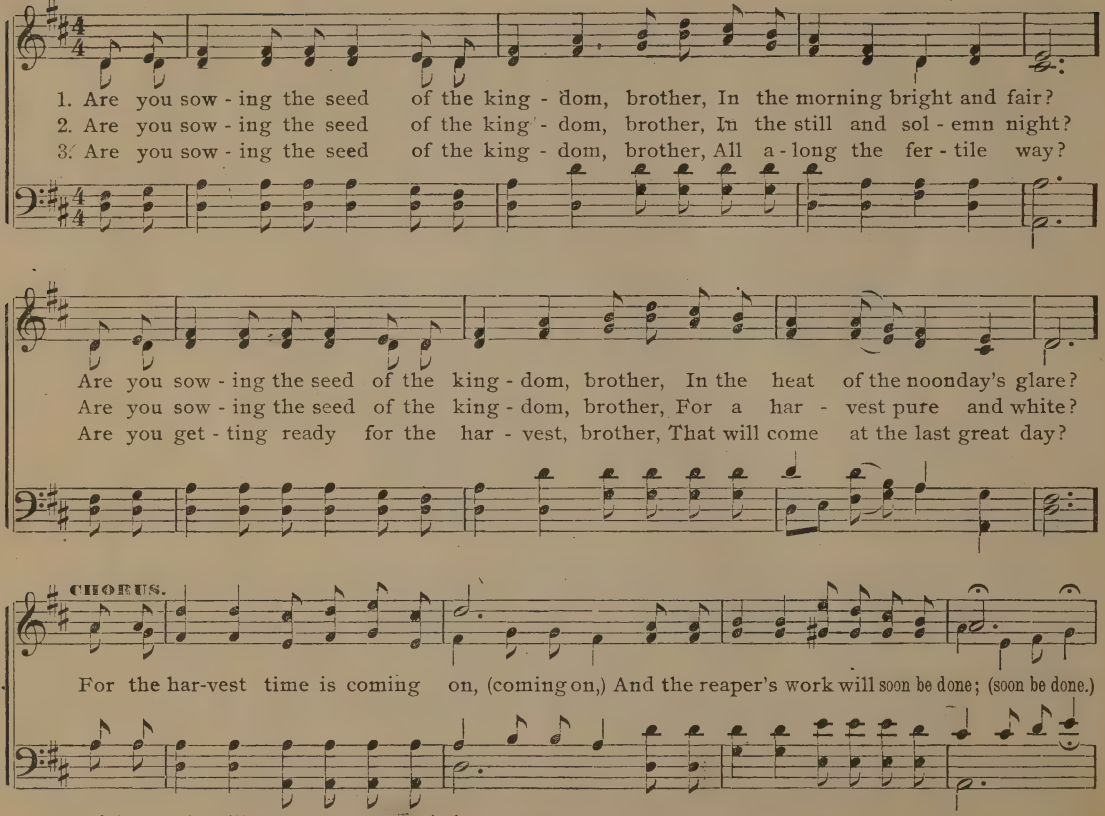
## 135. The Lord's Prayer.

SCHUMANN.


1. Our Fa-ther in heav'n, To thy name be giv'n All glo-ry and praise, In glad songs that we raise.
2. May thy kingdom come, May thy will be done On earth as it is By the an-gels in heav'n.
3. Oh, give us, we pray, The bread for each day; Forgive us our sins, As by us they're forgiv'n.
4. From ev - 'ry temp-ta-tion Lead us a - far; All glo - ry and pow'r Shall be thine ev-er-more.

# 136. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

AUGUSTUS HAYDEN. *"Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy."*—HOS. 10: 12. AUGUSTUS HAYDEN.


1. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the morning bright and fair?
2. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the still and sol - emn night?
3. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, All a - long the fer - tile way?
Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the heat of the noonday's glare?
Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, For a har - vest pure and white?
Are you get - ting ready for the har - vest, brother, That will come at the last great day?
CHORUS.
For the har-vest time is coming on, (coming on,) And the reaper's work will soon be done; (soon be done.)

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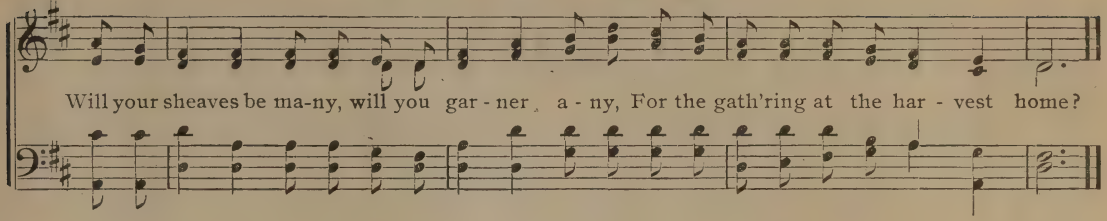
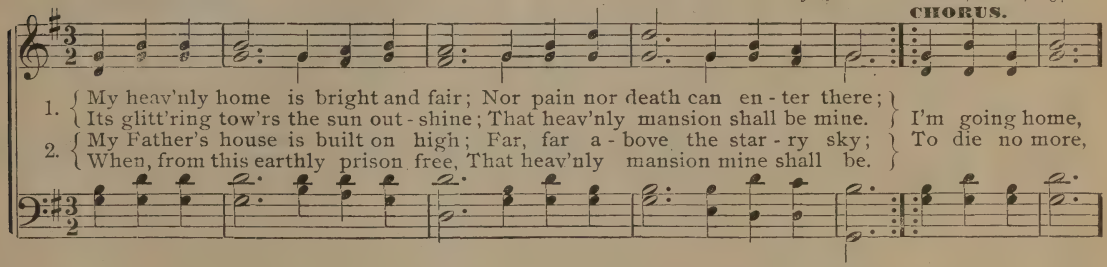
## Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

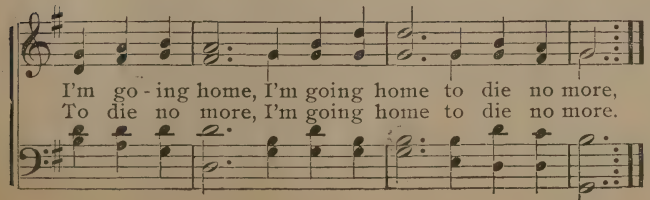



## 137. Going Home. L. M.

*"That where I am, there ye may be also."*—Jno. 14:3.

REV. WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M. D., 1854.


CHORUS.
1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en - ter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out - shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home,
2. My Father's house is built on high; Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
When, from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
To die no more,

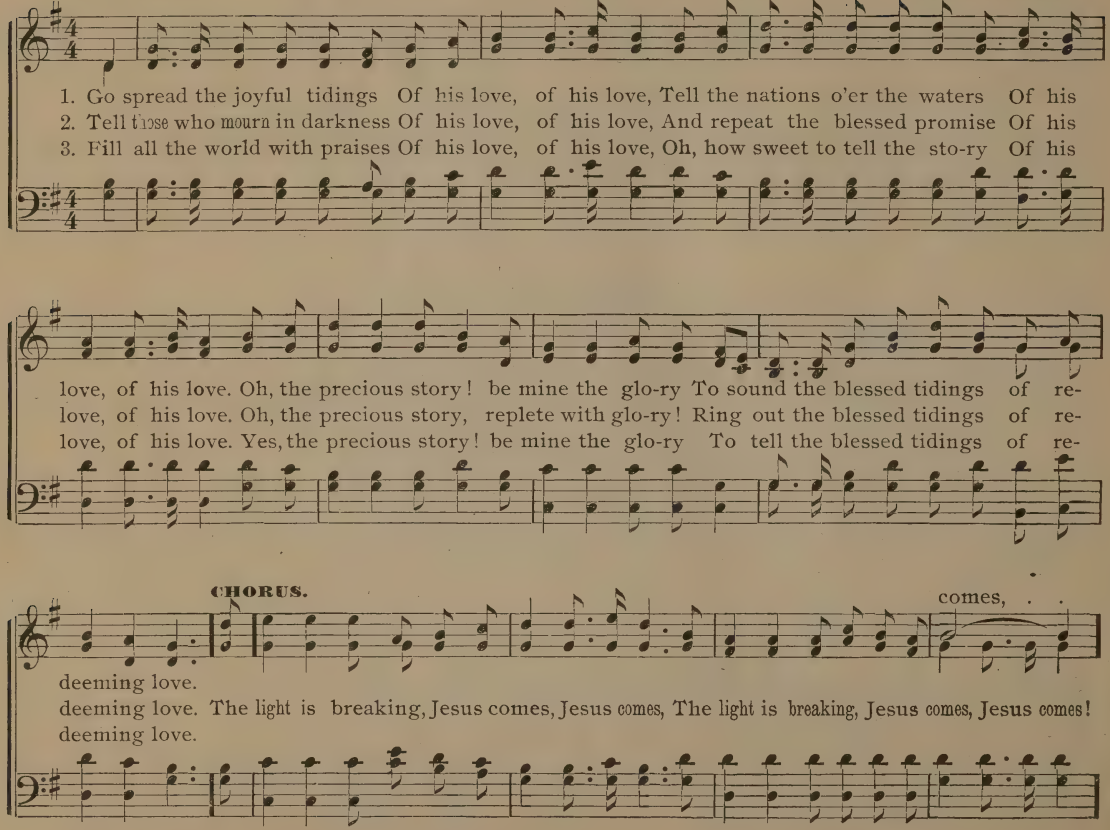



3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

# 138. His Love.

MRS. L. K. ROGERS. *"The love of Christ, which passeth understanding."*—Eph. 3: 19. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Go spread the joyful tidings Of his love, of his love, Tell the nations o'er the waters Of his
2. Tell those who mourn in darkness Of his love, of his love, And repeat the blessed promise Of his
3. Fill all the world with praises Of his love, of his love, Oh, how sweet to tell the sto-ry Of his
love, of his love. Oh, the precious story! be mine the glo-ry To sound the blessed tidings of re-
love, of his love. Oh, the precious story, replete with glo-ry! Ring out the blessed tidings of re-
love, of his love. Yes, the precious story! be mine the glo-ry To tell the blessed tidings of re-
CHORUS.
comes, . .
deeming love.
deeming love. The light is breaking, Jesus comes, Jesus comes, The light is breaking, Jesus comes, Jesus comes!
deeming love.

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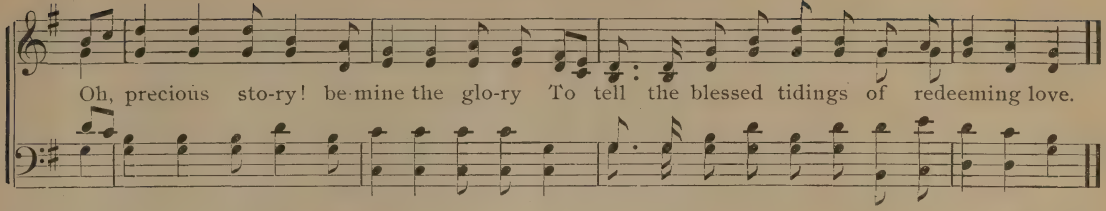
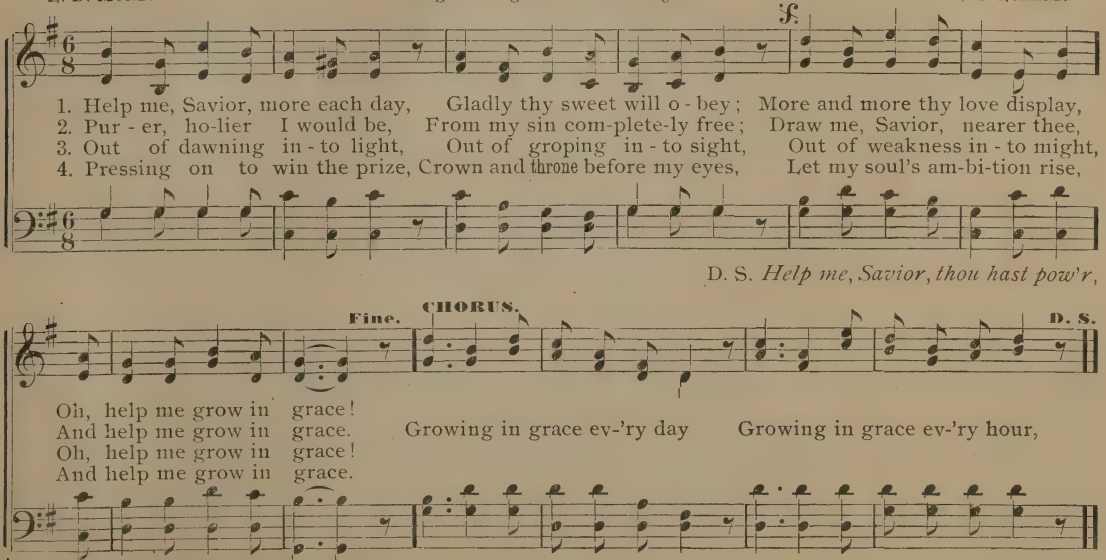
## His Love. Concluded.



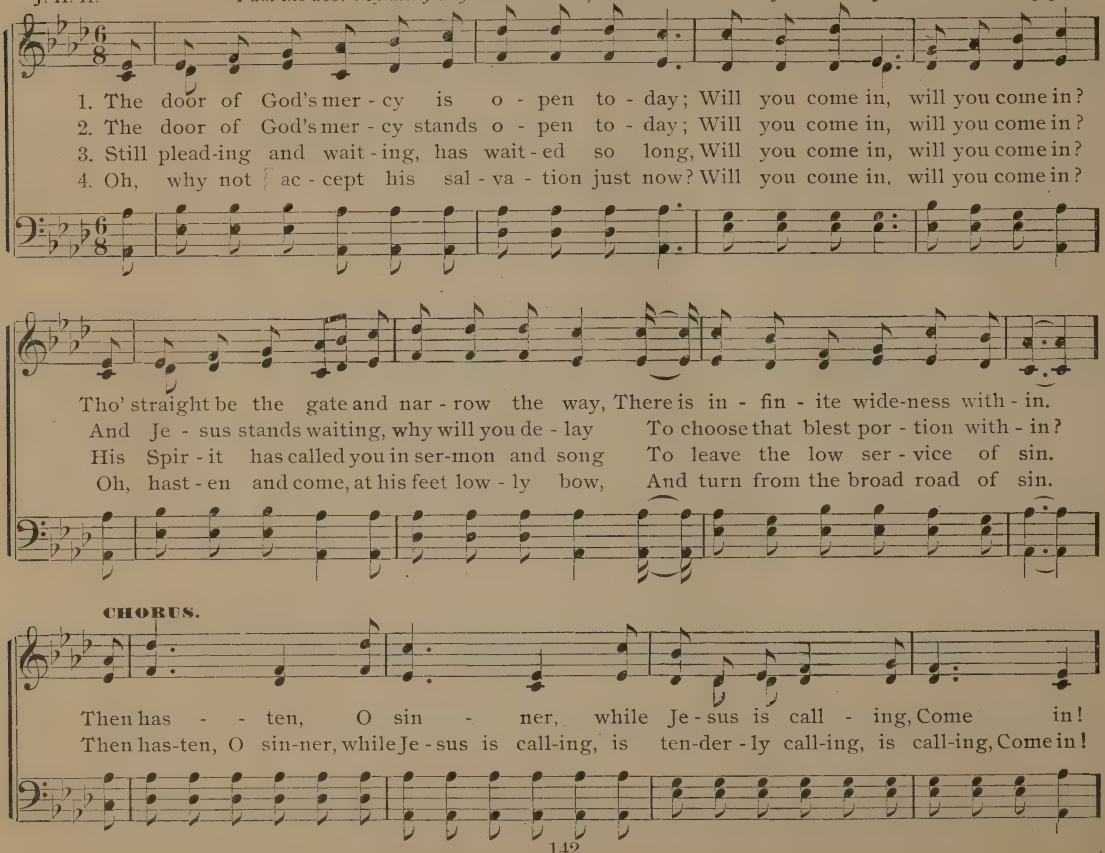

## 139. Growing in Grace.

E. D. MUND. *"But grow in grace."*—II. Pet. 3 : 18. E. S. LORENZ.

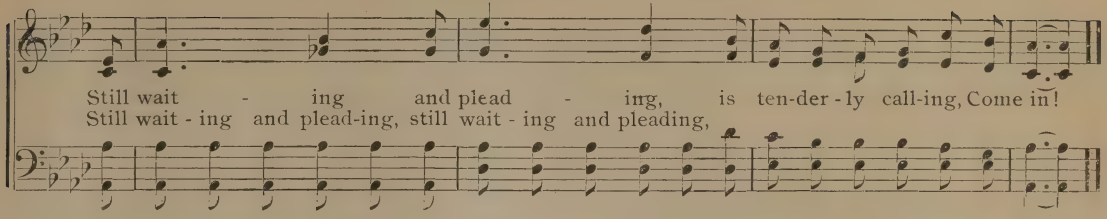

1. Help me, Savior, more each day, Gladly thy sweet will o - bey; More and more thy love display,
2. Pur - er, ho-lier I would be, From my sin com-plete-ly free; Draw me, Savior, nearer thee,
3. Out of dawning in - to light, Out of groping in - to sight, Out of weakness in - to might,
4. Pressing on to win the prize, Crown and throne before my eyes, Let my soul's am-bi-tion rise,
D. S. Help me, Savior, thou hast pow'r,
Fine.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Oh, help me grow in grace!
And help me grow in grace.
Oh, help me grow in grace!
And help me grow in grace.
Growing in grace ev-'ry day Growing in grace ev-'ry hour,
To ev - er grow in grace.

# 140. The Door of God's Mercy.

J. H. H. *"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."*—Jno. 10: 1. J. H. HATHWAY. By per.

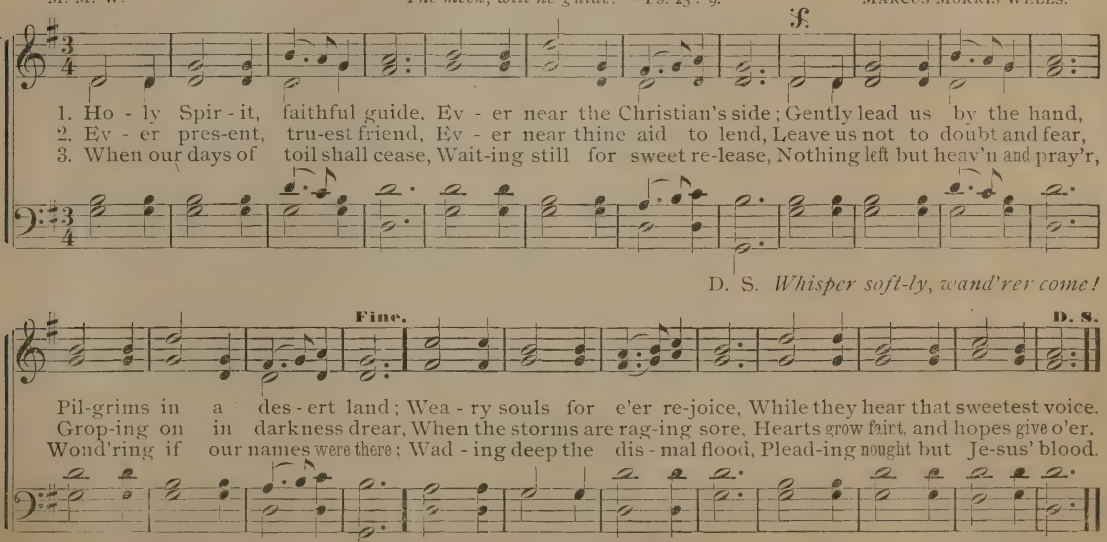

1. The door of God's mer - cy is o - pen to - day; Will you come in, will you come in?
2. The door of God's mer - cy stands o - pen to - day; Will you come in, will you come in?
3. Still plead-ing and wait - ing, has wait - ed so long, Will you come in, will you come in?
4. Oh, why not ac - cept his sal - va - tion just now? Will you come in, will you come in?
Tho' straight be the gate and nar - row the way, There is in - fin - ite wide-ness with - in.
And Je - sus stands waiting, why will you de - lay To choose that blest por - tion with - in?
His Spir - it has called you in ser-mon and song To leave the low ser - vice of sin.
Oh, hast - en and come, at his feet low - ly bow, And turn from the broad road of sin.
CHORUS.
Then has - - ten, O sin - ner, while Je - sus is call - ing, Come in!
Then has-ten, O sin-ner, while Je - sus is call-ing, is ten-der - ly call-ing, is call-ing, Come in!

## The Door of God's Mercy. Concluded.



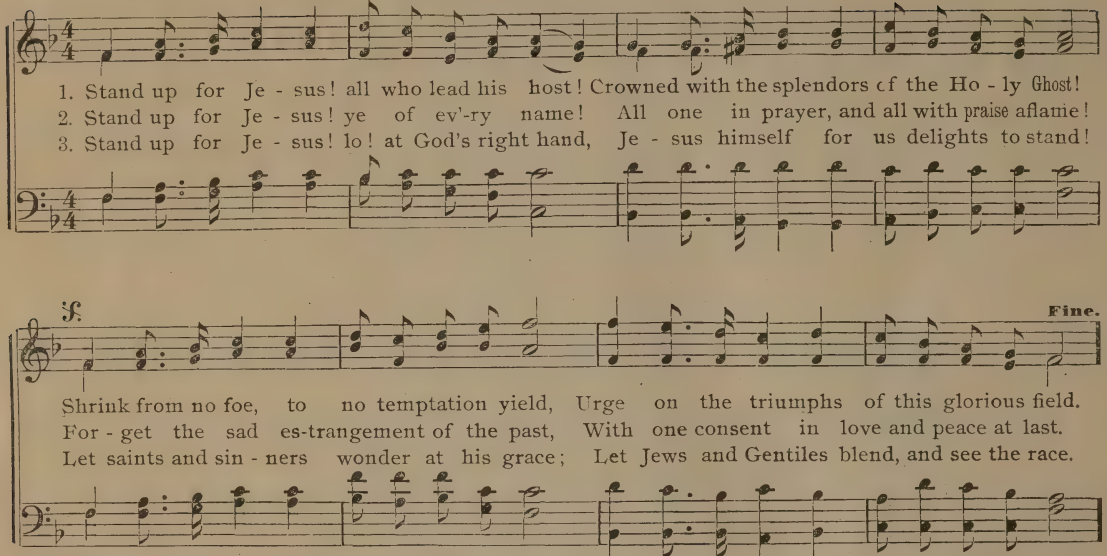

## 141. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. *"The meek, will he guide."*—Ps. 25 : 9. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.


f
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faithful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; Gently lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru-est friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,
D. S. *Whisper soft-ly, wand'rer come!*
Fine.
D. S.
Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice.
Grop-ing on in darkness drear, When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er.
Wond'ring if our names were there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing nought but Je-sus' blood.
*Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.*

# 142. Stand up for Jesus.

REV. DUDLEY TYNG. "*For now we live if ye stand fast in the Lord.*"—I. Thes. 3 : 8. I. BALTZELL.


1. Stand up for Je - sus! all who lead his host! Crowned with the splendors of the Ho - ly Ghost!
2. Stand up for Je - sus! ye of ev'-ry name! All one in prayer, and all with praise aflame!
3. Stand up for Je - sus! lo! at God's right hand, Je - sus himself for us delights to stand!
f.
Fine.
Shrink from no foe, to no temptation yield, Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field.
For - get the sad es-trangement of the past, With one consent in love and peace at last.
Let saints and sin - ners wonder at his grace; Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and see the race.
D. S. *Stand by your col - ors, nev - er let them trail; Christ for your lead - er, you shall nev-er fail.*
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Stand up for Je - sus! ev - er brave and true; Stand up for Je - sus, he will stand with you!

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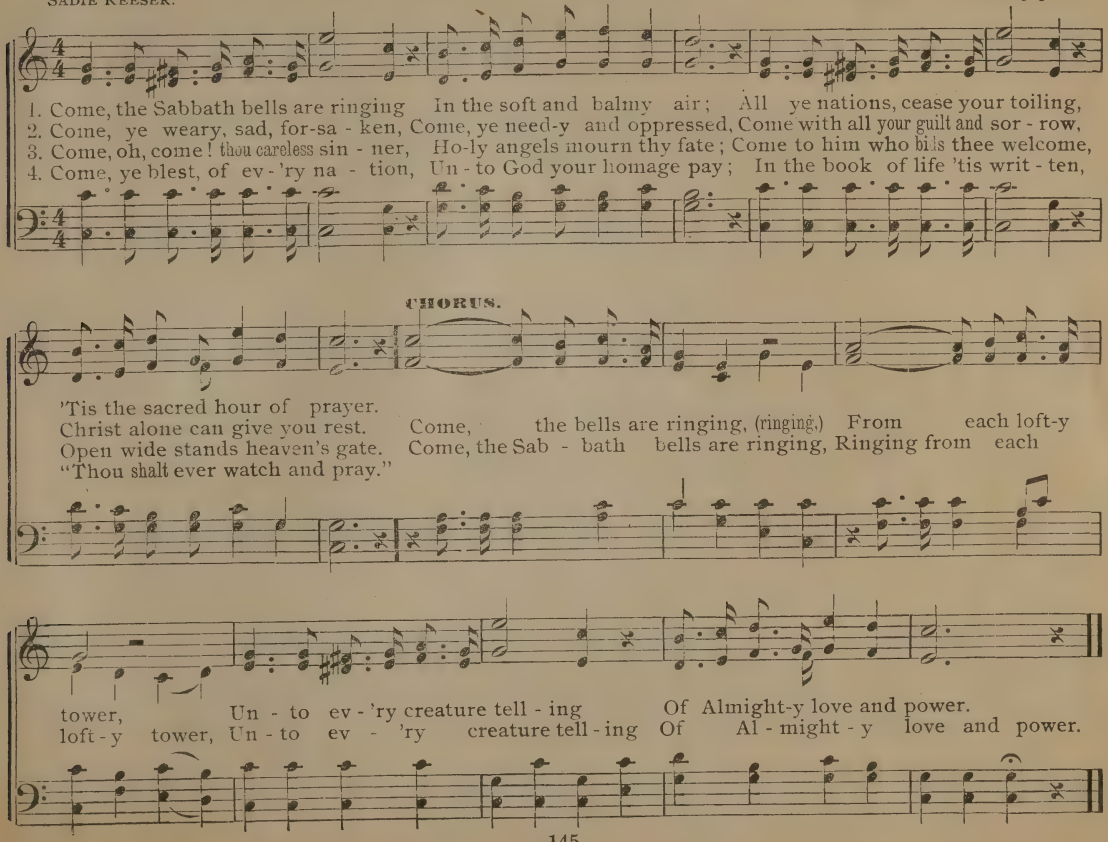
# 143. Come, the Sabbath Bells Are Ringing.

*"We will go into his tabernacles; we will worship at his footstool."*—Ps. 132: 7.

SADIE REESER. PROF. E. O. LYTE. By per.


1. Come, the Sabbath bells are ringing In the soft and balmy air; All ye nations, cease your toiling,
2. Come, ye weary, sad, for-sa - ken, Come, ye need-y and oppressed. Come with all your guilt and sor - row,
3. Come, oh, come! thou careless sin - ner, Ho-ly angels mourn thy fate; Come to him who bids thee welcome,
4. Come, ye blest, of ev - 'ry na - tion, Un - to God your homage pay; In the book of life 'tis writ - ten,
CHORUS.
'Tis the sacred hour of prayer.
Christ alone can give you rest.
Open wide stands heaven's gate.
"Thou shalt ever watch and pray."
Come, the bells are ringing, (ringing,) From each loft-y
Come, the Sab - bath bells are ringing, Ringing from each
tower, Un - to ev - 'ry creature tell - ing Of Almight-y love and power.
loft - y tower, Un - to ev - 'ry creature tell - ing Of Al - might - y love and power.

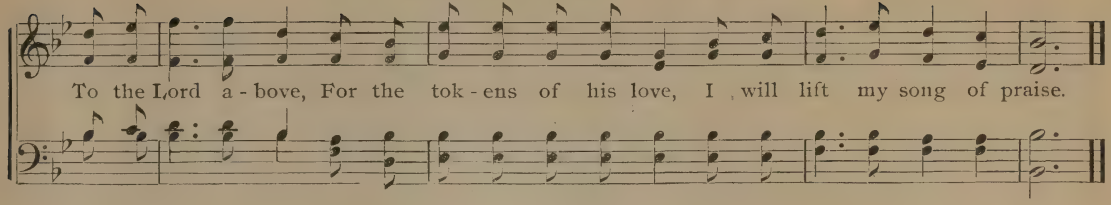
144.

# My Song of Praise.

E. A. BARNES. *"With my song will I praise him."*—Ps. 28: 7. A. A. ARMEN.

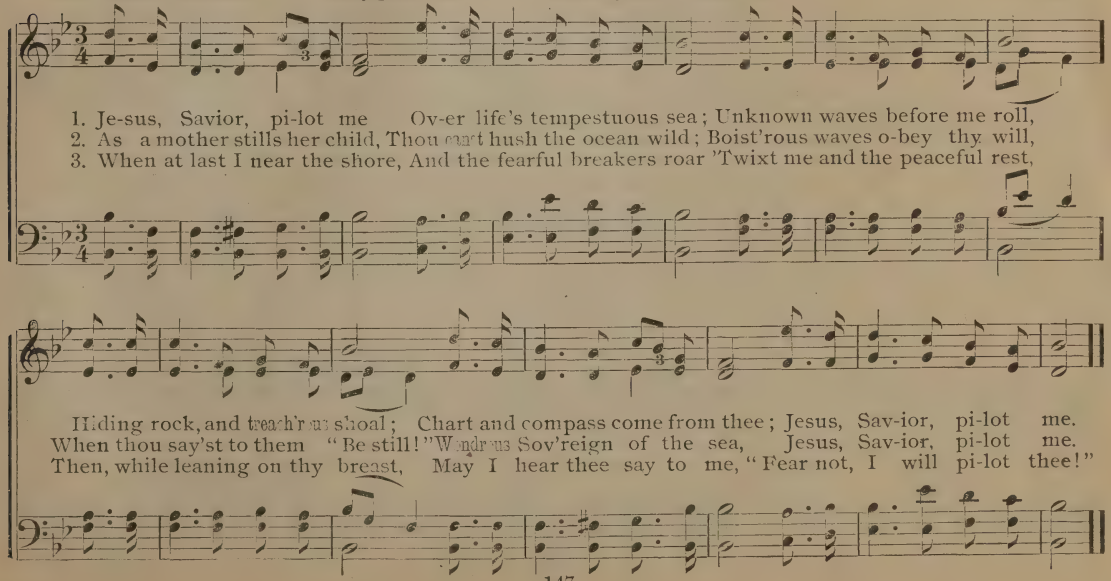
1. For the Savior, who has ransomed me (ransomed me); For his gospel, that is glad and free (glad and free);
2. For the fountain, with its cleansing tide (cleansing tide); For the refuge, where the soul can hide (soul can hide);
3. For his counsels, that are sweet and dear (sweet and dear); For his presence, that is always near (always near);
4. As he leads me with a loving hand (loving hand); As I follow to the promised land (promised land);
In his cross, re - joic - ing that by faith I see, I will lift my song of praise.
In my hope re - joic - ing while I here a - bide, I will lift my song of praise.
In his love re - joic - ing while I tar - ry here, I will lift my song of praise.
Till I rest, re - joic - ing, on its gold - en strand, I will lift my song of praise.
CHORUS.
Rit. ad lib.
Lift my song (lift my song) from day to day (day to day); Lift it glad - - - ly on my pilgrim way,
Lift it gladly, etc.

## My Song of Praise. Concluded.



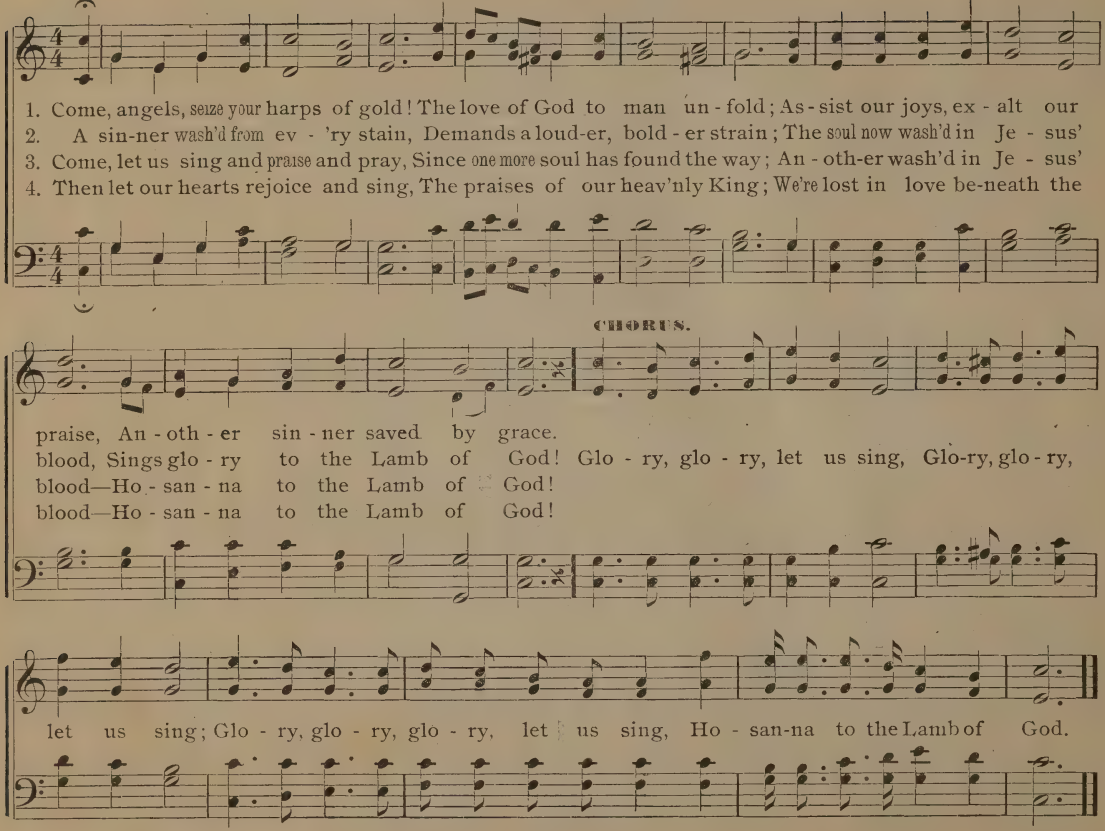

## 145. Pilot. 7s, 6 l.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. *"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."*—Matt. 14: 27. J. E. GOULD.


1. Je-sus, Savior, pi-lot me Ov-er life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll,
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boist'rous waves o-bey thy will,
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Hiding rock, and treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass come from thee; Jesus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me.
When thou say'st to them "Be still!" Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me.
Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee!"

# 146. Glory, Glory, Let Us Sing.

ANON. *"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."*—PS. 34: 1. I. BALTZELL.


1. Come, angels, seize your harps of gold! The love of God to man un - fold; As - sist our joys, ex - alt our
2. A sin-ner wash'd from ev - 'ry stain, Demands a loud-er, bold - er strain; The soul now wash'd in Je - sus'
3. Come, let us sing and praise and pray, Since one more soul has found the way; An - oth-er wash'd in Je - sus'
4. Then let our hearts rejoice and sing, The praises of our heav'nly King; We're lost in love be-neath the
CHORUS.
praise, An - oth - er sin - ner saved by grace.
blood, Sings glo - ry to the Lamb of God! Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, Glo-ry, glo - ry,
blood—Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God!
blood—Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God!
let us sing; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, Ho - san-na to the Lamb of God.

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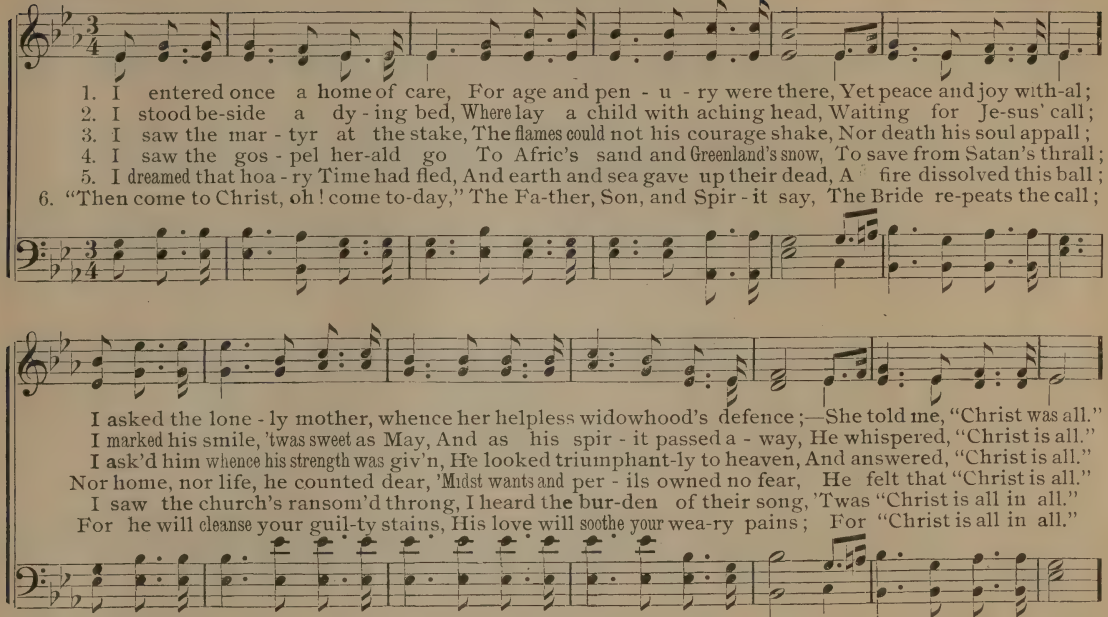
# 147. Christ is All.

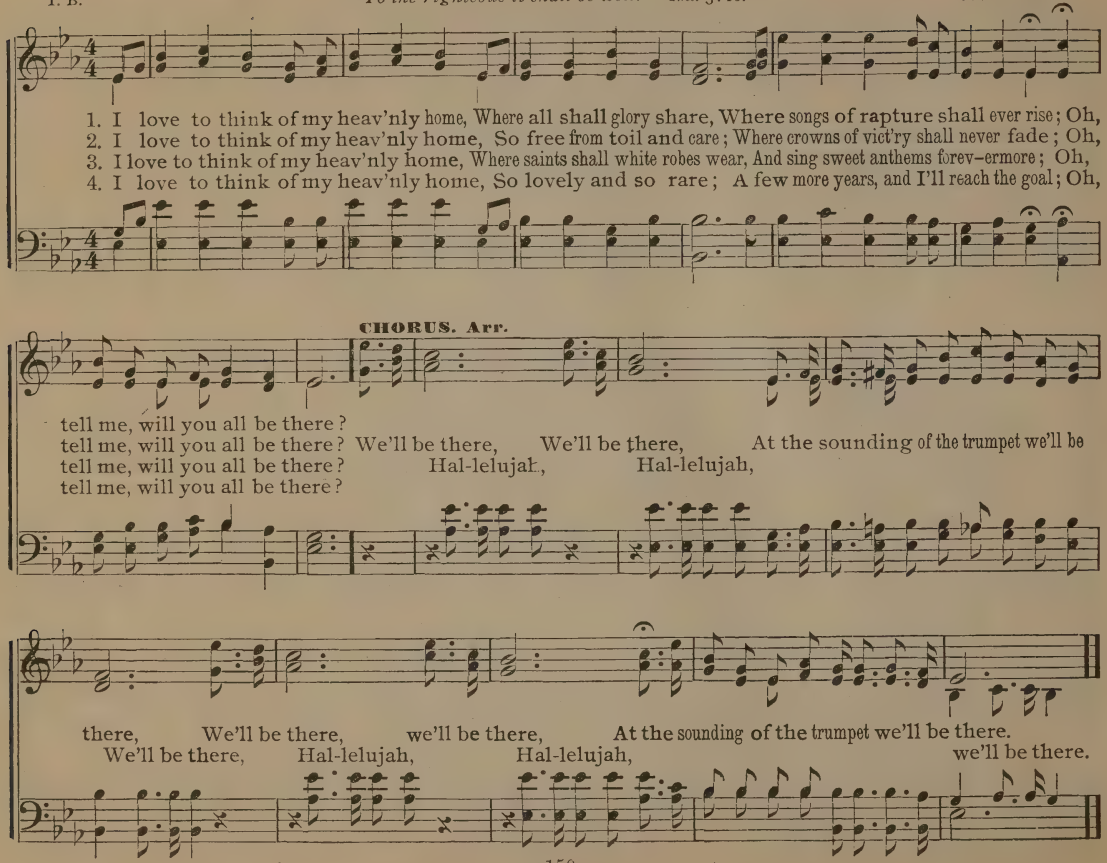
SELECTED. "*But Christ is all, and in all.*"—Col. 3: 11. W. A. WILLIAMS.


1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there, Yet peace and joy with-al;
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head, Waiting for Je-sus' call;
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake, Nor death his soul appall;
4. I saw the gos - pel her-ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow, To save from Satan's thrall;
5. I dreamed that hoa - ry Time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead, A fire dissolved this ball;
6. "Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day," The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it say, The Bride re-peats the call;
I asked the lone - ly mother, whence her helpless widowhood's defence;—She told me, "Christ was all."
I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He looked triumphant-ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."
Nor home, nor life, he counted dear, 'Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
I saw the church's ransom'd throng, I heard the bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
For he will cleanse your guil-ty stains, His love will soothe your wea-ry pains; For "Christ is all in all."
REFRAIN.
Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all, Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

By permission. W. A. Williams.

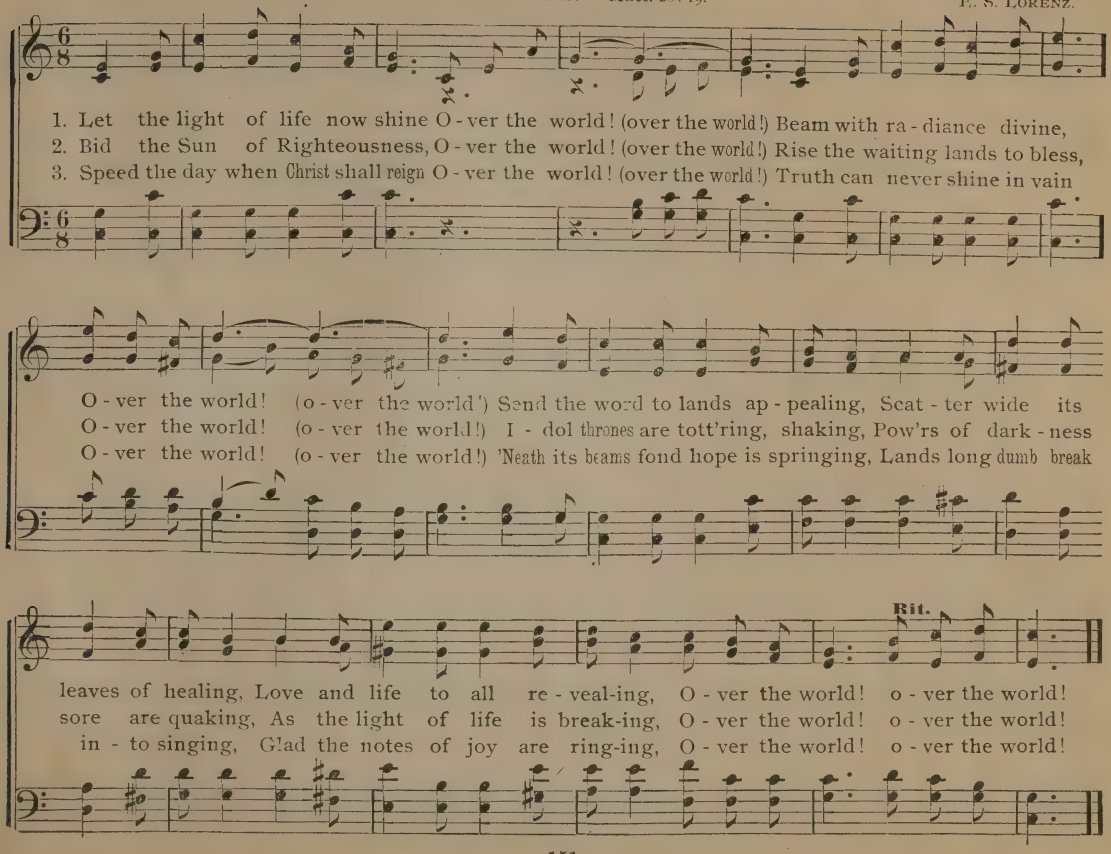
# 148. We'll be There.

I. B. *"To the righteous it shall be well."*—Isa. 3: 10. I. BALTZELL.


1. I love to think of my heav'nly home, Where all shall glory share, Where songs of rapture shall ever rise; Oh,
2. I love to think of my heav'nly home, So free from toil and care; Where crowns of vict'ry shall never fade; Oh,
3. I love to think of my heav'nly home, Where saints shall white robes wear, And sing sweet anthems forev-ermore; Oh,
4. I love to think of my heav'nly home, So lovely and so rare; A few more years, and I'll reach the goal; Oh,
CHORUS. Arr.
tell me, will you all be there?
tell me, will you all be there? We'll be there, We'll be there, At the sounding of the trumpet we'll be
tell me, will you all be there? Hal-lelujah, Hal-lelujah,
tell me, will you all be there?
there, We'll be there, we'll be there, At the sounding of the trumpet we'll be there.
We'll be there, Hal-lelujah, Hal-lelujah, we'll be there.

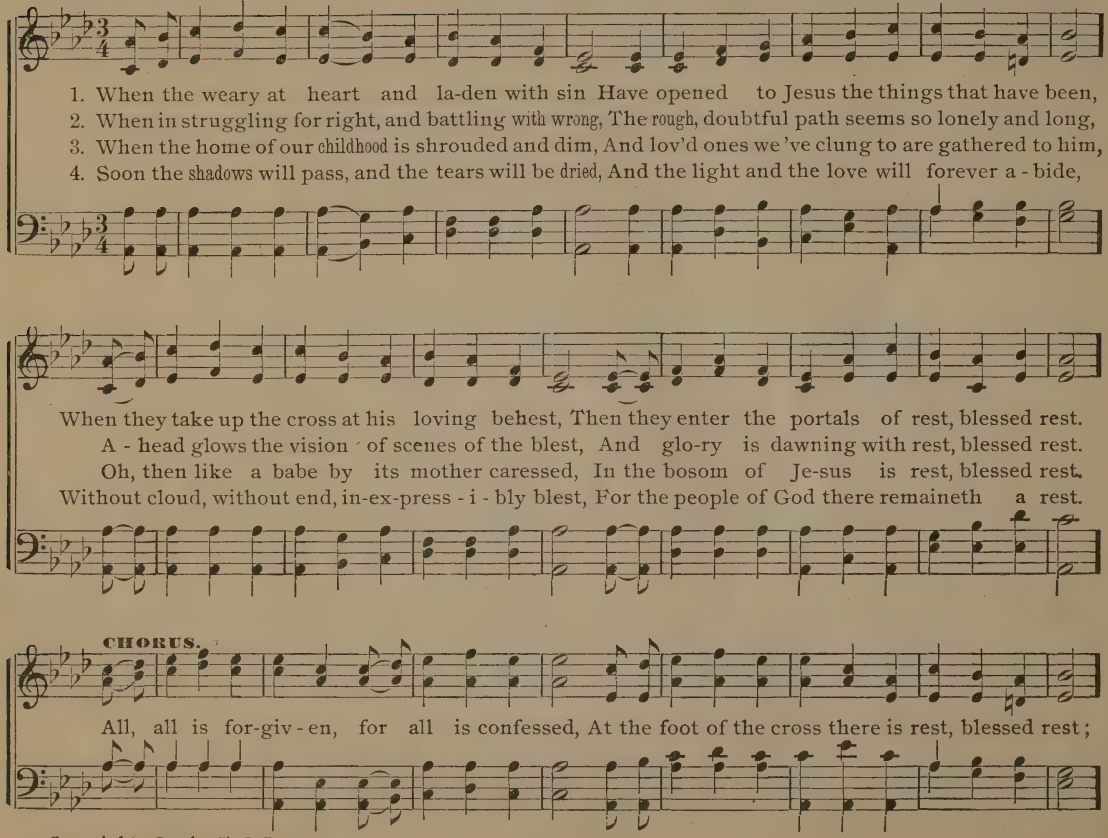
# 149. Over the World.

E. D. MUND. "*Teach all nations.*"—Matt. 28: 19. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Let the light of life now shine O - ver the world! (over the world!) Beam with ra - diance divine,
2. Bid the Sun of Righteousness, O - ver the world! (over the world!) Rise the waiting lands to bless,
3. Speed the day when Christ shall reign O - ver the world! (over the world!) Truth can never shine in vain
O - ver the world! (o - ver the world!) Send the word to lands ap - pealing, Scat - ter wide its
O - ver the world! (o - ver the world!) I - dol thrones are tott'ring, shaking, Pow'rs of dark - ness
O - ver the world! (o - ver the world!) 'Neath its beams fond hope is springing, Lands long dumb break
Rit.
leaves of healing, Love and life to all re - veal-ing, O - ver the world! o - ver the world!
sore are quaking, As the light of life is break-ing, O - ver the world! o - ver the world!
in - to singing, Glad the notes of joy are ring-ing, O - ver the world! o - ver the world!

# 150. Rest.

Words arranged. *"Come, . . . and I will give you rest."*—Matt. 11 : 28. Melody by W. F. McCauley.


1. When the weary at heart and la-den with sin Have opened to Jesus the things that have been,
2. When in struggling for right, and battling with wrong, The rough, doubtful path seems so lonely and long,
3. When the home of our childhood is shrouded and dim, And lov'd ones we've clung to are gathered to him,
4. Soon the shadows will pass, and the tears will be dried, And the light and the love will forever a - bide,
When they take up the cross at his loving behest, Then they enter the portals of rest, blessed rest.
A - head glows the vision of scenes of the blest, And glo-ry is dawning with rest, blessed rest.
Oh, then like a babe by its mother caressed, In the bosom of Je-sus is rest, blessed rest.
Without cloud, without end, in-ex-press - i - bly blest, For the people of God there remaineth a rest.
CHORUS.
All, all is for-giv - en, for all is confessed, At the foot of the cross there is rest, blessed rest;

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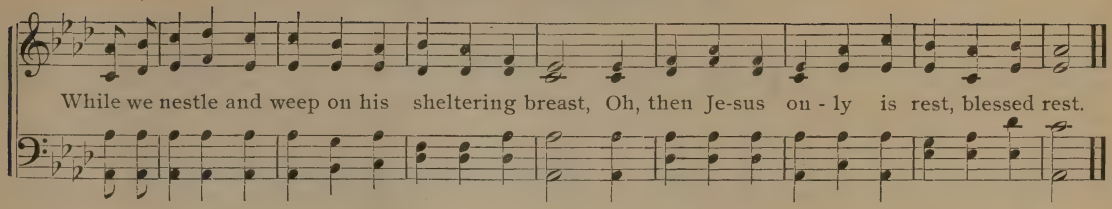
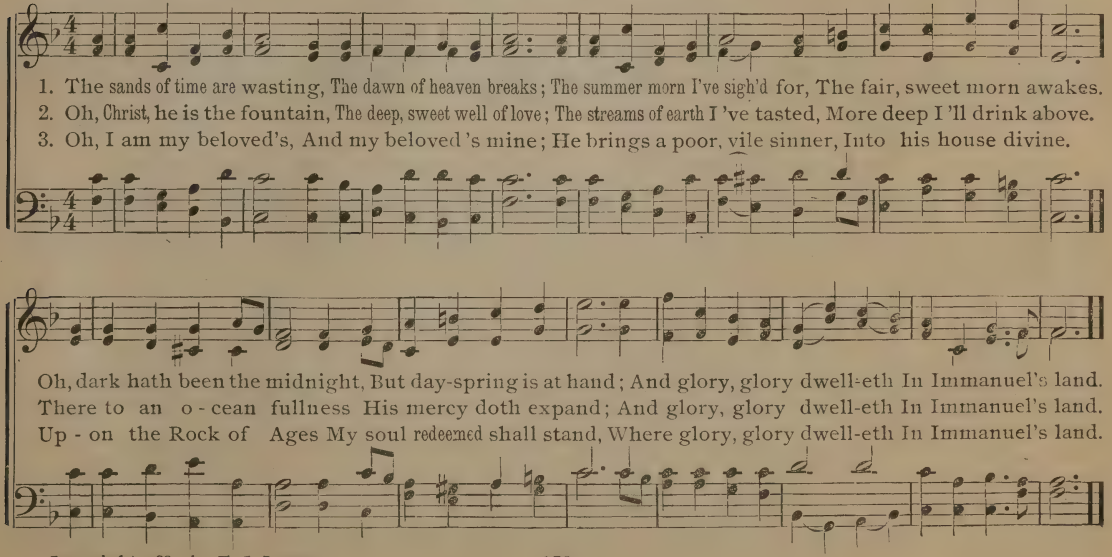
## Rest. Concluded.




## 151. Immanuel's Land.

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN. *"The breadth of thy land, O Immanuel."*—Isa. 8: 8. E. S. LORENZ.


1. The sands of time are wasting, The dawn of heaven breaks; The summer morn I've sigh'd for, The fair, sweet morn awakes.
2. Oh, Christ, he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams of earth I 've tasted, More deep I 'll drink above.
3. Oh, I am my beloved's, And my beloved 's mine; He brings a poor, vile sinner, Into his house divine.
Oh, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand; And glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
There to an o - cean fullness His mercy doth expand; And glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
Up - on the Rock of Ages My soul redeemed shall stand, Where glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.

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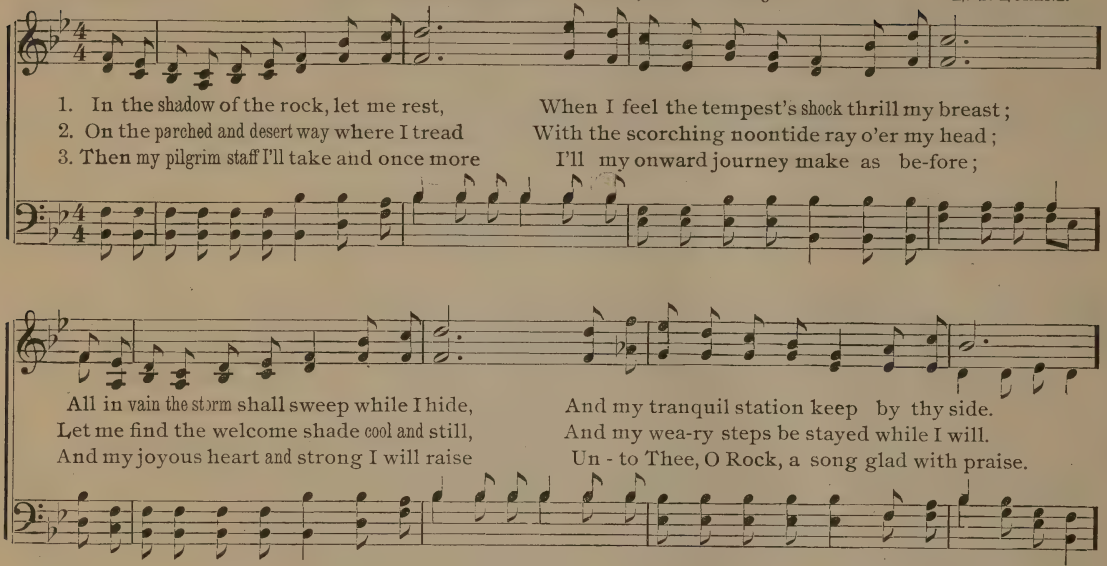
# 152. In the Shadow of the Rock.

RAY PALMER, D. D. *"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."*—Isa. 32: 2. E. S. LORENZ.


1. In the shadow of the rock, let me rest,
When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast;
2. On the parched and desert way where I tread
With the scorching noontide ray o'er my head;
3. Then my pilgrim staff I'll take and once more
I'll my onward journey make as be-fore;
All in vain the storm shall sweep while I hide,
And my tranquil station keep by thy side.
Let me find the welcome shade cool and still,
And my wea-ry steps be stayed while I will.
And my joyous heart and strong I will raise
Un - to Thee, O Rock, a song glad with praise.
CHORUS.
Let me rest in the shadow! Let me rest in the shadow! Let me rest in the shad-ow of the rock!
of the rock!

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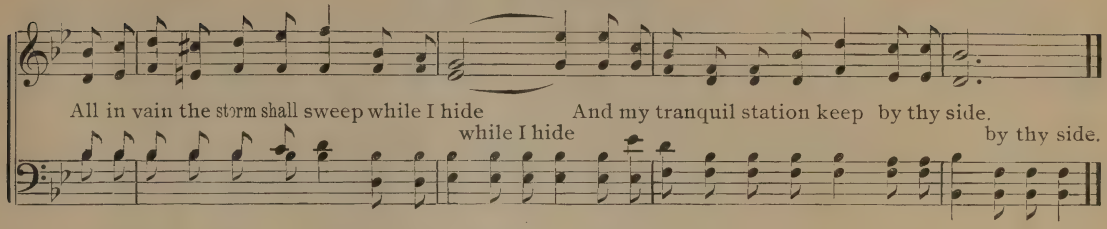
# In the Shadow of the Rock. Concluded.



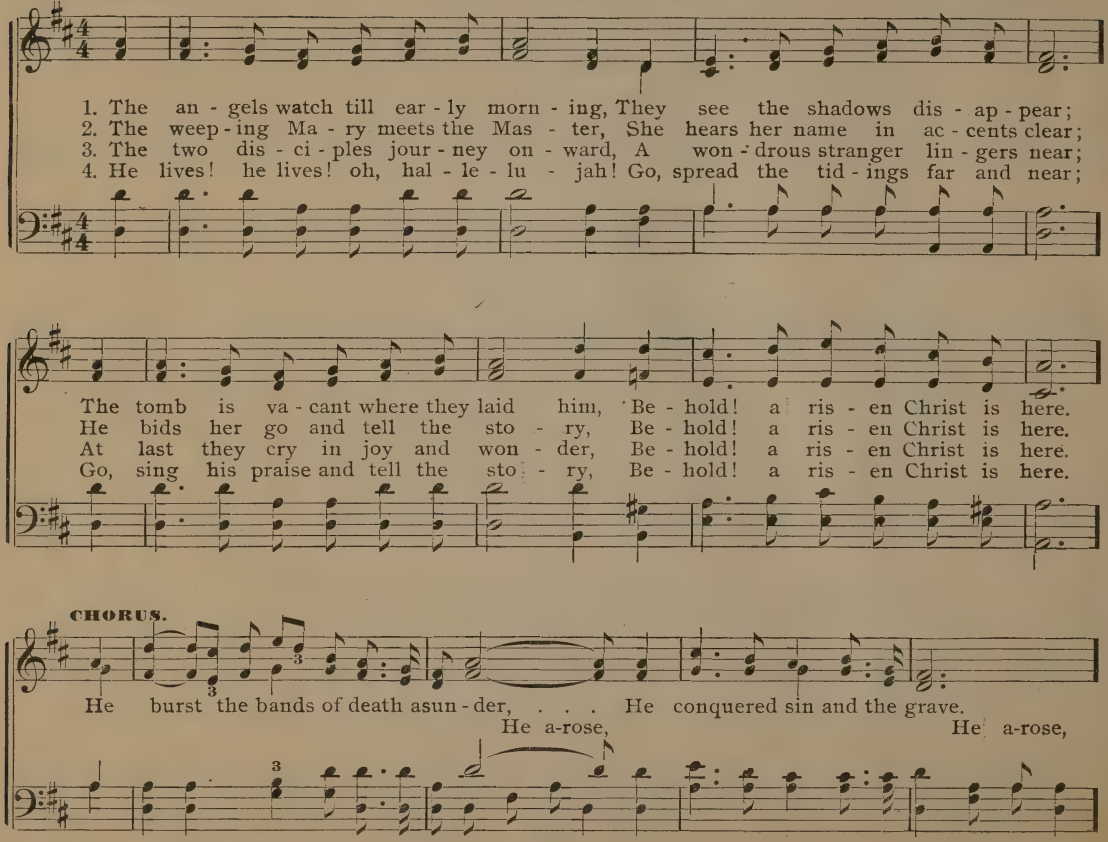

## 153. Seymour. 7s.

G. W. Doane, 1824. *"I will commune with thee."*—Ex. 25: 22. C. M. Von Weber, 1826.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou whose all per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes with - out, with - in,
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
Then, from thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.

# 154. The Mighty to Save.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. *"In the power of his might."*—Eph. 6: 10. D. B. TOWNER.


1. The an - gels watch till ear - ly morn - ing, They see the shadows dis - ap - pear;
2. The weep - ing Ma - ry meets the Mas - ter, She hears her name in ac - cents clear;
3. The two dis - ci - ples jour - ney on - ward, A won - drous stranger lin - gers near;
4. He lives! he lives! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! Go, spread the tid - ings far and near;
The tomb is va - cant where they laid him, Be - hold! a ris - en Christ is here.
He bids her go and tell the sto - ry, Be - hold! a ris - en Christ is here.
At last they cry in joy and won - der, Be - hold! a ris - en Christ is here.
Go, sing his praise and tell the sto - ry, Be - hold! a ris - en Christ is here.
CHORUS.
He burst the bands of death asun - der, . . . He conquered sin and the grave.
He a-rose, He a-rose,

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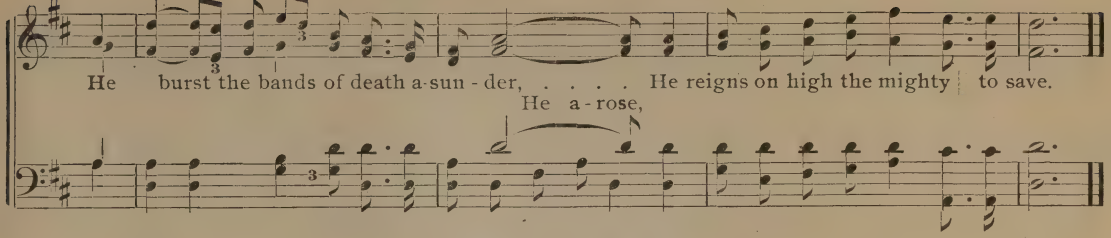
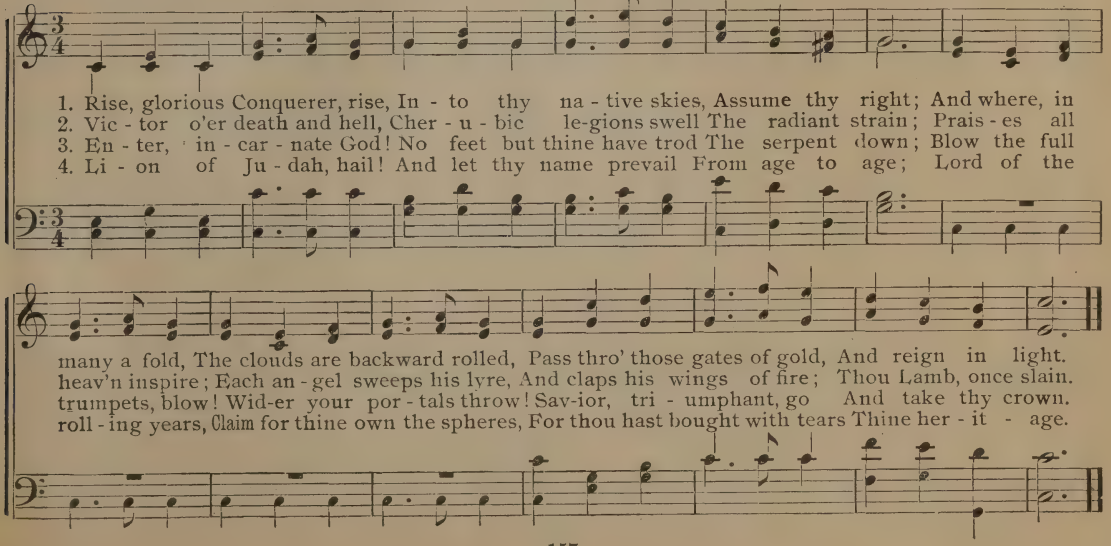
## The Mighty to Save. Concluded.



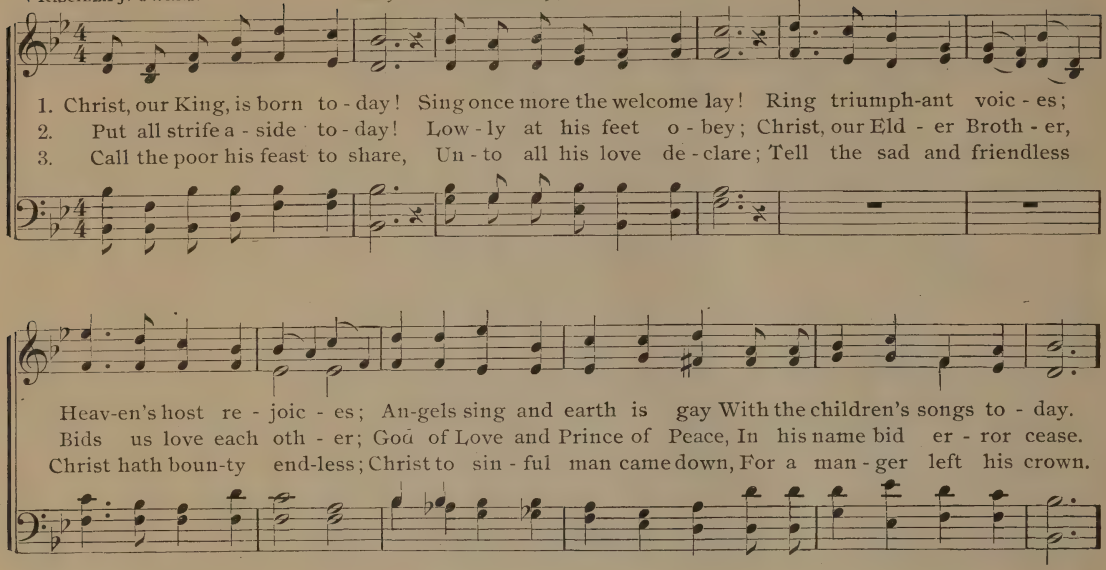

## 155. Dort. 6s & 4s.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848. *"The Lord is risen indeed."*—Luke 24 : 34. DR. L. MASON, 1832.


1. Rise, glorious Conquerer, rise, In - to thy na - tive skies, Assume thy right; And where, in
2. Vic - tor o'er death and hell, Cher - u - bic le-gions swell The radiant strain; Prais - es all
3. En - ter, in - car - nate God! No feet but thine have trod The serpent down; Blow the full
4. Li - on of Ju - dah, hail! And let thy name prevail From age to age; Lord of the
many a fold, The clouds are backward rolled, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light.
heav'n inspire; Each an - gel sweeps his lyre, And claps his wings of fire; Thou Lamb, once slain.
trumpets, blow! Wid-er your por - tals throw! Sav-ior, tri - umphant, go And take thy crown.
roll - ing years, Claim for thine own the spheres, For thou hast bought with tears Thine her - it - age.

# 156. Welcome, Christmas Day.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *"Unto you is born this day, a Savior."*—Luke 2: 11. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Christ, our King, is born to - day! Sing once more the welcome lay! Ring triumph-ant voic - es;
2. Put all strife a - side to - day! Low - ly at his feet o - bey; Christ, our Eld - er Broth - er,
3. Call the poor his feast to share, Un - to all his love de - clare; Tell the sad and friendless
Heav-en's host re - joic - es; An-gels sing and earth is gay With the children's songs to - day.
Bids us love each oth - er; God of Love and Prince of Peace, In his name bid er - ror cease.
Christ hath boun-ty end-less; Christ to sin - ful man came down, For a man - ger left his crown.
p CHORUS. DUET.
mf
Oh, the fair and joy - ful morn that comes in glad-ness, When our Sav - ior, Christ, was

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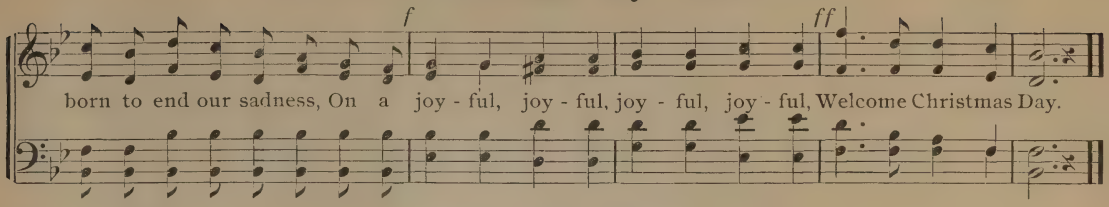
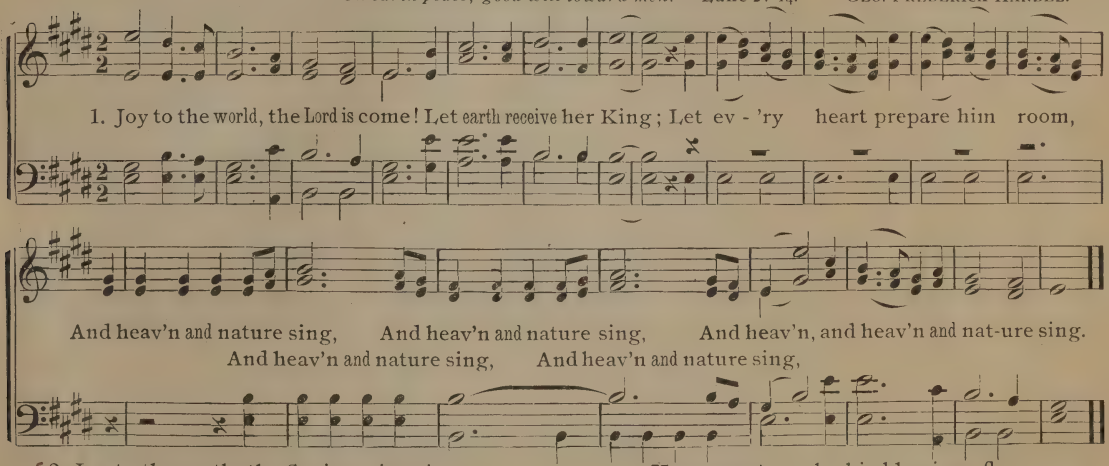
## Welcome Christmas Day. Concluded.




## 157. Joy to the World.

*"On earth peace, good will toward men."*—Luke 2: 14. GEO. FREDERICK HANDEL.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nat-ure sing.
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

2. Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
   Let men their songs employ;
   While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
   Repeat the sounding joy.

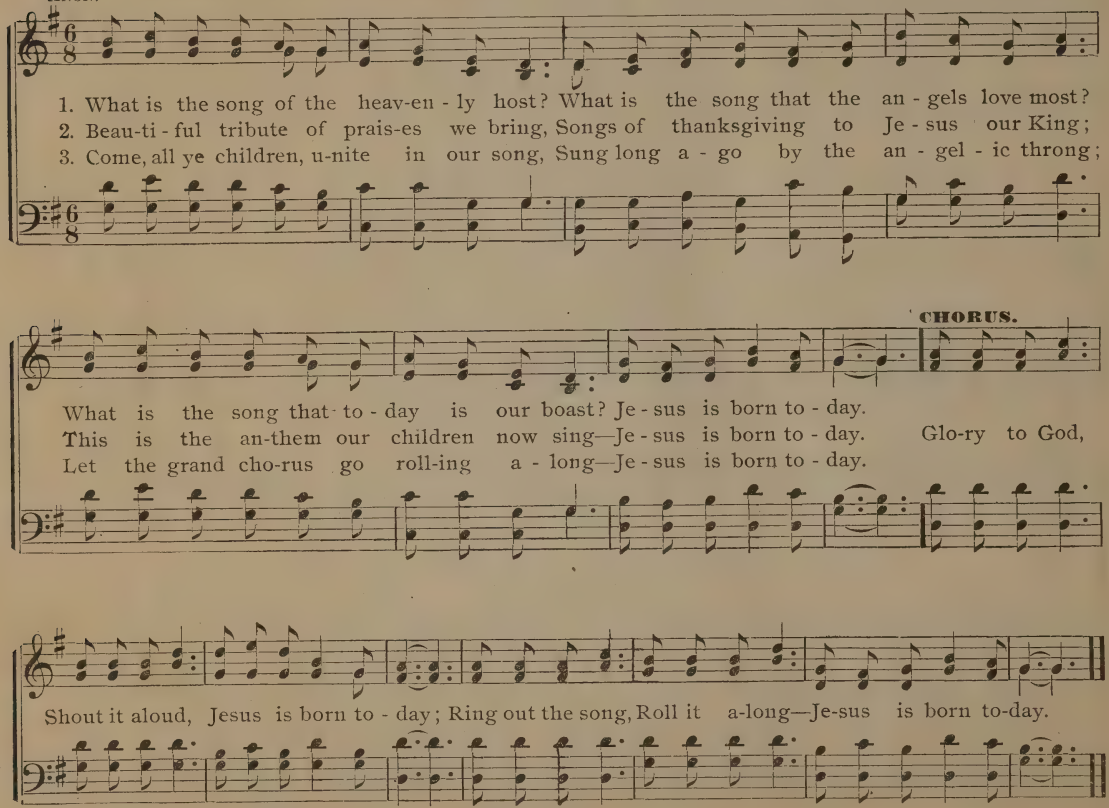
3. No more let sins and sorrow grow,
   Nor thorns infest the ground;
   He comes to make his blessings flow
   Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace
   And makes the nations prove
   The glories of his righteousness,
   And wonders of his love.

# 158. Jesus is Born To-day.

*"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."*—Luke 2: 11.

ANON. I. BALTZELL.


1. What is the song of the heav-en - ly host? What is the song that the an - gels love most?
2. Beau-ti - ful tribute of prais-es we bring, Songs of thanksgiving to Je - sus our King;
3. Come, all ye children, u-nite in our song, Sung long a - go by the an - gel - ic throng;
CHORUS.
What is the song that to - day is our boast? Je - sus is born to - day.
This is the an-them our children now sing—Je - sus is born to - day. Glo-ry to God,
Let the grand cho-rus go roll-ing a - long—Je - sus is born to - day.
Shout it aloud, Jesus is born to - day; Ring out the song, Roll it a-long—Je-sus is born to-day.

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# 159. Flower Song.

A little girl with a small basket of flowers holds up the basket, saying, "Oh, look at my pretty flowers! I have gathered them all for you." Sets down her basket, and holding up a lily, sings first stanza. At Chorus, as some one holds up hand, she will throw the flower to such an one. Then the next in order to the end.

"CARLIN."

I. BALTZELL.

1. Look at my pretty flow - ers, Smiling so bright and gay; Gathered from lonely bow - ers—
2. Look at my pretty rose - bud, Painted in colors bright; Born in the lovely sun - shine,
3. Look at my pretty vio - lets, Dressed in a suit of blue; I, in the fields and mead-ows,
4. Look at my pretty pan - sies, Tiny, but fair and sweet; Take them, and lay them gent-ly
5. Look at my pretty dais - ies, White as the winter snow; Give, give them all to Je - sus,
Gathered for children's day. Who wants a pret - ty lil - y? Who wants a pret - ty
Fed by the dews of night. Who wants a pret - ty rose - bud? Who wants a pret - ty
Gathered them all for you. Who wants a pret - ty vio - let? Who wants a pret - ty
Down at the Sav-ior's feet. Who wants a pret - ty pan - sy? Who wants a pret - ty
He will accept, I know. Who wants a pret - ty dais - y? Who wants a pret - ty
lil - y? Hold up your hand if you want a lil - y, Emblem of God's dear love.
rose - bud? Hold up your hand if you want a rose - bud, Emblem of God's dear love.
vio - let? Hold up your hand if you want a vio - let, Emblem of God's dear love.
pan - sy? Hold up your hand if you want a pan - sy, Emblem of God's dear love.
dais - y? Hold up your hand if you want a dais - y, Emblem of God's dear love.

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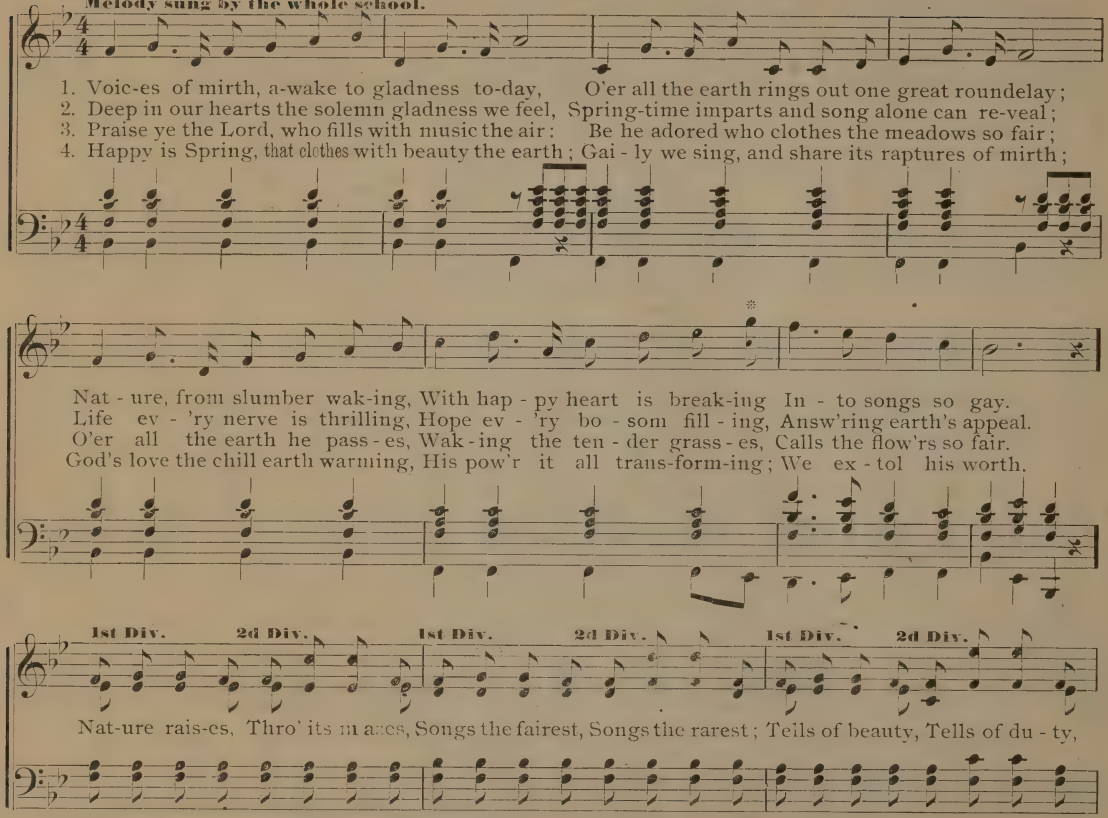
# 160. Voices of Mirth. (Processional.)

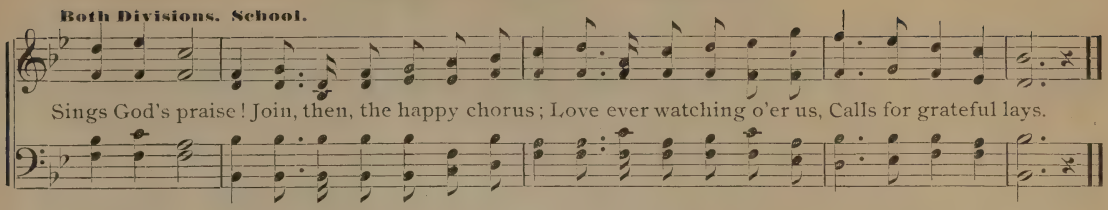
E. D. MUND. *"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."*—PS. 150: 6. E. S. LORENZ.

**Melody sung by the whole school.**


1. Voic-es of mirth, a-wake to gladness to-day, O'er all the earth rings out one great roundelay;
2. Deep in our hearts the solemn gladness we feel, Spring-time imparts and song alone can re-veal;
3. Praise ye the Lord, who fills with music the air: Be he adored who clothes the meadows so fair;
4. Happy is Spring, that clothes with beauty the earth; Gai - ly we sing, and share its raptures of mirth;
Nat - ure, from slumber wak-ing, With hap - py heart is break-ing In - to songs so gay.
Life ev - 'ry nerve is thrilling, Hope ev - 'ry bo - som fill - ing, Answ'ring earth's appeal.
O'er all the earth he pass - es, Wak - ing the ten - der grass - es, Calls the flow'rs so fair.
God's love the chill earth warming, His pow'r it all trans-form-ing; We ex - tol his worth.
1st Div. 2d Div. 1st Div. 2d Div. 1st Div. 2d Div.
Nat-ure rais-es, Thro' its mazes, Songs the fairest, Songs the rarest; Tells of beauty, Tells of du - ty,

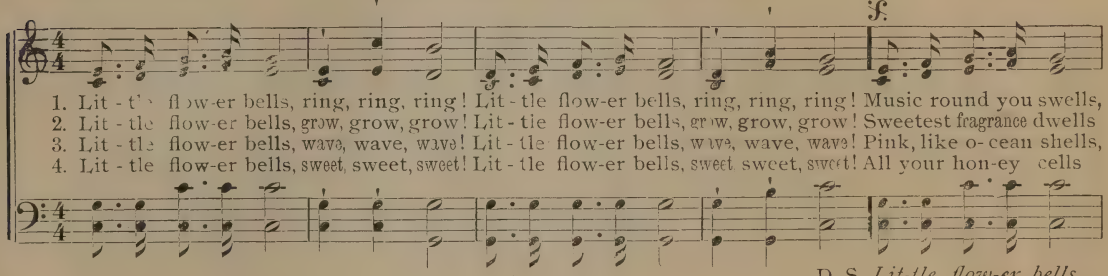
*Let those who cannot sing the G clearly, sing the C.

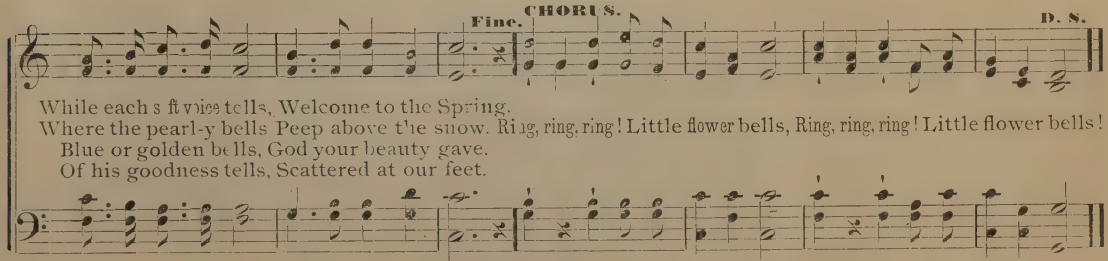
**Both Divisions. School.**




## 161. Little Flower Bells.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "*The flowers appear on the earth.*"—Cant. 2: 12. E. S. L.

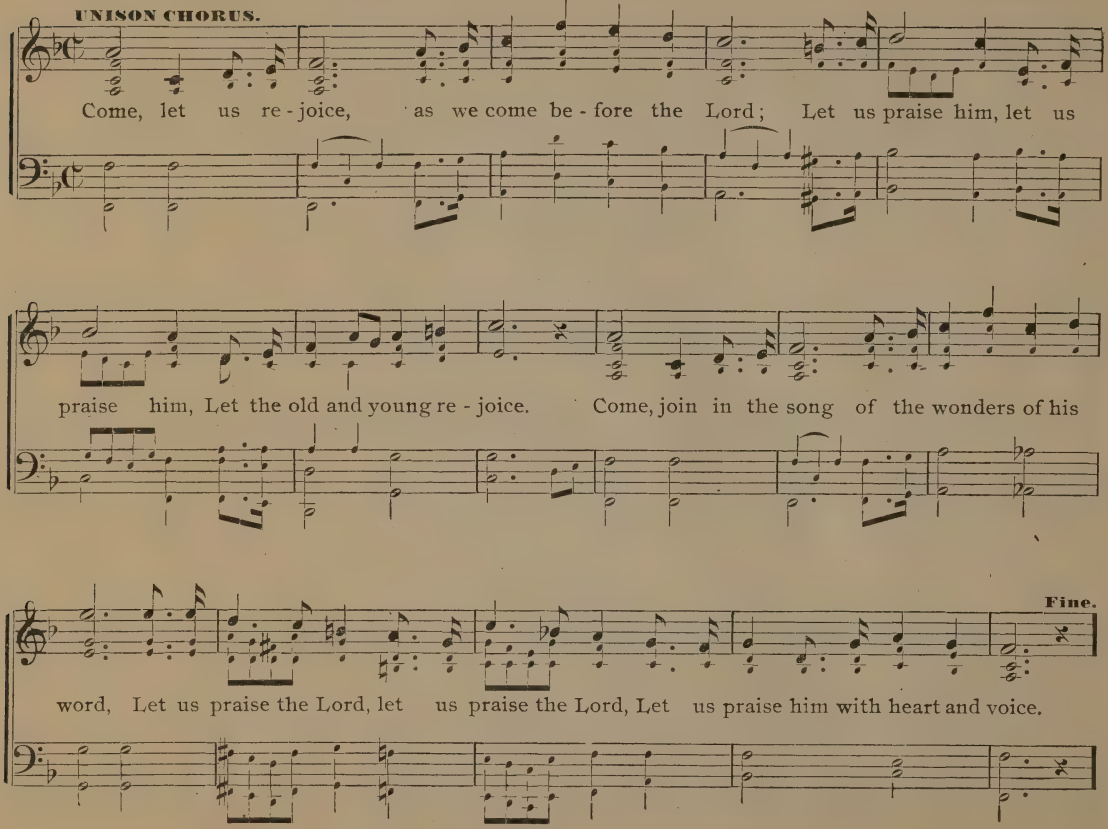

f.
1. Lit - tle flow-er bells, ring, ring, ring! Lit - tle flow-er bells, ring, ring, ring! Music round you swells,
2. Lit - tle flow-er bells, grow, grow, grow! Lit - tle flow-er bells, grow, grow, grow! Sweetest fragrance dwells
3. Lit - tle flow-er bells, wave, wave, wave! Lit - tle flow-er bells, wave, wave, wave! Pink, like o-cean shells,
4. Lit - tle flow-er bells, sweet, sweet, sweet! Lit - tle flow-er bells, sweet, sweet, sweet! All your hon-ey cells
D. S. Lit-tle flow-er bells,


Fine.
CHORUS.
D. S.
While each soft voice tells, Welcome to the Spring.
Where the pearl-y bells Peep above the snow. Ring, ring, ring! Little flower bells, Ring, ring, ring! Little flower bells!
Blue or golden bells, God your beauty gave.
Of his goodness tells, Scattered at our feet.

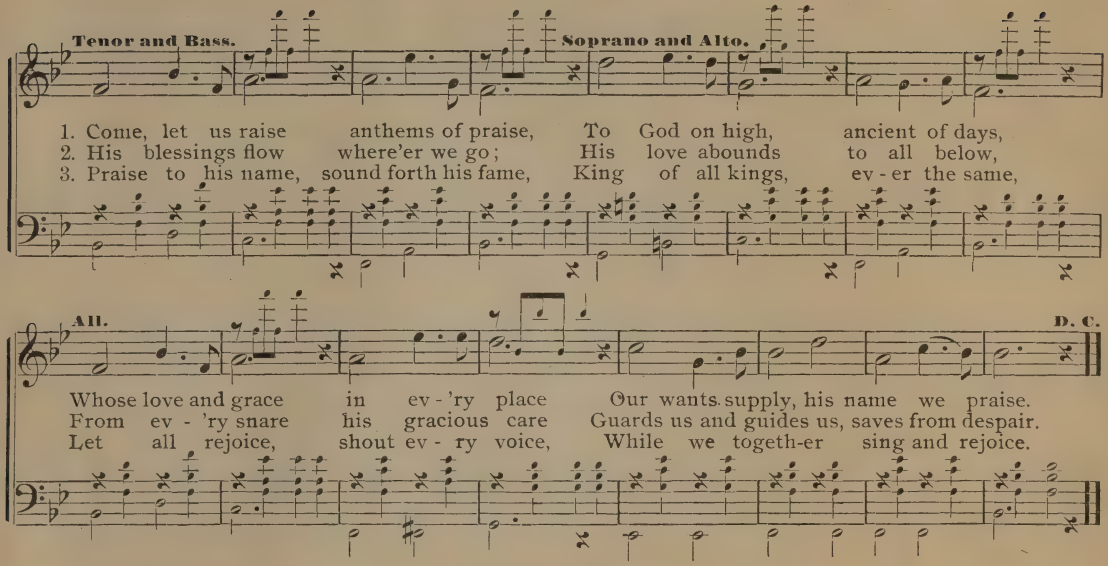
*Mer-ry silver bells, Let your praises swell!*

# 162. Come, let us Rejoice.

I. B. *"Rejoice in the Lord alway and again I say, Rejoice."*—Phil. 4:4. W. J. BALTZELL.

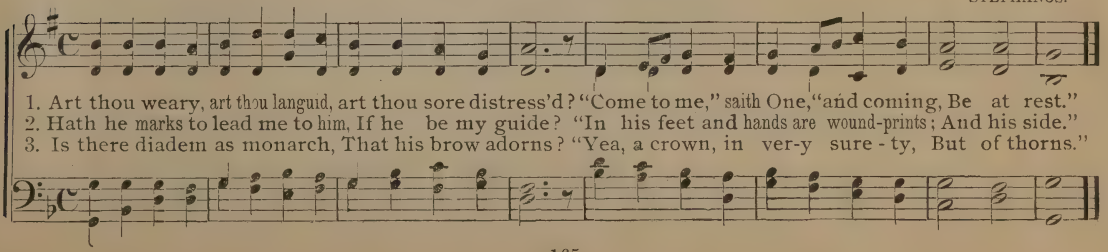

UNISON CHORUS.
Come, let us re - joice, as we come be - fore the Lord; Let us praise him, let us
praise him, Let the old and young re - joice. Come, join in the song of the wonders of his
Fine.
word, Let us praise the Lord, let us praise the Lord, Let us praise him with heart and voice.

## Come, let us Rejoice. Concluded.


Tenor and Bass.
Soprano and Alto.
1. Come, let us raise anthems of praise, To God on high, ancient of days,
2. His blessings flow where'er we go; His love abounds to all below,
3. Praise to his name, sound forth his fame, King of all kings, ev - er the same,
All.
D. C.
Whose love and grace in ev - 'ry place Our wants supply, his name we praise.
From ev - 'ry snare his gracious care Guards us and guides us, saves from despair.
Let all rejoice, shout ev - ry voice, While we togeth-er sing and rejoice.

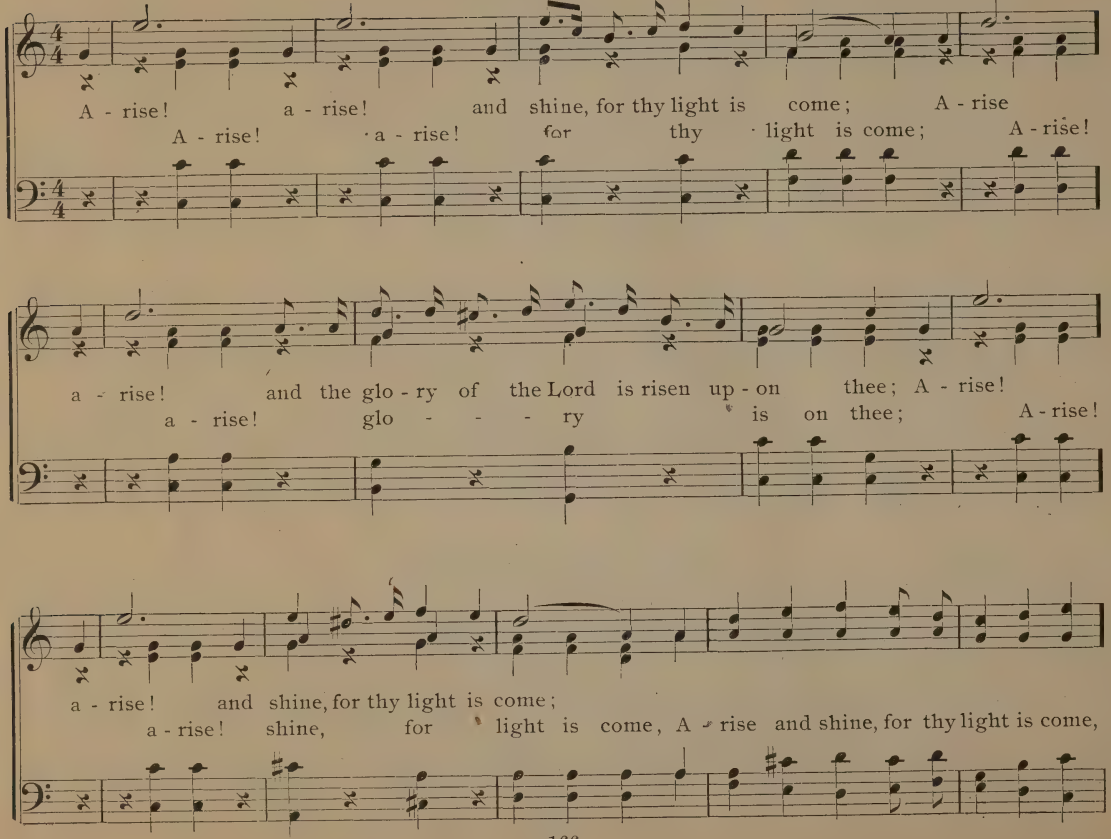
## 163. Art Thou Weary?

STEPHANOS.


1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distress'd? "Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my guide? "In his feet and hands are wound-prints; And his side."
3. Is there diadem as monarch, That his brow adorns? "Yea, a crown, in ver-y sure - ty, But of thorns."

# 164. Arise and Shine.

ANTHEM. WINTON J. BALTZELL.


A - rise! a - rise! and shine, for thy light is come; A - rise
A - rise! a - rise! for thy light is come; A - rise!
a - rise! and the glo - ry of the Lord is risen up - on thee; A - rise!
a - rise! glo - - - - ry is on thee; A - rise!
a - rise! and shine, for thy light is come;
a - rise! shine, for light is come, A - rise and shine, for thy light is come,

# Arise and Shine. Concluded.

CODA. Omit 1st time.
Fine.
And the glo - ry of the Lord is risen up - on thee, A - rise and shine! A - rise and shine!
QUARTET. Andante.
For be-hold the dark - ness shall cov - er the earth and gross dark - ness the peo - ple,
ORGAN.
D. C.
For be-hold, the dark - ness shall cov - er the earth and gross dark - ness the peo - ple.
Bass Solo.

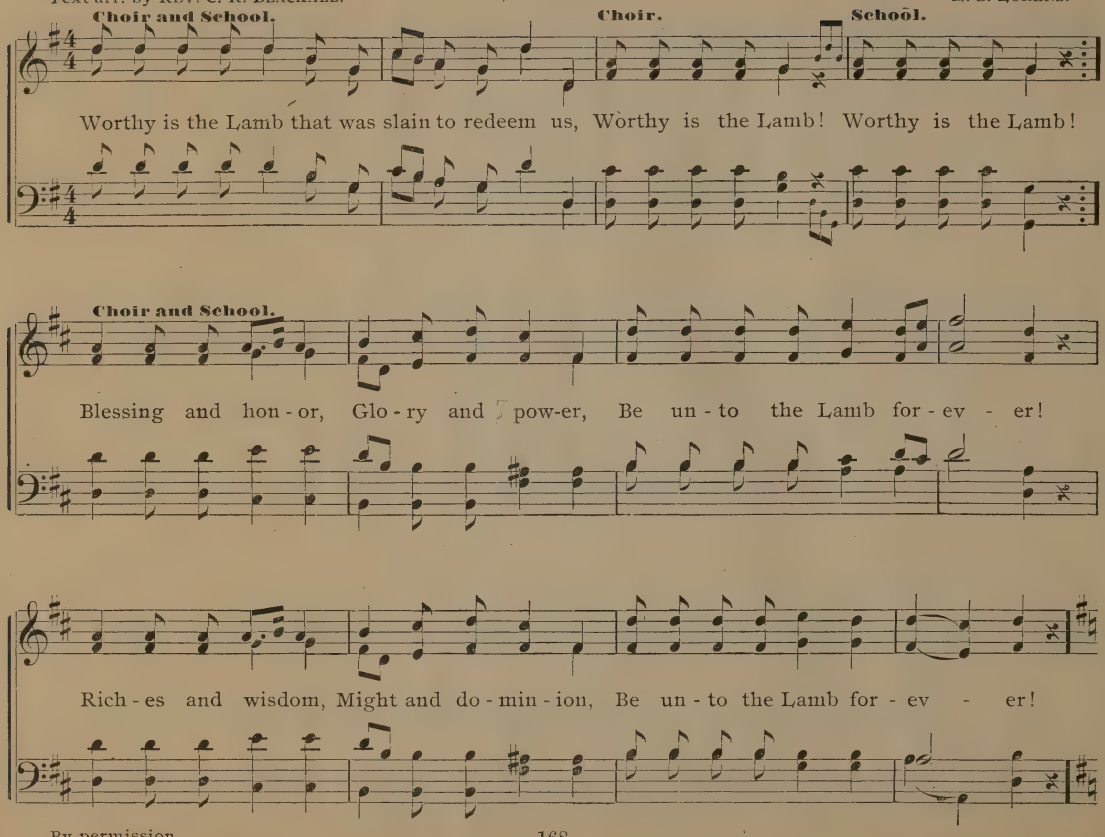
165.

# King of Kings.

(ANTHEM.)

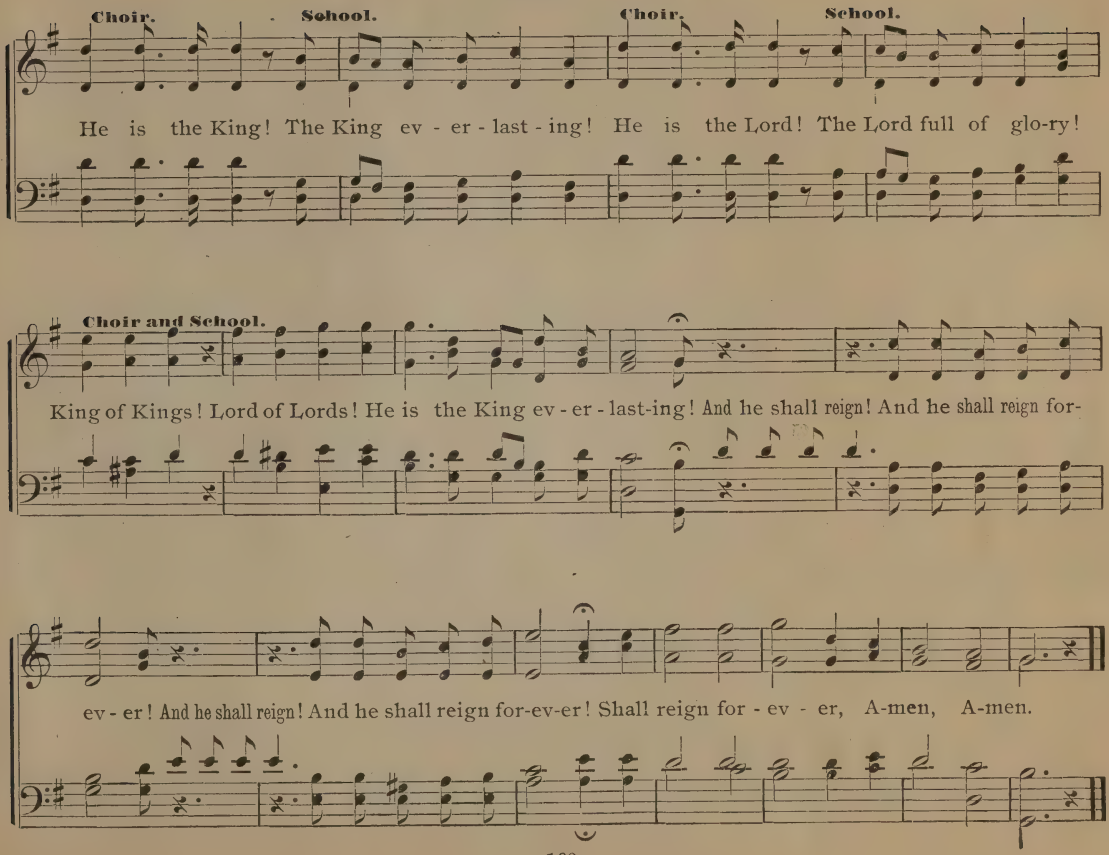
Text arr. by REV. C. R. BLACKALL.

E. S. LORENZ.


Choir and School.
Choir.
School.
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to redeem us, Worthy is the Lamb! Worthy is the Lamb!
Choir and School.
Blessing and hon - or, Glo - ry and pow-er, Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er!
Rich - es and wisdom, Might and do - min - ion, Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er!

By permission.

# King of Kings. Concluded.


Choir.
School.
Choir.
School.
He is the King! The King ev - er - last - ing! He is the Lord! The Lord full of glo-ry!
Choir and School.
King of Kings! Lord of Lords! He is the King ev - er - last-ing! And he shall reign! And he shall reign for-
ev - er! And he shall reign! And he shall reign for-ev-er! Shall reign for - ev - er, A-men, A-men.

# 166. Responsive Opening Service.

Arranged by Rev. I. Baltzell.

Supt.—Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.

Response by the School.—Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

Supt.—But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.

Response.—The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.

Supt.—All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

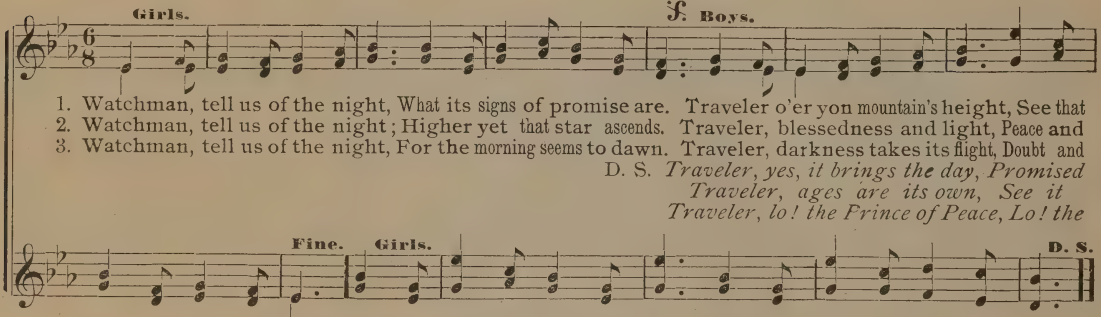
Response.—And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Supt.—And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Response.—He shall see the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Supt.—Watchman, what of the night?

Response.—The morning cometh!


Girls.
f. Boys.
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveler o'er yon mountain's height, See that
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends. Traveler, blessedness and light, Peace and
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn. Traveler, darkness takes its flight, Doubt and
D. S. Traveler, yes, it brings the day, Promised
Traveler, ages are its own, See it
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the
Fine.
Girls.
D. S.
glo - ry beaming star. Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
truth its course portends. Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
ter-ror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wandering cease Hie thee to thy qui - et home!
day of Is - ra - el.
bursts o'er all the earth.
Son of God is come!

Supt.—Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into morning.

Response.—Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.

Supt.—Unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

Response.—Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

## 167. Opening Exercise.

Arranged by Prof. E. L. Shuey.

CONSECRATION.

Song No. 165.

Supt.—Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust: whose strength is in thee; that trusteth in thee, O Lord of hosts.

First Half of School.—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

Second Half of School:—Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his way.

Supt.—Shew me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

First Half of School.—Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; incline my heart unto thy testimonies and not to covetousness. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

Second Half of School.—Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord; give me understanding according to thy word. My tongue shall speak of thy word: for all thy commandments are righteousness.

Supt.—Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth; unite my heart to fear thy name.

First Half of School.—Uphold me with thy free spirit; then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Second Half of School.—Make me to understand the ways of thy precepts; so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.

Supt.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

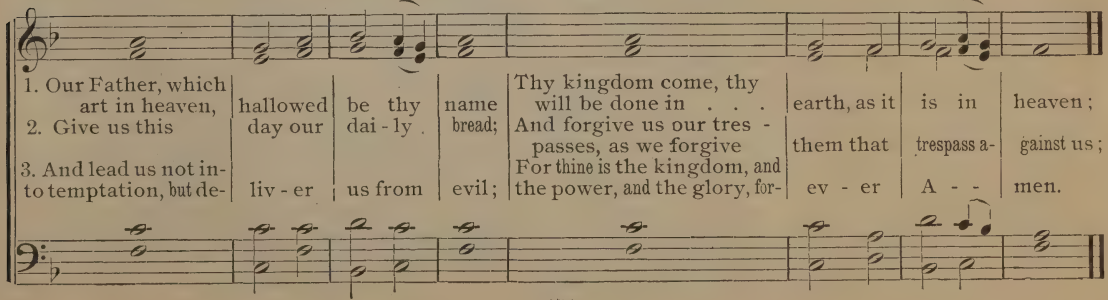
Teachers.—Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God, praise the Lord, for the Lord is good.

Scholars.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will still be praising thee.

All.—Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable.

Chant.—The Lord's Prayer.

## 168. The Lord's Prayer. Chant.


1. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in . . . earth, as it is in heaven;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread; And forgive us our tres - passes, as we forgive them that trespass a- gainst us;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- liv - er us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- ev - er A - - men.

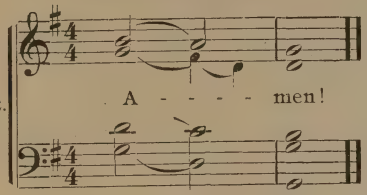
# 169. Opening Exercise.

Prepared by MARION LAWRENCE.

PASTOR. (*All rise.*)—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

SCHOOL OR CHOIR.

RESPONSE.




SUPT.—*Stand up* and bless the Lord your God. Sing forth the honor of his name.

(ALL STAND.)

(ITALIAN HYMN. No. 125.)

Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious!
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

PASTOR.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,

TEACHERS.—Nor standeth in the way of sinners,

SCHOOL.—Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

PASTOR.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

SCHOOL.—And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

PASTOR.—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,

SCHOOL.—That bringeth forth fruit in his season.

PASTOR.—His leaf also shall not wither;

SCHOOL.—And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

PASTOR.—The ungodly are not so:

SCHOOL.—But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

PASTOR.—Therefore, the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

SCHOOL.—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PASTOR.—Behold how good and how pleasant it is * * * to dwell together in unity.

(DENNIS. No. 71.)

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

ASST. SUPT.—Blessed be the people that know the joyful sound.

SCHOOL.—They shall walk, O Lord! in the light of thy countenance.

ASST. SUPT.—In thy name shall they rejoice all the day,

SCHOOL.—And in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

SUPT.—For the Lord is our defense, and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

ALL.—Blessed be the Lord forevermore! Amen, and Amen.

(CORONATION. No. 59.)

All hail the power of Jesŭs' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

PASTOR.—Let us worship and bow down. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving.

(INVOCATION.)

## 170. Closing Exercise.

Arranged by I. BALTZELL.

STAND DURING THE EXERCISE.

SUPT.—Sanctify them, O Lord, by thy truth.

SCHOOL.—Thy word is truth.

SUPT.—The Lord bless thee, and preserve thee.

SCHOOL.—The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from the other.

HORTON. 7s.

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to thee
Now and evermore shall be.

ALL REPEAT IN CONCERT THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

## 171. Closing Exercise.

Arranged by E. D. MUND.

SUPT.—Fear God and give glory to him; worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountain of waters.

SCHOOL.—Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy.

SUPT.—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

SCHOOL.—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

SUPT.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

SCHOOL.—The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

SUPT.—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

*All sing.*

Tune.—OLD HUNDRED, No. 7.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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